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BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

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THE AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES.

CLASSIC

GREEK COURSE

IN ENGLISH

BY

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

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PREFACE.

THIS volume belongs to a series of books, now four in number, devoted to a presentation in English of various foreign literatures, ancient and modern. The primary design of the series is to enable persons born to the use of English speech and precluded from accomplishing a course of school and college training in the foreign languages in which the literatures concerned were originally written, to enjoy an advantage as nearly as possible equivalent through the medium of their native tongue.

These books are, none of them, *histories* of the literatures treated. They are *those literatures themselves, in specimen*, presented through translation, with accompaniment of such comment, historical, biographical, critical, and explanatory, as was judged necessary to make them, in the highest degree possible within very narrow limits, effectively known. They are, it is believed, somewhat different in purpose and in method from any other books existing.

The present volume is the result of selection and abridgment from two earlier volumes, each of about the same size with this, entitled, respectively, "Preparatory Greek Course in English" and "College Greek Course in English." These fuller volumes are still kept in print for such readers as may desire to go a little more thoroughly into the study of Greek literature.

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CLASSIC GREEK COURSE IN ENGLISH.



I.

GREEK LITERATURE.

OF all that the Greeks did in the world, nothing remains to us recognizably in the form given it by their cunning brain and hand, save perhaps a few coins, a few noble architectural ruins, a few inimitable, though mutilated, antique pieces of sculpture, and, last and chief, some masterpieces of literary composition. Good literature is, perhaps, on the whole, the most enduring of all the products of human activity. Dead, we call the languages of Greece and Rome, and it is the fashion now to ridicule the idea of devoting so much time in our schools and colleges to the study of dead Greek and Latin. The "new education," so called, lauds the study of science above the study of the ancient classics—the study of nature, that is to say, above the study of man. But is not man at least a part of nature? And is not language the noblest outward attribute of man? Science includes, for instance, what used to be called natural history. The devotees of this branch of scientific inquiry think it a not unworthy employment of time to spend years, or perhaps a life, in observing and discussing the habits of some single species of the lower animals. It might very well happen that an ichthyologist would reckon it a good account to render of himself if, as the result of investigations covering years of his life, he is able to present to the world at last an approximately exhaustive enumeration, description, classification of

the various fossil and extinct species of fishes that may be found, in faint traces of their prehistoric existence, among the stratified rocks of the planet.

We are far from wishing to disparage the value of such scientific explorations. By all means let us learn the most we can of whatever there is to be known. But surely man himself also is one, and a not insignificant one, among animals, and it is science—why not?—to study man in the monuments that he has left behind him from the distant ages of his life and activity on the earth. The languages in which the ruling races of mankind did their speaking and their writing, generation after generation, the literatures which embalmed for all future time the thought, the feeling, the fancy, and the recorded actions, of those millions on millions of the foremost of our fellow-men—surely, say we, these languages and these literatures are worthy of the attention from us that they have commanded, and that they command, if it be only on the score of their being a part of science itself. Is not man, even as just an interesting animal, an object of study at least equal in importance to fishes? And shall we not continue, as lovers of science, if no longer as classical linguists, to teach our children how the world's gray fathers spoke and wrote, and what they thought, felt, fancied? and this, although their languages be now dead, if languages can indeed be dead that live in literatures which are immortal.

The literature of Greece is remarkable equally for its matter and for its form. The Greek mind was curious, bold, enterprising, sagacious, acute, subtle; if it loved light too well to be distinctively deep, as we say, yet it loved light so well as almost always, at least, to be clear; it was extremely hospitable and penetrable to ideas; it was agile, graceful, gay, open to sensuous impression, passionately fond of beauty; as it was gifted with a sense divine of measure, proportion, and harmony, so, too, it was instinctively enamored of the perfect in whatever it attempted, and it was capable of

great patience ; it was exquisite in taste and judgment, while, by necessary complement and contrast, it was electrically alive to every thing grotesque or ridiculous. These qualities of the Greek mind impressed themselves, as the seal impresses itself upon the wax, upon Greek literature. There never has been, anywhere else in the world, so much writing approaching so nearly to ideal perfection in form as among the Greeks. For the purposes of study in style there is nothing else equal to Greek literature. The French genius and literature are, perhaps, in modern civilization, likeliest at this point to those of the Greeks. The Greeks, however, enjoyed one immense advantage over the French. The Greek language far surpassed the French as an instrument of expression.

But the ancient Greeks did their work under limitations. They were pagans. They had not the light of the sun to see by. They groped for truth, and they missed it oftener than they found it. This, at least, was the case in their philosophy, mental and moral. So that you will look in vain for the substance of valuable thought, throughout the greater part, for instance, of Pla'to's entrancing pages. It is the form of expression, it is the ineffably light, exercised, infallible play of reason, of taste, and of fancy, not, alas, the solid gold of truth, that rewards you in reading and studying Plato.

Soc'rates, Plato's master, a man second, perhaps, in interest to no figure whatever in Hellenic history, never wrote a word that has survived. But he was the cause of some of the noblest writing in classical Greek literature. He was the most practical and fruitful of all the Greek philosophers. Still, even Socrates, with his unrivaled common sense (he brought philosophy down from the clouds to walk among men on the ground), indulged, if we may trust our best accounts of him, not seldom, in sorry futilities of barren refinement and quibble.

In the Greek poetry, too, we have to forgive at the same time that we admire. Inwoven with all the tissue of the

verse there is so much idolatry and mythology, and so much sentiment born of these, which we either cannot understand at all, or, understanding, have to reject with reprobation, or what, for the matter of æsthetic enjoyment, is almost worse, with pity and contempt—in short, there is such a wide margin of allowance to be made for differences of standards between them and us, differences in which we cannot but feel our own superiority to them, that we are compelled to force our judgment somewhat, or wait to acquire a taste not natural to us, before we can say from our hearts that we thoroughly relish the Greeks in their poetry. But what a testimony it is to the genius of this people that, though what we have now said is true, the names of Ho'mer, of He'siod, of Pindar, of Sappho (Saf'fo), of Æs'chylus, and Soph'ocles, and Eurip'ides, of sweet-flowing Theoc'ritus, are yet such charms to our imaginations! Alien to us as, in so many ways, these poets were, they were one with us in nature, they possessed the secret of genius, and we cannot wholly escape their thrall.

In history we find less to check our admiration of the Greeks. Herod'otus fascinates us with his artfully artless, simple, fluent, wonder-loving, yet truth-telling narrative; Thucyd'ides puts us willing pupils to school to learn from him how philosophical history should be written; and Xen'o-pho'n contents and delights us with picturesque journals of march and fight, irreproachably well conceived and composed—all without our needing to lose much from our pleasure, or to abate much from our applause, for any reason of difference between the ancient and the modern, the heathen and the Christian. The heathenism of the Greeks was too humane, or the Christianity of Christians is too far from perfect, to make the contrast of tone and treatment between Thucydides and Macaulay very painfully broad and striking.

In eloquence, and in the literature of rhetoric, of taste, and of criticism—that is, the literature concerning literature, we not merely have not to make allowance for the Greeks in

admiring them, but we have without reserve to acknowledge their supremacy. Demosthenes is a synonym for eloquence, and what critic or rhetorician is not a grateful learner at the feet of Aristotle, or, to make a long skip forward in time, of Longinus?

The golden age of Greek literature, as of Greek art and Greek arms, was the age of Pericles. But there was in Demosthenes a fit of splendid revival from later decline, and the decline that afterward proceeded again was splendid and gradual and long. Chrysostom, in an early Christian age, who still wielded at will that "fierce democratic" that used to muster by thousands to hear and to applaud with tumultuary cheers their favorite preacher, in the basilicas of Antioch and Constantinople, was no unworthy successor, in a lineage of eloquence that included the names of Pericles, Isocrates, Æschines, and Demosthenes. The newspapers of yesterday and to-day contain literary tidings from modern Greece that seem to foretoken close at hand a signal renaissance of Greek literature among the proudest monuments of its ancient glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

II.

XENOPHON.

FOR the study of Greek literature in the original text, Xenophon, as prose writer, and Homer, as poet, furnish the works that are almost universally first read. This fact may be taken to constitute a sufficient reason for the course which we adopt, in these two instances, in disregarding chronological order and beginning here ourselves with the same authors.

The "Anabasis" of Xenophon is a monograph in history, possessing no very serious importance in itself alone, yet highly interesting, first, as a specimen of literary art, and,

second, as strikingly illustrative of the Greek spirit and character.

Anabasis is a Greek word meaning literally "a march upward"—that is, from the sea. It may well enough be represented by the English word, made from Latin, "expedition." The book is an account of an expedition undertaken by a considerable body of Greeks into Central Asia, for the purpose, on the part of their employer, Cyrus, brother to the Persian king, of supporting, in connection with an army of Oriental soldiers, his rival pretensions to the Persian throne. The real destination of this expeditionary Greek force was concealed by Cyrus from all but one of his Greek generals, under the pretext of a different and less formidable object. When the two Persian brothers, king and pretender, finally met in the collision of arms, Cyrus was slain. This event, of course, at once ended the expedition, or anabasis proper. The Greeks now had it for their sole business to secure their own safety in withdrawing homeward from the enemy's country.

But where the real anabasis ends, there the highest interest of the book, misnamed "Anabasis" begins. For the main interest of the "Anabasis," as a narrative, lies rather in the retreat than in the advance. The reader follows, in a delightfully life-like and simple story, the fortunes of a force of somewhat more than ten thousand Greek mercenary soldiers, starting, with no resource but their arms, their skill, and their valor, from a point many hundreds of miles distant, and successfully making their way home through a region formidable to the adventurers, alike from its natural features and from its hostile populations.

The whole matter of the famous advance and retreat of the Ten Thousand derives grave secondary importance from the fact that it resulted in revealing to Greece the essential weakness and vulnerableness of the imposing Persian Empire. The indirect historical consequences were thus very momentous, of what was in itself a mere episode of history. Many

considerations, therefore, conspire to render Xenophon's "Anabasis" a work worthy of the attention that in all ages since it was written it has received.

Xenophon was born about 431 B.C., being thus not far from contemporary with the Hebrew prophet Malachi. He was one of the pupils of Socrates, less brilliant than his famous fellow-pupil, Plato, but no whit less loyal to their common master than he. Socrates, though this rests on doubtful authority, is said to have borne Xenophon off on his shoulders from a field of battle, in which, having been wounded, the young Athenian knight had fallen helpless from his horse. Xenophon joined the expedition of Cyrus as one adventuring on his own private account, he having at first no regular official relation with the army of the Greeks. Soon after the death of Cyrus at the battle of Cunax'a, five principal commanders of the Greeks having been treacherously put to death by the Persian general Tis'sa-pher'nes, Xenophon's presence of mind and practical wisdom, called out by the crisis in which the Greeks found themselves involved, immediately gave him a kind of leadership in the retreat, which he maintained until a prosperous issue was reached on the shores of Greece. Xenophon's opportunities were accordingly the best that could possibly be enjoyed, for knowing the facts which he undertook to relate. His own part in the transactions is given, not entirely without betrayal of self-consciousness, but on the whole with admirably well-bred modesty; and you cannot resist the impression that the writer who writes so well, acquitted himself well also as a man of affairs. Xenophon was not, to be sure, a very great man, but it is not quite easy to see what good ground Macaulay could allege for suspecting, as he says he does, that he had "rather a weak head." Weaknesses he had, no doubt, and weaknesses they were of the head; for instance, he was superstitious, being a believer in dreams. He suffers, too, in comparison with Plato, as reporter of Socrates; but this simply means that he was not a

philosopher. He was, instead, a shrewd and enterprising practical man of affairs. At all events, "a rather weak head" would hardly have been the qualification for the masterly conduct that Xenophon achieved, of the long, eventful, and on the whole remarkably prosperous, retreat of that high-spirited, independent, almost mutinous horde of ten thousand mercenary Greek soldiers. More just, probably, is the estimate which Grote, the great historian of Greece, indicates of Xenophon, as "one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher."

Xenophon retired in later life to a landed estate where, in the enjoyment of comfortable, if not elegant, leisure, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He is supposed to have lived to ninety years of age. Diogenes Laer'tius has an interesting, though not wholly trustworthy, biography of Xenophon. Our readers should be advised that the skeptical spirit of literary criticism has not left the genuineness of the "Anabasis" unassailed. It has been gravely argued that Xenophon was not its real author. The Bible, it will be seen, is far from being the only sufferer at iconoclastic critical hands.

Xenophon's fame, notwithstanding his creditable part in this expedition, is that of an author rather than that of a soldier. Among his other chief works is the "Cy'ro-pæ-di'a," purporting to be an account of Cyrus, surnamed the Elder, or the Great, the founder of the Persian Empire. "Cyropædia" is another misnomer. It means literally the education of Cyrus. The book is really much more than an account of its subject's earlier years. It is, however, rather a romance than a history. Xenophon in it seems to aim at giving a description of the ideal civil society or state. It is written in the spirit of praise to despotism, as contrasted with democracy. This may seem singular in an Athenian, as was Xenophon; but the fact is, Xenophon was but an indifferent patriot—for, having in the course of his quest of

fortune attached himself to the Spartan monarchy, he came once openly to bear arms against his native country. It is possible to suppose that in the "Cyropædia" Xenophon meant to stimulate his countrymen by the ideal representation of manners better than their own. Such was probably the patriotic purpose of Tac'itus in his "Germania." We should thus relieve Xenophon's reputation somewhat. But the simple truth is that Greek patriotism has, through the eloquent commonplaces of orators, come to be popularly estimated as far more exemplary than in fact it was.

A less romantic work of Xenophon's is that known as the *Memorabilia* ("Things worthy to be remembered or recorded," namely, of Socrates). This will presently be spoken of, with brief exemplification by extracts. There are several other works from Xenophon's pen, with mention, however, of which it is hardly worth while here to trouble the reader. Without being in any sense a great, Xenophon was a meritorious and important, as well as interesting, writer.

The "Anabasis" is divided into "books," seven in number, each book being also divided into chapters. These divisions we shall not need here carefully to mark.

The book is, in large part, an itinerary—that is, a journal of halts and marches. Such a recital would, of course, be tedious, but for the incidents of disturbance within, of attack from without, of forays for food, of encounter with strange peoples, of observation of strange ways and habits, and for interspersed notices pertaining to the fauna and the flora of the regions traversed. There are some highly entertaining passages reporting the speeches of various personages, made on occasion perhaps of a popular tendency developing itself to resist the plans of the generals, and there are some very good characterizations of men that figured conspicuously in the expedition. The whole narrative is enlivened with the Greek spirit, now and again disporting itself in those plays of wit for which it is remarkable.

Cyrus the Younger, so called to distinguish him from Cyrus the Great, which latter is the subject of the "Cyropædia," was accused to his brother Ar'-ta-xerx'es, the reigning monarch of Persia, of plotting against his throne. Cyrus was put under arrest, but at the intercession of his mother, with whom he seems to have been a favorite son, he was released and allowed to return to the province of which he had been made by his father subordinate governor (or satrap, to transfer, as the Greek too does, the Persian term). Hereupon Cyrus showed his gratitude by secretly levying an army, composed in part of Greek mercenaries, to wage open war against his brother. He made Sardis, near the coast of the Grecian Archipelago, the starting-point of his long and adventurous expedition. Sardis is the city of that name mentioned in the book of Revelation. It was the capital of Lydia, and Cyrus had it as the seat of government for his satrapy. It was even at this time, 401 B.C., an ancient city.

From Sardis to Coloss'æ (it was to the Christians here that, four hundred years later, the apostle Paul wrote "Colossians"). A halt, and then an advance to Ce-læ'-næ, in Phrygia, where another halt. Here the forces of Cyrus, augmented from point to point, were found to be 13,000 men. The reader will, perhaps, be ready to raise with himself the questions, first, How should there have been this number of Greek soldiers of fortune prepared to enter into a distant foreign service? and, second, How should a subordinate governor in the Persian state have been able to muster them for the purpose of a rebellion and usurpation like that which Cyrus proposed? To these questions it may be briefly answered: On the one hand the states of Greece, especially perhaps the Athenian state, were always fond of colonizing. There was an almost continuous line of Greek colonies stretched along the neighboring shores of Asia Minor. To these colonies resorted, in considerable numbers, such strenuous and enterprising citizens of the parent states as, having exposed them-

selves to the displeasure of the people, had been brought under sentence of exile. At this particular time, a war having just closed that had made Athens subject to Sparta, the internal condition of Greece was such as to render the number of unemployed soldiers unusually great. The restless, overflowing energy of Greek life thus furnished both leaders and troops in abundant supply for engaging in whatever service might seem to them to promise fame or fortune to their efforts. Any Greek with qualifications for leadership might easily muster a following of soldiers, with which he could sell himself, almost at his own price, to king or conqueror, the exigencies of whose condition might require such mercenary aid. This, on the one hand ; and on the other, the Persian Empire, though widely extended in territory, was in reality weak—so weak, indeed, that the central cohesive force of eminent administrative genius in the sovereign being at any moment withdrawn, the component parts of the immense aggregation seemed always ready at the first strong and bold hostile stroke to fall asunder.

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the disorganized and moribund condition of the Persian power, together with the weakness of the then reigning king, than a singular statement made by Xenophon. Xenophon says that Artaxerxes was prevented from suspecting Cyrus of plotting against himself by the supposition which he indulged that Cyrus was raising troops for war with Tis'sa-pher'nes. This Tissaphernes was the Persian governor of certain parts near the satrapy of Cyrus. He it was who preferred the original accusation against Cyrus of pretending to the throne of his brother. The king, Xenophon says—an astonishing statement—was not at all concerned at this strife between two of his subordinate governors ! These circumstances rendered it possible for Cyrus to proceed considerable lengths in the course of his audacious undertaking without arousing suspicion, or at any rate without encountering opposition, on the part of his

brother, too easily contenting himself, a thousand miles or more away, in his palace at Babylon.

The Greeks soon suspect that Cyrus is marching against his brother, the king, and make difficulties about proceeding. Cle-ar'chus, however, one of their leaders, a Spartan, overcomes their reluctance—we must let Xenophon himself tell our readers how :

Clearchus, first of all, endeavored to compel his soldiers to proceed; but, as soon as he began to advance, they pelted him and his baggage-cattle with stones. Clearchus, indeed, on this occasion, had a narrow escape of being stoned to death. At length, when he saw that he should not be able to proceed by force, he called a meeting of his soldiers; and at first, standing before them, he continued for some time to shed tears, while they, looking on, were struck with wonder, and remained silent. He then addressed them to this effect :

“Wonder not, soldiers, that I feel distressed at the present occurrences; for Cyrus engaged himself to me by ties of hospitality, and honored me, when I was an exile from my country, both with other marks of esteem, and by presenting me with ten thousand darics. On receiving this money, I did not treasure it up for my own use, or squander it in luxury, but spent it upon you. First of all, I made war upon the Thracians, and, in the cause of Greece, and with your assistance, took vengeance upon them by expelling them from the Cher'so-ne'sus, when they would have taken the country from its Grecian colonists. When Cyrus summoned me, I set out to join him, taking you with me, that if he had need of my aid, I might do him service in return for the benefits that I had received from him, but since you are unwilling to accompany him on this expedition, I am under the obligation, either, by deserting you, to preserve the friendship of Cyrus, or, by proving false to him, to adhere to you. Whether I shall do right, I do not know; but I shall give you the preference, and will undergo with you whatever may be necessary. Nor shall any one ever say that, after leading Greeks into a country of Barbarians, I deserted the Greeks, and adopted, in preference, the friendship of the Barbarians.

“Since, however, you decline to obey me, or to follow me, I will go with you, and submit to whatever may be destined for us. For I look upon you to be at once my country, my friends, and my fellow-soldiers, and consider that with you I shall be respected, wherever I may be: but that, if separated from you, I shall be unable either to afford assistance

to a friend, or to avenge myself upon an enemy. Feel assured, therefore, that I am resolved to accompany you wherever you go."

Thus he spoke : and the soldiers, as well those under his own command as the others, on hearing these assurances, applauded him for saying that he would not march against the king ; and more than two thousand of the troops of Xe'nias and Pa'sion, taking with them their arms and baggage, went and encamped under Clearchus.

Cyrus, perplexed and grieved at these occurrences, sent for Clearchus ; who, however, would not go, but sending a messenger to Cyrus without the knowledge of the soldiers, bade him be of good courage, as these matters would be arranged to his satisfaction. He also desired Cyrus to send for him again, but, when Cyrus had done so, he again declined to go. Afterward, having assembled his own soldiers, and those who had recently gone over to him, and any of the rest that wished to be present, he spoke to the following effect :

"It is evident, soldiers, that the situation of Cyrus with regard to us is the same as ours with regard to him ; for we are no longer his soldiers, since we refuse to follow him, nor is he any longer our paymaster. That he considers himself wronged by us, however, I am well aware ; so that, even when he sends for me, I am unwilling to go to him, principally from feeling shame, because I am conscious of having been in all respects false to him ; and in addition, from being afraid that, when he has me in his power, he may take vengeance on me for the matters in which he conceives that he has been injured. This, therefore, seems to me to be no time for us to sleep, or to neglect our own safety ; but, on the contrary, to consider what we must do under these circumstances. As long as we remain here, it seems necessary to consider how we may best remain with safety ; or, if we determine upon going at once, how we may depart with the greatest security, and how we may obtain provisions ; for without these the general and the private soldier are alike inefficient. Cyrus is indeed a most valuable friend to those to whom he is a friend, but a most violent enemy to those to whom he is an enemy. He has forces, too, both infantry and cavalry, as well as a naval power, as we all alike see and know ; for we seem to me to be encamped at no great distance from him. It is therefore full time to say whatever any one thinks to be best." Having spoken thus, he made a pause.

Upon this, several rose to speak ; some, of their own accord, to express what they thought ; others, previously instructed by Clearchus, to point out what difficulty there would be either in remaining or departing, without the consent of Cyrus. One of these, pretending to be eager to proceed with all possible haste to Greece, proposed that they should

choose other commanders without delay, if Clearchus were unwilling to conduct them back ; that they should purchase provisions, as there was a market in the Barbarian camp, and pack up their baggage ; that they should go to Cyrus, and ask him to furnish them with ships, in which they might sail home ; and, if he should not grant them, that they should beg of him a guide, to conduct them back through such parts of the country as were friendly toward them. But if he would not even allow them a guide, that they should, without delay, form themselves in warlike order, and send a detachment to take possession of the heights, in order that neither Cyrus nor the Cilicians ("of whom," said he, "we have many prisoners, and much money that we have taken") may be the first to occupy them. Such were the suggestions that he offered ; but after him Clearchus spoke as follows :

"Let no one of you mention me as likely to undertake this command ; for I see many reasons why I ought not to do so ; but be assured, that whatever person you may elect, I shall pay the greatest possible deference to him, that you may see that I know how to obey as well as any other man."

After him another arose, who pointed out the folly of him who advised them to ask for ships, just as if Cyrus were not about to sail back, and who showed, too, how foolish it would be to request a guide of the very person "whose plans," said he, "we are frustrating. And," he added, "if we should trust the guide that Cyrus might assign us, what will hinder Cyrus from giving orders to occupy the heights before we reach them ? For my own part, I should be reluctant to embark in any vessel that he might grant us, lest he should send us and the galleys to the bottom together ; I should also be afraid to follow any guide that he may appoint, lest he should conduct us into places from whence there would be no means of escape ; and I had rather, if I depart without the consent of Cyrus, depart without his knowledge : but this is impossible. I say, then, that such proposals are absurdities ; and my advice is, that certain persons, such as are fit for the task, should accompany Clearchus to Cyrus, and ask him in what service he wishes to employ us ; and if the undertaking be similar to that in which he before employed foreign troops, that we too should follow him, and not appear more cowardly than those who previously went up with him. But if the present design seem greater and more difficult, and more perilous than the former, that they should ask, in that case, either to induce us to accompany him by persuasion, or, yielding himself to our persuasions, to give us a passage to a friendly country ; for thus, if we accompany him, we shall accompany him as friends and zealous supporters, and if we leave him, we shall depart

in safety ; that they then report to us what answer he makes to this application ; and that we, having heard his reply, take measures in accordance with it."

These suggestions were approved ; and, having chosen certain persons, they sent them with Clearchus to ask Cyrus the questions agreed upon by the army. Cyrus answered that he had heard that A-broc'o-mas, an enemy of his, was on the banks of the Euphrates, twelve days' march distant ; and it was against him, he said, that he wished to march ; and if Abrocomas should be there, he said that he longed to take due vengeance on him ; but if he should retreat, " we will consider there," he added, " how to proceed."

The delegates, having heard this answer, reported it to the soldiers, who had still a suspicion that he was leading them against the king, but nevertheless resolved to accompany him. They then asked for an increase of pay, and Cyrus promised to give them all half as much again as they received before, that is to say, instead of a daric, three half-darics a month for every soldier. But no one heard there, at least publicly, that he was leading them against the king.

At Thap'sa-cus, on the river Euphrates, Cyrus openly told the Greek captains that he was marching to Babylon against the Great King. He desired them to make the disclosure to their men. They did so. The men felt, or feigned, much displeasure, and demanded a liberal donative. Lavish gifts Cyrus was the last man to refuse the promise of, and the soldiers were promptly made rich with prospective and conditional wealth. The majority were prevailed upon to adhere to Cyrus. The selfish thrift and cunning of the leading Greek soldiers of fortune are well exhibited in the conduct of Menon on the present occasion. This conduct is thus related by Xenophon :

Before it was certain what the other soldiers would do, whether they would accompany Cyrus or not, Menon assembled his own troops apart from the rest, and spoke as follows :

" If you will follow my advice, soldiers, you will, without incurring either danger or toil, make yourselves honored by Cyrus beyond the rest of the army. What, then, would I have you do ? Cyrus is at this moment urgent with the Greeks to accompany him against the king ; I

therefore suggest that, before it is known how the other Greeks will answer Cyrus, you should cross over the river Euphrates. For if they should determine upon accompanying him, you will appear to have been the cause of it, by being the first to pass the river ; and to you, as being most forward with your services, Cyrus will feel and repay the obligation, as no one knows how to do better than himself. But if the others should determine not to go with him, we shall all of us return back again ; but you, as having alone complied with his wishes, and as being most worthy of his confidence, he will employ in garrison duty and posts of authority ; and whatever else you may ask of him, I feel assured that, as the friends of Cyrus, you will obtain it."

On hearing these proposals, they at once complied with them, and crossed the river before the others had given their answer. And when Cyrus perceived that they had crossed, he was much pleased, and despatched Glus to Menon's troops with this message : " I applaud your conduct, my friends ; and it shall be my care that you may applaud me ; or think me no longer Cyrus." The soldiers, in consequence, being filled with great expectations, prayed that he might succeed ; and to Menon Cyrus was said to have sent most magnificent presents. After these transactions, he passed the river, and all the rest of the army followed him.

The remainder of Cyrus's advance lay along the river Euphrates, on its left bank ; but let us take a considerable skip and come to the final fatal encounter of the two armies. The first onset was from the Greeks. They broke the stillness with a shout, and actually ran to the attack. The Barbarians, panic-stricken, fled before them. Their scythed chariots, abandoned by the drivers, made indiscriminate havoc among the two forces. The Greeks, however, opened their ranks to let them pass, and the remarkable fact is recorded by Xenophon that, with the doubtful exception of one man, reported to have been hit with an arrow, no Greek received any material injury in this battle. Cyrus noted with exultation the success of the Greeks ; but, though already saluted as king by the eager worshipers of the rising sun about him, with great presence of mind he refused to join in the pursuit of the conquered. The king, owing to his enormous preponderance over Cyrus in numbers, was, while holding the

center of his own army, actually beyond the extreme left of Cyrus's. Artaxerxes, accordingly, encountering no opposition in his front, began to wheel round as if with the purpose of inclosing his adversaries. Not unnaturally, Cyrus now thought that the victorious Greeks, ardently engaged in pursuit, were in danger of being attacked in the rear. Under this apprehension, he charges, with his 600 horse, directly on his brother. The 6,000 of the king broke and fled, whereupon Cyrus's 600 became dispersed in the ardor of headlong pursuit. Thus left almost alone, Cyrus caught sight of the king. Exclaiming, "I see the man," he rushed with such impetuosity upon his brother, that his weapon pierced the armor of Artaxerxes, and wounded him in the breast. But this fratricidal attack had an issue that Providence appointed, not Cyrus; for Cyrus, in the very act of striking his brother, was himself violently struck with a javelin under the eye and slain.

Xenophon devotes a chapter to a careful portraiture of the character of Cyrus. This chapter, in order that our readers may get the insight which Xenophon, both consciously and unconsciously, here furnishes us moderns the means of obtaining, into the standards and ideals of excellence that were prevalent in the ancient world of enlightened paganism, we give nearly in full:

Whenever any one did him a kindness or an injury he showed himself anxious to go beyond him in those respects; and some used to mention a wish of his, that "he desired to live long enough to outdo both those who had done him good, and those who had done him ill, in the requital that he should make." Accordingly to him alone of the men of our days were so great a number of people desirous of committing the disposal of their property, their cities, and their own persons.

Yet no one could with truth say this of him, that he suffered the criminal or unjust to deride his authority; for he of all men inflicted punishment most unsparingly; and there were often to be seen, along the most frequented roads, men deprived of their feet, or hands, or eyes; so that in Cyrus's dominions it was possible for any one, Greek or Barbarian,

who did no wrong, to travel without fear whithersoever he pleased, and having with him whatever might suit his convenience.

To those who showed ability for war it is acknowledged that he paid distinguished honor. His first war was with the Pisidians and Mysians; and, marching in person into these countries, he made those whom he saw voluntarily hazarding their lives in his service governors over the territory that he subdued, and distinguished them with rewards in other ways. So that the brave appeared to be the most fortunate of men, while the cowardly were deemed fit only to be their slaves. There were, therefore, great numbers of persons who voluntarily exposed themselves to danger wherever they thought that Cyrus would become aware of their exertions.

With regard to justice, if any appeared to him inclined to display that virtue, he made a point of making such men richer than those who sought to profit by injustice. Accordingly, while in many other respects his affairs were administered judiciously, he likewise possessed an army worthy of the name. For it was not for money that generals and captains came from foreign lands to enter into his service, but because they were persuaded that to serve Cyrus well would be more profitable than any amount of monthly pay.

Besides, if any one executed his orders in a superior manner, he never suffered his diligence to go unrewarded; consequently, in every undertaking, the best qualified officers were said to be ready to assist him.

If he noticed any one that was a skilful manager, with strict regard to justice, stocking the land of which he had the direction, and securing income from it, he would never take any thing from such a person, but was ever ready to give him something in addition; so that men labored with cheerfulness, acquired property with confidence, and made no concealment from Cyrus of what each possessed; for he did not appear to envy those who amassed riches openly, but to endeavor to bring into use the wealth of those who concealed it.

Whatever friends he made, and felt to be well-disposed to him, and considered to be capable of assisting him in any thing that he might wish to accomplish, he is acknowledged by all to have been most successful in attaching them to him.

For, on the very same account on which he thought that he himself had need of friends, namely, that he might have co-operators in his undertakings, did he endeavor to prove an efficient assistant to his friends in whatever he perceived any of them desirous of effecting.

He received, for many reasons, more presents than perhaps any other

single individual; and these he outdid every one else in distributing among his friends, having a view to the character of each, and to what he perceived each most needed. Whatever presents any one sent him of articles of personal ornament, whether for warlike accoutrement, or merely for dress, concerning these, they said, he used to remark, that he could not decorate his own person with them all, but that he thought friends well equipped were the greatest ornament a man could have. That he should outdo his friends, indeed, in conferring great benefits, is not at all wonderful, since he was so much more able; but that he should surpass his friends in kind attentions and anxious desire to oblige, appears to me far more worthy of admiration. Frequently, when he had wine served him of a peculiarly fine flavor, he would send half-emptied flagons of it to some of his friends, with a message to this effect: "Cyrus has not for some time met with pleasanter wine than this; and he has therefore sent some of it to you, and begs you will drink it to-day with those whom you love best." He would often, too, send geese partly eaten, and the halves of loaves, and other such things, desiring the bearer to say, in presenting them, "Cyrus has been delighted with these, and therefore wishes you also to taste of them."

Wherever provender was scarce, but he himself, from having many attendants, and from the care which he took, was able to procure some, he would send it about, and desire his friends to give that provender to the horses that carried them, so that hungry steeds might not carry his friends. Whenever he rode out, and many were likely to see him, he would call to him his friends, and hold earnest conversation with them, that he might show whom he held in honor; so that, from what I have heard, I should think that no one was ever beloved by a greater number of persons, either Greeks or Barbarians. Of this fact the following is a proof; that no one deserted to the king from Cyrus, though only a subject (except that Orontes attempted to do so; but he soon found the person whom he believed faithful to him, more a friend to Cyrus than to himself), while many came over to Cyrus from the king, after they became enemies to each other; and these, too, men who were greatly beloved by the king; for they felt persuaded that if they proved themselves brave soldiers under Cyrus, they would obtain from him more adequate rewards for their services than from the king.

What occurred also at the time of his death is a great proof, as well that he himself was a man of merit, as that he could accurately distinguish such as were trustworthy, well-disposed, and constant in their attachment. For when he was killed, all his friends and the partakers of his table who were with him fell fighting in his defense, except Ariæus,

who had been posted in command of the cavalry on the left ; and, when he learned that Cyrus had fallen in the battle, he took to flight, with all the troops which he had under his command.

The morning after the battle, a message from the king, couched in true Oriental terms of despotic arrogance, invited the Greeks to come to the royal palace unarmed and sue for mercy. Clearchus, seldom unequal to the occasion, spiritedly said that it was not for conquerors to give up their arms. There is something about Clearchus that captivates the interest of the reader. The impending tragedy of his fate lends a kind of pathos to the few incidents illustrating his character that still remain. Full of shifts as he was, he had to deal with a man whose duplicity, as being that of an Oriental, was an overmatch for the not too scrupulous sagacity of the Greek. The wily Tissaphernes was soon to have Clearchus in his toils.

Pha-li'nus, a plausible Greek in the service of Artaxerxes, was one of the present embassy from the king. He, addressing himself to Clearchus, said—but the passage-at-arms of witty reticence in which these two Greeks, Phalinus and Clearchus, now engaged, is too good to be reported otherwise than in the full text of Xenophon's narration :

“ Your companions, O Clearchus, give each a different answer ; and now tell us what you have to say.” Clearchus then said, “ I was glad to see you, O Phalinus, and so, I dare say, were all the rest of us ; for you are a Greek, as we also are ; and, being so many in number as you see, and placed in such circumstances, we would advise with you how we should act with regard to the message that you bring. Give us then, I entreat you by the gods, such advice as seems to you most honorable and advantageous, and such as will bring you honor in time to come, when it is related that Phalinus, being once sent from the king to require the Greeks to deliver up their arms, gave them, when they consulted him, such and such counsel ; for you know that whatever counsel you do give, will necessarily be reported in Greece.”

Clearchus craftily threw out this suggestion, with the desire that the very person who came as an envoy from the king should advise them not

to deliver up their arms, in order that the Greeks might be led to conceive better hopes. But Phalinus, adroitly evading the appeal, spoke, contrary to his expectation, as follows: "If, out of ten thousand hopeful chances, you have any single one of saving yourselves by continuing in arms against the king, I advise you not to deliver up your arms; but if you have not a single hope of safety in opposing the king's pleasure, I advise you to save yourselves in the only way in which it is possible." Clearchus rejoined: "Such, then, is your advice; but on our part return this answer, that we are of opinion that, if we are to be friends with the king, we shall be more valuable friends if we retain our arms, than if we surrender them to another; but that if we must make war against him, we should make war better if we retain our arms than if we give them up to another." Phalinus said, "This answer, then, we will report; but the king desired us also to inform you, that while you remain in this place a truce is to be considered as existing between him and you; but, if you advance or retreat, there is to be war. Give us, therefore, your answer on this point also; whether you will remain here and a truce to exist, or whether I shall announce from you that there is war." Clearchus replied, "Report, therefore, on this point also, that our resolution is the same as that of the king." "And what is that?" said Phalinus. Clearchus replied, "If we stay here, a truce; but if we retreat or advance, war." Phalinus again asked him, "Is it a truce or war that I shall report?" Clearchus again made the same answer: "A truce if we stay, and if we retreat or advance, war." But of what he intended to do he gave no intimation.

Tissaphernes palters with the Greeks under pretense of amicably escorting them home to Greece. He finally overreached Clearchus sufficiently to get him, with four other Greek generals, into his power. Then he sent them all captive to the king. They were beheaded. Twenty Greek captains Tissaphernes himself treacherously had massacred.

Xenophon pauses in his narrative to portray the characters of the five unfortunate Greek generals. The chapter is too well written, and too valuable as affording insight into the current and accepted moral and social ideas of the ancient Greeks not to be inserted in full:

One of them, Clearchus, by the general consent of all who were acquainted with him, appears to have been a man well qualified for war,

and extremely fond of military enterprise. For as long as the Lacedæmonians were at war with the Athenians, he remained in the service of his country ; but when the peace took place, having induced his government to believe that the Thracians were committing ravages on the Greeks, and having gained his point, as well as he could, with the Eph'ori, he sailed from home to make war upon the Thracians that lie above the Chersone'sus and Perin'thus. But when the Ephori, after he was gone, having for some reason changed their mind, took measures to oblige him to turn back from the Isthmus, he then no longer paid obedience to their commands, but sailed away to the Hel'les-pont, and was in consequence, condemned to death, for disobedience, by the chief magistrates at Sparta. Being then an exile, he went to Cyrus ; and by what methods he conciliated the favor of Cyrus has been told in another place. Cyrus presented him with ten thousand darics ; and he, on receiving that sum, did not give himself up to idleness, but having collected an army with the money, made war upon the Thracians, and conquered them in battle, and from that time plundered and laid waste their country, and continued this warfare till Cyrus had need of his army, when he went to him, for the purpose of again making war in concert with him.

These seem to me to have been the proceedings of one fond of war, who, when he might have lived in peace without disgrace or loss, chose war in preference ; when he might have spent his time in idleness, voluntarily underwent toil for the sake of military adventure ; and when he might have enjoyed riches in security, chose rather, by engaging in warfare, to diminish their amount. He was, indeed, led by inclination to spend his money in war, as he might have spent it in pursuits of gallantry, or any other pleasure ; to such a degree was he fond of war. He appears also to have been qualified for military undertakings, as he liked perilous adventure, was ready to march day and night against the enemy, and was possessed of great presence of mind in circumstances of difficulty, as those who were with him on all such occasions were universally ready to acknowledge.

For commanding troops he was said to be qualified in as great a degree as was consistent with his temper ; for he was excelled by no one in ability to contrive how an army might have provisions, and to procure them ; and he was equally fitted to impress on all around him the necessity of obeying Clearchus. This he effected by severity ; for he was of a stern countenance and harsh voice ; and he always punished violently, and sometimes in anger, so that he occasionally repented of what he had done. He punished, too, on principle, for he thought that there

could be no efficiency in an army undisciplined by chastisement. He is also reported to have said that a soldier ought to fear his commander more than the enemy, if he would either keep guard well, or abstain from doing injury to friends, or march without hesitation against foes. In circumstances of danger, accordingly, the soldiers were willing to obey him implicitly, and wished for no other leader; for they said that the sternness in his countenance then assumed an appearance of cheerfulness, and that what was severe in it seemed undauntedness against the enemy; so that it appeared indicative of safety, and not of austerity. But when they were out of danger, and were at liberty to betake themselves to other chiefs, they deserted him in great numbers; for he had nothing attractive in him, but was always forbidding and repulsive, so that the soldiers felt toward him as boys toward their master. Hence it was that he never had any one who followed him out of friendship and attachment to his person; though such as followed him from being appointed to the service by their country, or from being compelled by want or other necessity, he found extremely submissive to him. And when they began under his command to gain victories over the enemy, there were many important circumstances that concurred to render his troops excellent soldiers; for their perfect confidence against the enemy had its effect, and their dread of punishment from him rendered them strictly observant of discipline. Such was his character as a commander. But he was said to have been by no means willing to be commanded by others. When he was put to death he was about fifty years of age.

Prox'enus the Bœotian, from his earliest youth, felt a desire to become a man capable of great undertakings; and through this desire paid Gorgias of Leon'tium for instruction. When he had passed some time with him, and thought himself capable of command, and, if honored with the friendship of the great, of making no inadequate return for their favors, he proceeded to take a part in this enterprise with Cyrus; and expected to acquire in it a great name, extensive influence, and abundant wealth. But, though he earnestly wished for these things, he at the same time plainly showed that he was unwilling to acquire any of them by injustice, but that he thought he ought to obtain them by just and honorable means, or otherwise not at all.

He was, indeed, able to command orderly and well-disposed men, but incapable of inspiring ordinary soldiers with either respect or fear for him; he stood even more in awe of those under his command than they of him, and evidently showed that he was more afraid of being disliked by his soldiers than his soldiers of being disobedient to him. He thought

it sufficient both for being, and appearing, capable of command, to praise him who did well, and withhold his praise from the offender. Such, therefore, of his followers, as were of honorable and virtuous character, were much attached to him; but the unprincipled formed designs upon him as a man easy to manage. He was about thirty years old when he was put to death.

As for Menon the Thessalian, he ever manifested an excessive desire for riches, being desirous of command that he might receive greater pay, and desirous of honors that he might obtain greater perquisites; and he wished to be well with those in power, in order that when he did wrong he might not suffer punishment. To accomplish what he desired, he thought that the shortest road lay through perjury, falsehood, and deceit; while sincerity and truth he regarded as no better than folly. He evidently had no affection for any man; and as for those to whom he professed to be a friend, he was unmistakably plotting mischief against them. He never ridiculed an enemy, but always used to talk with his associates as if ridiculing all of them. He formed no designs on the property of his enemies (for he thought it difficult to take what belonged to such as were on their guard against him), but looked upon himself as the only person sensible how very easy it was to invade the unguarded property of friends.

Those whom he saw given to perjury and injustice he feared as men well armed; but sought to practice on those who were pious and observant of truth as imbeciles. As another might take a pride in religion and truth and justice, so Menon took a pride in being able to deceive, in devising falsehoods, in sneering at friends; and thought the man who was guileless was to be regarded as deficient in knowledge of the world. He believed that he must conciliate those in whose friendship he wished to stand first, by calumniating such as already held the chief place in their favor. The soldiers he tried to render obedient to him by being an accomplice in their dishonesty. He expected to be honored and courted, by showing that he had the power and the will to inflict the greatest injuries. When any one deserted him, he spoke of it as a favor on his own part that, while he made use of his services, he did not work his destruction.

As to such parts of his history as are little known, I might, if I were to speak of them, say something untrue of him; but those which every one knows are these. While yet in the prime of youth he obtained, at the hands of Ar'is-tip'pus, the command of his corps of mercenaries. He was also, in his prime, most intimate with Ariæus, though a Barbarian, as Ariæus delighted in beautiful youths. He himself, too, while

yet a beardless youth, made a favorite of Thar'y-pas, who had arrived at manhood.

When his fellow-officers were put to death because they had served with Cyrus against the king, he, though he had done the same, was not put to death with them; but after the death of the other generals, he died under a punishment inflicted by the king, not like Clearchus and the other commanders, who were beheaded (which appears to be the speediest kind of death); but after living a year in torture, like a malefactor, he is said at length to have met his end.

A'gi-as the Arcadian, and Soc'ra-tes the Achæan, were also put to death. These no one ever derided as wanting courage in battle, or blamed for their conduct toward their friends. They were both about five and thirty years of age.

We have now reached the end of the second "book" of the "Anabasis."

At the beginning of the third Xenophon, good literary artist that he was, recapitulates in a sentence what had already been narrated, and proceeds to draw a striking picture of the present deplorable condition of the Greeks. Here is the picture in his own words:

After the generals were made prisoners, and such of the captains and soldiers as had accompanied them were put to death, the Greeks were in great perplexity, reflecting that they were not far from the king's residence; that there were around them, on all sides, many hostile nations and cities; that no one would any longer secure them opportunities of purchasing provisions; that they were distant from Greece not less than ten thousand stadia; that there was no one to guide them on the way; that impassable rivers would intercept them in the midst of their course; that the Barbarians who had gone up with Cyrus had deserted them; and that they were left utterly alone, having no cavalry to support them, so that it was certain, even if they defeated their enemies, that they would not kill a man of them, and that, if they were defeated, none of themselves would be left alive. Reflecting, I say, on these circumstances, and being disheartened at them, few of them tasted food for that evening, few kindled fires, and many did not come to the place of arms during that night, but lay down to rest where they severally happened to be, unable to sleep for sorrow and longing for their country, their parents, their wives and children, whom they never expected to see again. In this state of mind they all went to their resting-places.

Xenophon himself is next sketched by his own hand into his work, an interesting incident being retrospectively given of his relation to Socrates as one taking a pupil's advice from the sage respecting the propriety of his joining the expedition of Cyrus. Xenophon, during that night of discomfort and anxiety, dreamed a dream upon which he puts a twofold interpretation of his own. The upshot of it was, that upon awaking he arose and called together the captains whom Proxenus, his special friend in the expedition, had commanded. He makes these captains a sensible speech, and intimates that if he should be chosen their leader, he, despite his youth, is not the man to refuse to serve. All assented except a Bœotian. Xenophon fell afoul of this unhappy dissentient, and got him contumeliously expelled from his captaincy. The next step was to call a general meeting of all the surviving officers of the different bodies of the Greeks. The meeting thus called took place about midnight. To the assembled officers Xenophon made an address full of brave counsel, which the complacent historian is willing to admit won him much credit. What he advised was, that new commanders be chosen to take the place of those lost. This was done, Xenophon himself being put in the place of Proxenus, his friend. Day now was just breaking, and the rank and file of the Greeks were called together, and stoutly harangued by three men in succession. Xenophon was the last of the three, and made the longest speech. At least, his speech is longest as reported, which may be due to the historian's livelier interest and better memory as to this particular speech. He lets his reader understand that he dressed himself for the occasion as handsomely as he could.

From this time forward Xenophon bears a very active, and always a highly creditable, part in the conduct of the retreat.

The Greeks had great variety of fortune on their way. They encountered much hostility and much hardship. Let the following, given in Xenophon's own words, serve for a

sample. It was winter in Armenia. The Greeks had quartered themselves in certain clustering villages of the country :

Here they found all kinds of excellent provisions, cattle, corn, old wines of great fragrance, dried grapes, and vegetables of all kinds. Some of the soldiers, however, who had strolled away from the camp, brought word that they had caught sight of an army, and that many fires had been visible during the night. The generals thought it unsafe, therefore, for the troops to quarter apart, and resolved to bring the whole army together again. They accordingly assembled, for it seemed to be clearing up. But as they were passing the night here, there fell a vast quantity of snow, so that it covered both the arms and the men as they lay on the ground. The snow cramped the baggage-cattle, and they were very reluctant to rise ; for, as they lay, the snow that had fallen upon them served to keep them warm, when it had not dropped off. But when Xenophon was hardy enough to rise without his outer garment, and to cleave wood, some one else then rose, and taking the wood from him, cleft it himself. Soon after the rest got up, and lighted fires and anointed themselves ; for abundance of ointment was found there, made of hog's lard, sesamum, bitter almonds, and turpentine, which they used instead of oil. Of the same materials also an odoriferous unguent was found. After this it was resolved to quarter again throughout the villages, under shelter ; and the soldiers went off with great shouting and delight to the cottages and provisions. Those who had set fire to the houses, when they quitted them before, paid the penalty of having to encamp uncomfortably in the open air.

Day after day, in December, the half-clad Greeks floundered on through snow six feet deep, and, part of the time, in the teeth of a terrible north wind. A chance of rest came, and not a day too soon.

Just at nightfall the vanguard came up so suddenly, and so unannounced, to a village, that they surprised some women and girls getting water at a spring outside the rampart. To the women's question who they were, the interpreter replied in Persian with prompt prevarication, that they were people going from the king to the satrap. The satrap, the women said, was about a parasang off. However, the party of the Greeks went with the water-carriers to the head man of the

village, and at this place Chirisophus, with as many troops as could get through, encamped. The rest passed the night amid the snow without food and without fire. We will let Xenophon tell the story of that night, and of the relief that followed, in his own graphic words :

Some of the enemy, too, who had collected themselves into a body, pursued our rear, and seized any of the baggage-cattle that were unable to proceed, fighting with one another for the possession of them. Such of the soldiers, also, as had lost their sight from the effects of the snow, or had had their toes mortified by the cold, were left behind. It was found to be a relief to the eyes against the snow, if the soldiers kept something black before them on the march, and to the feet, if they kept constantly in motion, and allowed themselves no rest, and if they took off their shoes in the night ; but as to such as slept with their shoes on, the straps worked into their feet, and the soles were frozen about them ; for when their old shoes had failed them, shoes of raw hides had been made by the men themselves from the newly-skinned oxen. From such unavoidable sufferings, some of the soldiers were left behind, who, seeing a piece of ground of a black appearance, from the snow having disappeared there, conjectured that it must have melted ; and it had in fact melted in the spot from the effect of a fountain, which was sending up vapor in a woody hollow close at hand. Turning aside thither, they sat down and refused to proceed further. Xenophon, who was with the rear-guard, as soon as he heard this, tried to prevail on them by every art and means not to be left behind, telling them, at the same time, that the enemy were collected, and pursuing them in great numbers. At last he grew angry ; and they told him to kill them, as they were quite unable to go forward. He then thought it the best course to strike a terror, if possible, into the enemy that were behind, lest they should fall upon the exhausted soldiers. It was now dark, and the enemy were advancing with a great noise, quarreling about the booty that they had taken, when such of the rear-guard as were not disabled, started up, and rushed toward them, while the tired men, shouting as loud as they could, clashed their spears against their shields. The enemy, struck with alarm, threw themselves among the snow into the hollow, and no one of them afterward made themselves heard from any quarter.

Xenophon, and those with him, telling the sick men that a party should come to their relief next day, proceeded on their march, but before they had gone four stadia, they found other soldiers resting by the

way in the snow, and covered up with it, no guard being stationed over them. They roused them up, but they said that the head of the army was not moving forward. Xenophon, going past them, and sending on some of the ablest of the peltasts, ordered them to ascertain what it was that hindered their progress. They brought word that the whole army was in that manner taking rest. Xenophon and his men, therefore, stationing such a guard as they could, took up their quarters there without fire or supper. When it was near day, he sent the youngest of his men to the sick, telling them to rouse them and oblige them to proceed. At this juncture Chirisophus sent some of his people from the village to see how the rear were faring. The young men were rejoiced to see them, and gave them the sick to conduct to the camp, while they themselves went forward, and, before they had gone twenty stadia, found themselves at the village in which Chirisophus was quartered. When they came together, it was thought safe enough to lodge the troops up and down in the villages. Chirisophus accordingly remained where he was, and the other officers, appropriating by lot the several villages that they had in sight, went to their respective quarters with their men.

Here Polyc'ra-tes, an Athenian captain, requested leave of absence, and, taking with him the most active of his men, and hastening to the village to which Xenophon had been allotted, surprised all the villagers, and their head man, in their houses, together with seventeen colts that were bred as a tribute for the king, and the head man's daughter, who had been but nine days married; her husband was gone out to hunt hares, and was not found in any of the villages. Their houses were underground, the entrance like the mouth of a well, but spacious below; there were passages dug into them for the cattle, but the people descended by ladders. In the houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young; all the cattle were kept on fodder within the walls. There was also wheat, barley, leguminous vegetables and barley-wine, in large bowls; the grains of barley floated in it even with the brims of the vessels, and reeds also lay in it, some larger and some smaller, without joints; and these, when any one was thirsty, he was to take in his mouth and suck. The liquor was very strong, unless one mixed water with it, and a very pleasant drink to those accustomed to it.

Xenophon made the chief man of his village sup with him, and told him to be of good courage, assuring him that he should not be deprived of his children, and that they would not go away without filling his house with provisions in return for what they took, if he would but prove himself the author of some service to the army till they should reach another tribe. This he promised, and, to show his good-will,

pointed out where some wine was buried. This night, therefore, the soldiers rested in their several quarters in the midst of great abundance, setting a guard over the chief, and keeping his children at the same time under their eye. The following day Xenophon took the head man and went with him to Chirisophus, and wherever he passed by a village, he turned aside to visit those who were quartered in it, and found them in all parts feasting and enjoying themselves; nor would they anywhere let them go till they had set refreshments before them; and they placed everywhere upon the same table lamb, kid, pork, veal, and fowl, with plenty of bread both of wheat and barley. Whenever any person, to pay a compliment, wished to drink to another, he took him to the large bowl, where he had to stoop down and drink, sucking like an ox. The chief they allowed to take whatever he pleased, but he accepted nothing from them; where he found any of his relatives, however, he took them with him.

When they came to Chirisophus, they found his men also feasting in their quarters, crowned with wreaths made of hay, and Armenian boys, in their barbarian dresses, waiting upon them, to whom they made signs what they were to do as if they had been deaf and dumb. When Chirisophus and Xenophon had saluted one another, they both asked the chief man, through the interpreter, who spoke the Persian language, what country it was. He replied that it was Armenia. They then asked him for whom the horses were bred; and he said that they were a tribute for the king, and added that the neighboring country was that of Chal'y-bes, and told them in what direction the road lay. Xenophon then went away, conducting the chief back to his family, giving him the horse that he had taken, which was rather old, to fatten and offer in sacrifice (for he had heard that it had been consecrated to the sun), being afraid, indeed, that it might die, as it had been injured by the journey. He then took some of the young horses, and gave one of them to each of the other generals and captains. The horses in this country were smaller than those of Persia, but far more spirited. The chief instructed the men to tie little bags round the feet of the horses, and other cattle, when they drove them through the snow, for without such bags they sunk up to their bellies.

The story of what occurred when at last the Greeks came in sight of the sea and felt that they were almost home, is told with such exquisite simplicity, half of nature, half of art, by Xenophon, that it must be given in his own language:

On the fifth day they came to the mountain ; and the name of it was The'ches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them ; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front ; for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burned were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some and taken others prisoners, and had captured about twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lyc'ius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, "The sea, the sea !" and cheering one another. They then all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed ; and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another, and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, on which they laid a number of raw ox-hides, staves, and shields taken from the enemy. The shields the guide himself hacked in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same. Soon after, the Greeks sent away the guide, giving him presents from the common stock, a horse, a silver cup, a Persian robe, and ten darics ; but he showed most desire for the rings on their fingers, and obtained many of them from the soldiers.

Two days more bring the Greeks to the sea at Trebizond. They here perform the vows of sacrifice made in their extremity. They also extemporize some games which Xenophon describes in the true Greek spirit:

When the sacrifice was ended, they gave the hides to Dracon'tius, and desired him to conduct them to the place where he had made the course. Dracontius, pointing to the place where they were standing, said, "This hill is an excellent place for running, in whatever direction the men may wish." "But how will they be able," said they, "to wrestle on ground so rough and bushy?" "He that falls," said he, "will suffer the more." Boys, most of them from among the prisoners, contended in the short course, and in the long course above sixty Cretans ran ; while others

were matched in wrestling, boxing, and the pancratium. It was a fine sight; for many entered the lists, and as their friends were spectators, there was great emulation. Horses also ran; and they had to gallop down the steep, and, turning round in the sea, to come up again to the altar. In the descent many rolled down; but in the ascent, against the exceedingly steep ground, the horses could scarcely get up at a walking pace. There was consequently great shouting and laughter and cheering from the people.

There are three books, out of the seven which compose the "Anabasis," remaining untouched. But the main task of the retreat has been successfully accomplished; and we may here dismiss the delightfully-told story, with the above-described "great shouting and laughter and cheering" for our own applause of Xenophon, the general and the author.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of offering still a taste of Xenophon such as he appears in one of the best of his books not the "Anabasis," his *Mem'orabilia* of Socrates. This work was designed by Xenophon to vindicate his master's memory from the odium of guilt on those charges under which he had suffered the penalty of death—that is, the charges of impiety and of corrupting influence exerted on the Athenian youth. The plan of the work is, largely, to relate what Socrates did actually teach.

The *Memorabilia* of Xenophon is such a treasury of interesting matter that it is hard, amid the embarrassment of riches that on every hand dazzles and perplexes the mind, to choose a single brief specimen extract. On the whole, perhaps the dialogue which Xenophon reports as having taken place between Socrates and his son, on the subject of filial obligation toward the mother, will serve the various purposes of the present undertaking, as well as any thing we could select.

The fame of Socrates has associated the name of Xanthip'pe with his own, in a very unenviable renown, as perhaps the most celebrated scold in the world. We cannot but suspect

that poor dear Xanthippe suffers unjustly in this regard. She had a shiftless husband; so Socrates must have seemed to her, notable housewife as we hope she was, he spending most of his time in lounging about the streets of Athens, with a train of pupils trooping after him, and bringing home at night nothing to stop the mouths of his hungry children. For our part, we do not wonder if Xanthippe deemed it her bounden duty to rate Socrates roundly for his thriftless ways. She was, beyond doubt, sorely put to it to keep the pot boiling. This, to be sure, is constructed history; for all we know is, that Socrates neglected his trade, which was that of a statuary, and devoted himself to teaching without pay. And we know, too, that he was poor. Who can question that Xanthippe felt herself responsible for feeding the philosopher who was feeding the world?

However all this may be, the following conversation of Socrates with his son shows plainly enough that, in theory at least, the supposably ill-providing husband of Xanthippe was sound as to the duty of the child to the mother. Only let us be careful how we attribute magnanimity to Socrates for being thus loyal to a termagant wife. Wait we until we hear Xanthippe's side of the case.

The chief characteristic trait of the method of Socrates in teaching was his art in asking questions. This is well exemplified in the present conversation:

Having learned one day that Lam'pro-cles, the eldest of his sons, had exhibited anger against his mother: "Tell me, my son," said he, "do you know that certain persons are called ungrateful?" "Certainly," replied the youth. "And do you understand how it is they act that men give them this appellation?" "I do," said Lamprocles, "for it is those that have received a kindness, and that do not make a return when they are able to make one, whom they call ungrateful." "They then appear to you to class the ungrateful with the unjust?" "I think so." "And have you ever considered whether, as it is thought unjust to make slaves of our friends, but just to make slaves of our enemies, so it is unjust to be ungrateful toward our friends, but just to be so toward our enemies?"

"I certainly have," answered Lamprocles, "and from whomsoever a man receives a favor, whether friend or enemy, and does not endeavor to make a return for it, he is, in my opinion, unjust."

"If such, then, be the case," pursued Socrates, "ingratitude must be manifest injustice." Lamprocles expressed his assent. "The greater benefits, therefore, a person has received, and makes no return, the more unjust he must be." He assented to this position also. "Whom, then," asked Socrates, "can we find receiving greater benefits from any persons than children receive from their parents? Children, whom their parents have brought from non-existence into existence, to view so many beautiful objects, and to share in so many blessings, as the gods grant to men; blessings which appear to us so inestimable that we shrink in the highest degree from relinquishing them; and governments have made death the penalty for the most heinous crimes in the supposition that they could not suppress injustice by the terror of any greater evil. The man maintains his wife and provides for his children whatever he thinks will conduce to their support, in as great abundance as he can; while the woman receives and bears the burden; oppressing and endangering her life, and imparting a portion of the nutriment with which she herself is supported; and at length, after bearing it the full time and bringing it forth with great pain, she suckles and cherishes it, though she has received no previous benefit from it; nor does the infant know by whom it is tended, nor is it able to signify what it wants, but she, conjecturing what will nourish and please it, tries to satisfy his calls, and feeds it for a long time, both night and day, submitting to the trouble, and not knowing what return she will receive for it. Nor does it satisfy the parents merely to feed their offspring, but as soon as the children appear capable of learning any thing, they teach them whatever they know that may be of use for their conduct in life; and whatever they consider another more capable of communicating than themselves, they send their sons to him at their own expense, and take care to adopt every course that their children may be as much improved as possible."

Upon this the young man said, "But even if she has done all this, and many times more than this, no one, assuredly, could endure her ill-humor." "And which do you think," asked Socrates, "more difficult to be endured, the ill-humor of a wild beast or that of a mother?" "I think," replied Lamprocles, "that of a mother, at least of such a mother as mine is." "Has she ever, then, inflicted any hurt upon you by biting or kicking you, as many have often suffered from wild beasts?" "No; but, by Jupiter, she says such things as no one would endure to hear, for the value of all that he possesses." "And do you reflect," returned Socrates,

“how much grievous trouble you have given her by your peevishness by voice and by action, in the day and in the night, and how much anxiety you have caused her when you were ill?” “But I have never said or done any thing to her,” replied Lamprocles, “at which she could feel ashamed.” “Do you think it, then,” inquired Socrates, “a more difficult thing for you to listen to what she says than for actors to listen when they utter the bitterest reproaches against one another in tragedies?” “But actors, I imagine, endure such reproaches easily, because they do not think that, of the speakers, the one who utters reproaches utters them with intent to do harm, or that the one who utters threats, utters them with any evil purpose.” “Yet you are displeased at your mother, although you well know that whatever she says, she not only says nothing with intent to do you harm, but that she wishes you more good than any other human being. Or do you suppose that your mother meditates evil toward you?” “No, indeed,” said Lamprocles, “that I do not imagine.” “Do you then say that this mother,” rejoined Socrates, “who is so benevolent to you, who, when you are ill takes care of you to the utmost of her power, that you may recover your health, and that you may want nothing that is necessary for you, and who, besides, entreats the gods for many blessings on your head, and pays vows for you, is a harsh mother? For my part, I think that if you cannot endure such a mother, you cannot endure any thing that is good. But tell me,” continued he, “whether you think that you ought to pay respect to any other human being, or whether you are resolved to try to please nobody, and to follow or obey neither a general nor any other commander?” “No, indeed,” replied Lamprocles, “I have formed no such resolutions.” “Are you then willing,” inquired Socrates, “to cultivate the good-will of your neighbor, that he may kindle a fire for you when you want it, or aid you in obtaining some good, or if you happen to meet with any misfortune, may assist you with willing and ready help?” “I am,” replied he. “Or would it make no difference,” rejoined Socrates, “whether a fellow-traveler, or fellow-voyager, or any other person that you met with, should be your friend or enemy? Or do you think that you ought to cultivate their good-will?” “I think that I ought,” replied Lamprocles. “You are then prepared,” returned Socrates, “to pay attention to such persons; and do you think that you ought to pay no respect to your mother, who loves you more than any one else? Do you not know that the state takes no account of any other species of ingratitude, nor allows any action at law for it, overlooking such as receive a favor and make no return for it, but that if a person does not pay due regard to his parents, it imposes a punishment on him, rejects his services, and does not allow him to hold

the archonship, considering that such a person cannot piously perform the sacrifices offered for the country, or discharge any other duty with propriety and justice. Indeed, if any one does not keep up the sepulchers of his dead parents, the state inquires into it in the examination of candidates for office. You, therefore, my son, if you are wise, will entreat the gods to pardon you if you have been wanting in respect toward your mother, lest, regarding you as an ungrateful person, they should be disinclined to do you good; and you will have regard, also, to the opinion of men, lest, observing you to be neglectful of your parents, they should all condemn you, and you should then be found destitute of friends; for if men surmise that you are ungrateful toward your parents, no one will believe that if he does you a kindness he will meet with gratitude in return."

Our readers will be interested in comparing and contrasting Xenophon, as reporter of Socrates, with Plato, hereafter to be presented acting in the same ostensible capacity.

III.

HOMER.

I.—THE ILIAD. II.—THE ODYSSEY.

HOMER's Iliad is, as every body knows, one of the masterpieces of human genius. It is, indeed, beyond dispute the most famous among poems. The literature that has accumulated in all languages about it makes its pre-eminence permanent and secure. It is hardly possible to imagine any mutations in human affairs, with the uncalculated changes of that different order, short of the new heavens and the new earth, foreshadowed in revelation, that can dislodge the Iliad of Homer from its position as the leading poem of the world.

This is here said without any implication intended as to the right of the Iliad to occupy the position. In literature,

as in other spheres, often it is might that makes right. Possession is nine points in the law. And possession, in Homer's case, establishes his title to his fame. The title will never be successfully disputed. Any challenge of the fame serves but to confirm the fame. For the fame consists largely in the literature of discussion, of criticism, of translation, of annotation, of allusion, and even of sheer skepticism, that has been built up, and still continues to be built up, scarce less actively now than ever, about this remarkable name. The fact that Greek is virtually a dead language—virtually, we say, for the Greek language nominally lives still, in the mouths of the people of Greece, and virtually dead, we call it, nevertheless, since as yet, though there are omens which we have already alluded to, of imminent change, no great productions of the human mind get themselves uttered in it—the very fact that the speech of Homer is a dead speech, helps make Homer's fame immortal, and immortally first among poems in presumptive rank of genius. The world can never grow any farther away from the *Iliad* than it is to-day. Our readers will be glad to come into some closer acquaintance with this great monument of the human mind.

Every body will have heard the noise of the wrangle that has been made, especially of late, concerning the authorship of the *Iliad*, and concerning the reality of the existence of the man whom we know by the name of Homer. Whether, in fact, the *Iliad* is properly to be regarded as one poem, whether it may not better be considered a collection of different pieces, strung together in a kind of mechanical continuity, not constituting any true organic unity, whether such a personage as Homer ever actually lived, and whether, if he did, he ever composed the *Iliad*—these are some of the startling, the staggering questions that have been not only seriously, but almost acrimoniously, debated by recent scholars. We shall not at this stage trouble our readers with any thing beyond the present allusion to this redoubtable controversy. The one

fact that stands, and stands foursquare to all the winds that blow, is the Iliad itself. Here is the Iliad, whoever wrote it, and whatever it is. Let us go at once about our task of comprehending it as well as we can.

The Iliad is so entitled from the word Ilium, which is the alternative name of Troy. The title is not a perfectly happy one, but no matter for that. It is the title. Nobody will ever succeed in substituting another. We could not call the poem the Troad, if we wanted to, for that word is already appropriated for the country or region of Asia Minor in which Ilium, or Troy, was situated. Since the poet's own opening lines give for the subject of the poem the wrath of Achilles [A-kil'les], we might have as our title, The Achillead, or, likening the word in form to the name of Virgil's epic, The *Æne'id*, The Achilleid.

The siege of Troy is sometimes said to be the subject of the Iliad. This, however, is not exactly the case. Not the siege—the siege occupied ten years—but an episode of the siege, namely, the wrath, or fit of sulks, as one might very suitably call it, of Achilles, is the real subject. The time covered by the poem is short, less than two months. The action belongs to the last year of the siege; but the end of the siege, the downfall of Troy, does not come within the plan of the poem.

What occasioned the siege was the rape of Helen. Helen was the lovely wife and queen of Men-e-la'us, a Grecian king. Young prince Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, was visiting Menelaus, and he abused his privilege of guestship by seducing his host's wife to elope with him to Troy. Adding a peculiar baseness to his perfidy, Paris bore off considerable treasure along with the lady. All Greece made common cause with outraged Menelaus. Having first spent years in preparation for war, and then, through embassy, made solemn requisition in vain for the return of both the beauty and the booty, the confederate kings mustered their forces

and sailed across to the plain of Troy to besiege the city. Ten years almost, the weary siege had prolonged itself, and now, on an occasion well suited to bring out the fiercely animal appetites which animated the leading combatants, Achilles gets angry and sulks in his tent, his fellow chieftains meantime trying their fortune in fight without him. The occasion is the arbitrary interference of Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the confederate Greeks, to deprive Achilles of a female captive, *Bri-seïs*, and usurp her to himself. It being conceded that either marauder had a right to the lady, Achilles seems to have been indignant with reason.

Such is the occasion of the famous wrath of Achilles. And the wrath of Achilles is the subject of the most renowned of poems. One cannot help feeling a little revolt at the unworthiness of the theme. The sentiment of such a revolt Milton does not hesitate, in his large, free, lordly way, to express, in a passage of *Paradise Lost*. He is letting slip a bit of his autobiography—with that lofty egotism of his, whose very audacity vindicates it, to the admiring and sympathetic reader. Milton admits his reader to his confidence about his own meditation and choice of a subject for the exercise of his poetical genius. Of the theme finally chosen by him, he says:

Sad task ! yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall.

The whole passage would interest our readers. It is to be found in the opening of the ninth book.

Our preamble has now been sufficient, and we begin at once with the poem itself—premising, however, yet this one thing more, that the final issue of the Trojan affair, in the poem and beyond it, is as follows: The Greeks suffer cruelly under Achilles's withdrawal from the fight, until in sheer

patriotic shame, Pa-tro'clus, the close friend of Achilles, is, with that moody warrior's approval, self-incited to go into battle wearing the Achillean armor. Patroclus does wonders, but is slain. Achilles, stung with resentment and remorse, now returns to the field, encounters Hector, the redoubtable Trojan champion, slays him, and is at length himself slain with an arrow from the bow of Paris hitting him in the heel, where alone he was vulnerable. Troy annihilated, the Greeks make their way, with many chances, back toward Greece, some of them, however, perishing in the voyage. The adventures of one of their chieftains, Ulysses—or Odysseus, to keep the Greek, non-Latinized name—form the subject of the *Odyssey*. As has been intimated, the *Iliad* itself closes before the fall of Troy, with the death and funeral rites of Hector.

The opening lines of the poem have been much admired for the simplicity, the beauty, and the melody with which they set forth the poet's theme. Here they are, in a translation, which, though metrical, is strictly, very strictly, faithful to the Greek:

The anger, goddess, sing of Peleus' son
Achilles,—anger dire, that on the Greeks
Brought myriad woes, and many mighty souls
Too soon of heroes unto Hades sent,
And gave themselves a ravin to the dogs
And to all birds of prey—howbeit the will
Of Zeus fulfilled itself—even from the time
That first they two, Atrides, king of men,
And high Achilles, wrangling fell apart.

"A-tri'des" (meaning son of Atreus) is here an Homeric alternative name for Agamemnon. So Achilles sometimes appears as Pe-li'des (son of Peleus).

The savage, and savagely low, moral standard of the poem is fitly indicated in the opening verses of it. With what force conventional influences work to conform one's tastes and one's opinions, can hardly in any other way be more vividly

conceived than through thinking of the gentle, amiable, Christian poet Cowper, author of the well-known lines—

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm—

than through thinking, we say, of this tender-hearted, cultivated Christian spending months and years of his blameless, melancholy life in the work of translating Homer. It is but fair to Cowper's memory that note be taken here of the recoil, both moral and æsthetic, that he felt at times from the work in which, as an escape from his preying sadness, he found himself, almost without his own will, involved. The following is an extract from one of his letters written while the task was in progress :

“You wish to hear from me at any interval of epic frenzy. An interval presents itself, but whether calm or not is perhaps doubtful. Is it possible for a man to be calm who for three weeks past has been perpetually occupied in slaughter ; letting out one man's bowels, smiting another through the gullet, transfixing the liver of another, and lodging an arrow in a fourth ? Read the thirteenth book of the Iliad, and you will find such amusing incidents as these the subject of it, the sole subject. In order to interest myself in it, and to catch the spirit of it, I had need discard all humanity. It is a woe-ful work ; and were the best poet in the world to give us at this day such a list of killed and wounded, he would not escape universal censure, to the praise of a more enlightened age be it spoken. I have waded through much blood, and through much more I must wade before I shall have finished. I determine, in the meantime, to account it all very sublime, and for two reasons : first, because all the learned think so ; and, secondly, because I am to translate it. But were I an indifferent by-stander, perhaps I should venture to wish that

Homer had applied his wonderful powers to a less disgusting subject ; he has in the *Odyssey*, and I long to get at it."

The injustice against Achilles which excited him to his memorable anger was committed by Agamemnon under the sting of being compelled himself to give up a female captive on the claim of her father, priest of Apollo. The overbearing commander-in-chief had been brought to the point of surrendering the priest's daughter, through the visiting of a fearful plague upon the army, declared by Calchas, the soothsayer, to be the result of the outrage done to a priest of Apollo. The descent of the avenging divinity Apollo on behalf of his priest to inflict the pestilence upon the Greeks, is described in lines which are among the most famous in the *Iliad*. We give them in the translation of Bryant (whose version we shall chiefly use in proceeding with this account of the *Iliad*) :

Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart ; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver ; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came, as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow ; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow.

Cowper renders the passage thus :

The God
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung
Marched in his anger ; shaken as he moved
His rattling arrows told of his approach.
Gloomy he came as night ; sat from the ships
Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow. .

Cowper has a foot-note apologizing for the last line, the singularity of which, he says, is the result of his attempt "to

produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one." Those of our readers who pronounce Greek may like to judge for themselves of Cowper's success. Here, then, is the Greek line:

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἄργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

The two chieftains, Agamemnon and Achilles, engage in a war of words, far more full of rancor than of dignity. Achilles finally swears a great oath, that, in resentment of Agamemnon's wrong to him, he, for his part, will fight no more in a quarrel that never was his own. Our readers are entitled to see Homer in his lower moods, as well as in his higher, and we accordingly let the two great representative Greek chieftains have it out between them in these pages.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, who publish Bryant's Homer, have kindly consented to let us make the free use we here do of that important copyright publication. However, for the double purpose of not trenching too far upon their liberality, and of affording our readers a full appetizing taste of that variety whereof Cowper speaks in a line of his so much more crowded with truth than with poetry,

Variety's the very spice of life,

we decide to have Achilles and Agamemnon rate each other in Pope's translation instead of in Bryant's. Pope is, perhaps, a more gifted, as well as a more practiced, termagant in verse than is Bryant. Our readers will lose nothing of spirit, whatever they may lose of literal adherence to Homer, by this temporary resort to Pope in place of Bryant. The contrast of handling will be felt to be very great.

Agamemnon first vents his humor on Calchas for declaring that he, Agamemnon, must give up Chry-seïs, whom, (incited, let us hope, to over-statement, by the vexation of the moment), the mighty monarch openly acknowledges he values more than his lawful wife, and then demands some indemnity for the loss of his prize. Upon this Achilles speaks:

“Insatiate king!” (Achilles thus replies)
“Fond of the pow’r, but fonder of the prize!
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities razed, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate’er thy avarice craves,
(That trick of tyrants,) may be borne by slaves—
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene’er, by Jove’s decree, our conqu’ring pow’rs
Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow’rs.”

Then thus the king: “Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess’d of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier’s right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid,
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch’s claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses’ spoils, or e’en thy own, be mine;
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires. It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa’s shores,
With chosen pilots, and with lab’ring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend.
This Creta’s king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
Or wise Ulysses see performed our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles’ self conduct her o’er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.”

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
“O tyrant, arm’d with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever joined
With fraud unworthy of a royal mind!

What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me :
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed ;
Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rock, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
Disgraced and injured by the man we serve ?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant ! matched with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more ;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain ? ”
To this the king : “ Fly, mighty warrior, fly ;
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguished care)
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear :
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength bestow'd,
For know, vain man ! thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away ;
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway :

I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate,
 Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons ;—

(Pope's use of the word "Myrmidons" in this line has given rise to a sense of the term in English which it never bore in Greek. "Myrmidons" was no epithet of reproach. It was, in fact, simply the proper name of the people over whom Achilles ruled as king. "Earth-born" is Pope's adjective here, not Homer's. It probably makes on modern readers the impression of opprobrium implied, somewhat as if it were, "base-born;" whereas, to the ancient Greek, it conveyed the compliment of a lineage imputed that went back to immemorial antiquity. Pope has, in effect, to the English mind misunderstanding him, curiously perverted his original. But enough of parenthesis.)

Go threat thy earth-born Myrmidons ; but here
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;
 But then prepare, imperious prince ! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair :
 E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy loved Briseis, with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r ;
 And hence to all our host it shall be known,
 That kings are subject to the gods alone."

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress,
 His heart swell'd high and labor'd in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled,
 Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd :
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord ;
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,

Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove,
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care ;)
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seized ;—

The to us somewhat singular way that Pallas took of calling Achilles's attention, namely, plucking him from behind by a lock of his hair, may serve to explain what very likely has puzzled some of our readers in the first, and, perhaps, the most beautiful, of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," a series, so called by her in modest concealment of their really autobiographical character. The representation,

A mystic Shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,

seems, unless you understand the classic allusion implied, a mar to the otherwise perfect finish of the sonnet. And Mrs. Browning, noble genius as she is, does not gratify us with perfection of outward form in her verse so often that we can afford to lose a single instance for want of knowing fully what she means. A somewhat similar classicism is Milton's in his "Lycidas,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

We resume the text of Homer according to Pope:

to him alone confest ;
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 (Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes ;)
 "Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear
 From Atreus' son ? Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."
 "Forbear !" (the progeny of Jove replies.)
 "To calm thy fury I forsake the skies :
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.

By awful Juno this command is giv'n ;
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel,
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
Thy injured honor has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides : " With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess ! I thy dictates hear :
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress :
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid ;
Then in the sheath returned the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke :
" O monster ! mixed of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer !
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war ?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base !
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,
Which nevermore shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which severed from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountain left its parent tree ;
This scepter, formed by tempered steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs,
(Tremendous oath ! inviolate to kings :)

By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again,
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
 When flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
 Forced to deplore, when impotent to save:
 Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
 His scepter starred with golden studs around,
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

Nestor, a very aged chieftain from Pylos, intervenes at this point, vainly endeavoring to reconcile the two wranglers. Nestor is a striking figure in the *Iliad*. We give, going now to Bryant for the purpose, Homer's lines descriptive of Nestor, and then Nestor's well-meaning, garrulous, somewhat egotistic address. Readers will not fail to notice how exactly in character for an old man is what Nestor is represented as saying:

But now uprose
 Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
 The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue
 Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen
 Two generations that grew up and lived
 With him on sacred Pylos pass away,
 And now he ruled the third. With prudent words
 He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs:
 "Ye gods! what new misfortunes threaten Greece!
 How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,
 And how would all the Trojan race rejoice,
 Were they to know how furiously ye strive,—
 Ye who in council and in fight surpass
 The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words,—
 Ye who are younger than myself—for I
 Have lived with braver men than you, and yet
 They held me not in light esteem. Such men
 I never saw, nor shall I see again,—
 Men like Pirithoüs and like Druas, lord

Of nations, Cæneus and Evadius,
And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son
Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal Gods.
Strongest of all the earth-born race were they,
And with the strongest of their time they fought,
With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,
And fearfully destroyed them. With these men
Did I hold converse, coming to their camp
From Pylos in a distant land. They sent
To bid me join the war, and by their side
I fought my best, but no man living now
On the wide earth would dare to fight with them.
Great as they were, they listened to my words
And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,
And let my words persuade you for the best.
Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him
The maiden ; suffer him to keep the prize
Decreed him by the sons of Greece ; and thou,
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never yet did Jove to sceptered prince
Grant eminence and honor like to his.
Atrides, calm thine anger. It is I
Who now implore thee to lay by thy wrath
Against Achilles, who, in this fierce war,
Is the great bulwark of the Grecian host."

Agamemnon fulfills his threat of taking away Briseis from Achilles, Achilles sulkily submitting. But the spoiled man-grown boy in his distress betakes himself to his mother, the sea-goddess Thetis. She comes to Achilles at his call, and soothes him, mother-like. She engages to visit Olympus, and see what can be done with Jupiter for him.

Jupiter we say, but Zeus is the Greek word. The Latin names of the personages common to the Roman with the Greek mythology, have generally prevailed in English use. Greek scholars, some of them, insist that the divinities, supposed generally to be the same in the Greek and the Roman mythology, are really different. Several Hellenic scholars, notably Grote, have sought to restore the Greek names. The

attempt, if it succeeds, will succeed slowly against great odds. We prefer, upon the whole, to follow here the established English usage. Still, in our own metrical translations, few in number, of Homeric verse, we, as will be observed, by exception adhere to Homer's own terms. Our readers will thus see something of the difference in effect produced—for Bryant, on his part, conservatively retains the naturalized Latin forms in his translation. The difference will be still further observable when we take up the *Odyssey*. For the translator whose work we shall use in presenting that far more interesting and far sweeter poem has chosen with Grote to go back to the Greek names for the Homeric personages.

Thetis prevailed upon Jupiter to promise that he would have the Trojans get the better of the Greeks as long as her son Achilles chose to stay angry. The passage descriptive of the accustomed nod with which Jupiter sealed his promise is a celebrated one. Here is a closely literal translation :

Zeus spake, and with his dark brows gave the nod :
The ambrosial locks therewith streamed from the king's
Immortal head ; Olympus great it shook.
These two, thus having counseled, parted ; she
Leapt thereupon into the deep sea-brine
From bright Olympus—to his dwelling Zeus.
The gods together all rose from their seats
Before their sire, nor any durst abide
Him coming, but they all to meet him stood.
So he there sat him down upon his throne ;
Nor seeing him was Heré not aware
That with him had deliberated plans
The daughter of the Ancient of the sea,
Thetis of silver foot. With cutting words,
Straightway the son of Kronos, Zeus, she hailed.

We are ashamed to say that Juno (Heré) hereupon gave Jupiter a severe lecture. Jupiter put himself upon his dignity—such dignity as was Jupiter's, it allowed him to bandy words with his brilliant but shrewish wife—and threatened to

flog her outright if she did not hold her tongue. Juno bit her lips in repressed rage, which Vulcan, her lame son, sought not in vain to soothe. He turned cup-bearer for the occasion to the gods, and amused them all with his grotesque airs as a waiter. This passage, too, is famous. Literally translated, it reads as follows:

He spake ; the goddess, white-armed Heré, smiled ;
And smiling she accepted with her hand
The goblet from her son. But he from right
To left to all the other gods poured out
Sweet nectar, drawing from the mixing-bowl ;
An inextinguishable laughter then was roused
Among the blessed gods, when they beheld
Hephæstus brisking through the palace halls.

So all day long unto the setting sun
They feasted then, nor of an equal feast
Failed the desire in aught, not of the harp
Exceeding beautiful which Phœbus held,
Or of the Muses who with beautiful voice
Alternate sang responsive each to each.
But when the sun's resplendent light was set
Desiring to lie down they homeward went,
Each where for each the far-renowned lame
Hephæstus built a house with cunning skill.
The Olympian Flasher of the Lightning, Zeus,
Went to his couch where erst he wont to lie
When sweet sleep came on him ; ascending there
He slept, and Heré, golden-throned, beside.

So closes the first book of the Iliad. The next book recounts how Jupiter sends a deceiving dream to Agamemnon to induce that chieftain to make a vain assault on the Trojans. Agamemnon calls the Greeks to council, and, to try their spirit, proposes a return to Greece. To his confusion, the Greeks incontinently agree, and rush tumultuously to their ships. Ulysses comes to the rescue, and saves the cause. Aristocrat that he was, he made a distinction. The leaders and the men of mark he addressed courteously, and used

with them the art of moral suasion. The rank and file he took in hand to chastise with great and literal blows of his staff or scepter. One in particular of the latter class got an exemplary punishment. This unhappy wight, by name Thersités, is described as an ill-looking person, who had some conceit of being smart with his tongue. Stalwart Ulysses, eloquent though he could be when he chose, disdained to waste words on this plebeian, but reduced Thersites by the strict physical argument—to the infinite amusement of the mercurial Greeks, whose love of humor overbore their popular sympathy, and (re-enforced, perhaps, by an instinct of awe toward the kingly office) made them readily side with the stronger. The book closes with a catalogue of the Greek forces assembled. This last detail, dry enough to the modern reader, was very important to the interest of the poem with the Greek audiences that used to hear it recited by the roaming bard. A poem could hardly contain too much personal allusion, when the mention of a name was going to flatter somewhere a local or a family pride, among hearers whose gratification would make the fortune of the minstrel and his lay. Milton has imitated the Homeric catalogue of the Greeks, in his roll-call of the fallen angels, named by him after the various idol gods of the East.

The second book has no fighting in it. The most noteworthy thing it contains is perhaps the episode about Thersites. Of this we need present to our readers in the poet's own words only the description which he gives of that poor fellow's personal appearance. Bryant does not render this passage with quite the sympathetic humor that Cowper has succeeded in transfusing into his corresponding lines. We give Cowper's version (in part) as a parallel for Bryant's. But first our own strictly literal rendering :

The rest sat down, and in the seats were quelled.
Thersites only still kept clamoring on,
Licentious-tongued ; who many a shameless phrase

Knew in his mind, hap-hazard, lawlessly
To brawl with kings—whate'er might seem to him
To be droll for the Greeks. The ugliest man
That came to Ilium ; bandy-legged he was,
Lame in one foot ; and his bent shoulders twain
Hugged o'er his chest together, while above
Peaked of head was he, and thereupon
A thin-worn plush of flossy hair adhered.

Bryant :

All others took their seats and kept their place ;
Thersites only, clamorous of tongue,
Kept brawling. He, with many insolent words,
Was wont to seek unseemly strife with kings,
Uttering whate'er it seemed to him might move
The Greeks to laughter. Of the multitude
Who came to Ilium, none so base as he,—
Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back
A lump, and shoulders curving toward the chest ;
His head was sharp, and over it the hairs
Were thinly scattered.

Cowper :

Cross-eyed he was, and, halting, moved on legs
Ill-paired ; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast
Contracted, pinched it ; to a peak his head
Was molded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair
Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.

The third book is tantalizing. It introduces a duel between Paris the thief, and Menelaus the husband, of Helen. The reader rejoices in the justice of settling the whole miserable business, by wager of battle between the two men chiefly concerned, especially as there is a comfortable feeling inspired that effeminate Paris will now get his deserts at the hands of manful Menelaus. But at the crisis of the duel, presto, in steps Venus and whisks Paris off to his bed-chamber in the palace of Priam. You feel cheated of your satisfaction, nearly as much as Menelaus did of his.

Homer is famous for his similes. Our readers must see of these a good number of specimens. Two occur at the opening of the present book. Bryant renders them into beautiful English blank verse as follows :

Now when both armies were arrayed for war,
Each with its chiefs, the Trojan host moved on
With shouts and clang of arms, as when the cry
Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south,
From winter and its mighty breadth of rain,
Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn
Bring fearful battle to the pigmy race,
Bloodshed and death. But silently the Greeks
Went forward, breathing valor, mindful still
To aid each other in the coming fray.

As when the south wind shrouds a mountain-top
In vapors that awake the shepherd's fears,—
A surer covert for the thief than night,—
And round him one can only see as far
As one can hurl a stone,—such was the cloud
Of dust that from the warriors' trampling feet
Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

There is, in this book, a charmingly conceived scene between Priam and his lovely daughter-in-law, Helen, in which the poet, with excellent art, makes Helen point out to the aged prince, from the city wall on which they stand together, the various illustrious Greek chiefs to be recognized from their elevated point of prospect. Helen, for all her fault, wins on the reader by her appearance in this scene. She seems sufficiently conscious of her guilty past, and expresses deep remorse. Priam on his side, is tender and magnanimous, clearing her and accusing fate. Those of our readers familiar with Tennyson will recall that stanza in his "Dream of Fair Women," in which Helen, not named, is introduced as saying :

"I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,
Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,
Then when I left my home."

These lines from Tennyson are like in spirit to the following verses, put by Homer into Helen's mouth as now addressed to Priam:

Dear second father, whom at once
I fear and honor, would that cruel Death
Had overtaken me before I left,
To wander with thy son, my marriage bed.

(There is, however, farther on in the *Iliad*, a much closer parallel to Tennyson's lines. This occurs in the sixth book, in a conversation between the brother-in-law, Hector, and Helen.) Poor Helen takes with Hector the same attitude of lowliness and self-reproach that she assumes here with Priam. We may anticipate enough to introduce the lines at this point. Helen says to Hector:

Would that some violent blast when I was born
Had whirled me to the mountain wilds, or waves
Of the hoarse sea, that they might swallow me,
Ere deeds like these were done!

The stanzas descriptive of Helen's beauty, that precede the verses quoted above, in the "Dream of Fair Women," are of a memory-haunting, charm-like quality. Readers that happen not as yet to know them, will greatly enjoy becoming acquainted with them in their Tennyson.

Priam sees first a Greek hero whom he describes as

Gallant and tall. True there are taller men,
But of such noble form and dignity
I never saw: in truth a kingly man.

He learns from Helen that this

Is the wide-ruling Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus, and is both a gracious king
And a most dreaded warrior. He was once
Brother-in-law to me, if I may speak—
Lost as I am to shame—of such a tie.

Homer says aged Priam replied to this, first by bending on Helen a look of reassuring admiration, and next by contributing a bit of old man's reminiscence, which, good as it is in the poet's telling, our readers can spare. He then espies Ulysses and asks who it is :

That is Ulysses, man of many arts,
Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,
That rugged isle, and skilled in every form
Of shrewd device and action wisely planned.

Old An-té-nor, the Nestor he of Troy, here has a reminiscence of his own to put in, which, as our readers are to get further acquainted with Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, they will like to see :

This Ulysses once
Came on an embassy, concerning thee,
To Troy with Menelaus, great in war ;
And I received them as my guests, and they
Were lodged within my palace, and I learned
The temper and the qualities of both.
When both were standing 'mid the men of Troy,
I marked that Menelaus's broad chest
Made him the more conspicuous, but when both
Were seated, greater was the dignity
Seen in Ulysses. When they both addressed
The council, Menelaus briefly spake
In pleasing tones, though with few words,—as one
Not given to loose and wandering speech,—although
The younger. When the wise Ulysses rose,
He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed on earth,
And neither swayed his scepter to the right
Nor to the left, but held it motionless,
Like one unused to public speech. He seemed
An idiot out of humor. But when forth
He sent from his full lungs his mighty voice
And words came like a fall of winter snow,
No mortal then would dare to strive with him
For mastery in speech. We less admired
The aspect of Ulysses than his words.

Our readers should study in collation Tennyson's poem "Ulysses," that incomparable modern antique in verse which so subtly mingles Dante with Homer :

Beholding Ajax then, the aged king
Asked yet again : Who is that other chief
Of the Achaians, tall, and large of limb,—
Taller and broader-chested than the rest ?

Helen satisfies his curiosity, and adds that she could tell the names of the other chiefs among the Greeks. Two, however, she fails to see. These were Castor and Pollux, twin-brothers of her own. Helen wonders at her not seeing them, and asks self-reproachingly :

Shun they to fight among the valiant ones
Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame ?

Homer, with frugal explanation, pathetically says :

She spake ; but they already lay in earth
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

Further conversation is prevented by the bustle of immediate preparation for the combat between Paris (called Alexander) and Menelaus. As has been hinted, the combat has but a disappointing interest for readers not believers in Olympianism. Laughing Venus intervenes, and, true to her character, contrives an assignation between her old admirer Paris—Paris, remember, had accorded to Venus the palm of beauty, in the famous competition among the goddesses for that honor ; read Tennyson's poem "Ænone," for a noble modern and modernizing treatment of the subject (Ænone was Paris's deserted lover)—between Paris and Helen in their apartment at home. The absurd machinery aside, this inglorious event of the duel well sets forth the soft voluptuous personal character of the Trojan carpet-knight. (Christianized taste forbids a full reproduction here of the sequel, as Homer describes it.) And so ends the third book—with a most un-

warlike interlude affording an effective foil to the blood and fury of what is to follow.

The *Iliad* was to the Greek a great world, in which might be found a verse or a passage appropriate to almost every occasion of life. The teeming invention of the poet overwhelms his reader with such a profusion of incident, of dialogue, of description, of simile, of detail in every kind, that the plot of the poem as a whole is almost lost in the general effect. Only at last does the great figure of Achilles loom, amid the confusion and broil, in proportions heroic enough to lord it over the whole field of the action—some-what as, to the still distant spectator approaching Cologne, appears the mass of the famous cathedral to lord it over the entire aggregate of all the city besides. Perhaps it was the art of the poet to build so large only for the sake of having something worthy to be dwarfed by Achilles with the contrast of his mighty valor and emprise. If there is any unity to the plot other than this, it has not, so far as the present writer knows, been discovered. First Achilles gets angry. Then he sulks in his tent till the Greeks have their fill of trying to do without him. Battle, council, stratagem, dialogue, plot on the plains of Troy, counter-plot on Olympus—these, whirled about and mixed in a vast vortex, occupy the interval of days before Achilles reappears upon the scene. There are twenty-four books of the *Iliad*, and up to within eight books of the end, the action proceeds without further participation in it than has been indicated above, on the part of Achilles. The development of the plot is not meantime forwarded at all, except as the necessity of Achilles to the success of the Greeks is exhibited. Achilles comes back, and, through eight books on to the catastrophe, Achilles is the *Iliad*. There is nothing that does not yield itself to the wind of such commotion as that fierce warrior raises about him wherever he goes.

We do not in the least mean that the poem stands still all

this time. The farthest from it possible. It moves incessantly, but it does not get on. It is full of incident, indeed, and incident, too, that, barring the distressing imminency, never absent, of Olympian intervention, may interest the reader. The case, however, let it be noticed, is such that we here are left at our liberty to select passages from the poem, quite unembarrassed by apprehension of endangering, through omission, our reader's perfect understanding of the story.

The fourth book shall supply us another simile, one of the most nobly conceived and most nobly expressed of all that occur in the *Iliad*. Homer is describing the advance of the Achæians to battle. He likens it to the multitudinous assault of ocean on a precipitous shore. We present a literal, almost word-for-word translation :

As when upon a many-echoing shore,
Billow fast following billow of the sea
Is roused beneath the thronging western wind,
Upon the deep at first it towers its height,
And next, shattered against the continent, booms
Mightily, and round the crags its curling crest
Uprears, and spouts its spray of brine afar,
So ranks fast following ranks of Danaâns then
Ceaselessly on and on thronged to the war.

Book fifth introduces Æ-ne'as, the Trojan hero of Virgil's poem, the *Æneid*. A general battle is raging in which Greek Di'o-med (Ty-di'dēs, son of Tydeus) performs prodigies of strength and valor. He has a companion, now no matter whom, that says to him,

" There comes Æneas, glorying that he sprang
From the large-souled Anchises,—borne to him
By Venus. Mount we now our car and leave
The ground, nor in thy fury rush along
The van of battle, lest thou lose thy life."

Perish the thought ! somewhat long-windedly exclaims in substance the valiant Diomed. He has so much confidence

of getting the better not only of Æneas but of Pan'darus, too, Æneas's companion, that he gives particular directions to his friend about making prize of Æneas's chariot-horses, whose pedigree he has leisure to give with great particularity while the encounter is preparing. Those horses were of stock presented by Jove himself to Troy, in exchange for Gan-y-me'dē, the Trojan youth whom the monarch of Olympus snatched off to be cup-bearer to the gods. The hostile chariots are within speaking distance of each other, and the opposing pairs of combatants bluster and swagger in words while they begin to fight. Pandarus hits Diomed and gloats prematurely over having wounded him. Diomed assures him of his mistake and says he perceives that one of his two foes will have to "pour out his blood to glut the god of war":

He spake, and cast his spear. Minerva kept
The weapon faithful to its aim. It struck
The nose, and near the eye ; then passing on
Betwixt the teeth, the unrelenting edge
Cleft at its root the tongue ; the point came out
Beneath the chin. The warror from his car
Fell headlong ; his bright armor, fairly wrought,
Clashed round him as he fell ; his fiery steeds
Started aside with fright ; his breath and strength
Were gone at once. Æneas, with his shield
And his long spear, leaped down to guard the slain,
That the Achæians might not drag him thence.
There, lion-like, confiding in his strength,
He stalked around the corpse, and over it
Held his round shield and lance, prepared to slay
Whoever came, and shouting terribly.

Tydidēs raised a stone,—a mighty weight,
Such as no two men living now could lift ;
But he, alone, could swing it round with ease.
With this he smote Æneas on the hip,
Where the thigh joins its socket. By the blow
He brake the socket and the tendons twain,
And tore the skin with the rough, jagged stone.

The hero fell upon his knees, but stayed
His fall with his strong palm upon the ground ;
And o'er his eyes a shadow came like night.

Then had the king of men, Æneas, died,
But for Jove's daughter, Venus, who perceived
His danger instantly,—his mother, she
Who bore him to Anchises when he kept
His bees, a herdsman. Round her son she cast
Her white arms, spreading over him in folds
Her shining robe, to be a fence against
The weapons of the foe, lest some Greek knight
Should at his bosom aim the steel to take
His life. And thus the goddess bore away
From that fierce conflict her belovéd son.

Diomed, naturally vexed at such interference, pursued the goddess :

O'ertaking her at last, with long pursuit,
Amid the throng of warring men, the son
Of warlike Tydeus aimed at her his spear,
And wounded in her hand the delicate one
With its sharp point. It pierced the ambrosial robe,
Wrought for her by the graces, at the spot
Where the palm joins the wrist, and broke the skin,
And drew immortal blood,—the ichor,—such
As from the blesséd gods may flow ; for they
Eat not the wheaten loaf, nor drink dark wine ;
And therefore they are bloodless, and are called
Immortal. At the stroke the goddess shrieked,
And dropped her son. Apollo in his arms
Received and in a dark cloud rescued him,
Lest any of the Grecian knights should aim
A weapon at his breast to take his life.
Meantime the brave Tydides cried aloud :—
“ Leave wars and battle, goddess. Is it not
Enough that thou delude weak womankind ?
Yet, if thou ever shouldst return, to bear
A part in battle, thou shalt have good cause
To start with fear, when war is only named.”
He spake ; and she departed, wild with pain,

For grievously she suffered. Instantly
Fleet-footed Iris took her by the hand
And led her from the place, her heart oppressed
With anguish and her fair cheek deathly pale.
She found the fiery Mars, who had withdrawn
From that day's combat to the left, and sat,
His spear and his swift coursers hid from sight,
In darkness. At his feet she fell, and prayed
Her brother fervently, that he would lend
His steed that stood in trappings wrought of gold :—

“ Dear brother, aid me ; let me have thy steeds
To bear me to the Olympian mount, the home
Of gods, for grievously the wound I bear
Afflicts me. 'Twas a mortal gave the wound,—
Tydides, who would even fight with Jove.”

She spake ; and Mars resigned to her his steeds
With trappings of bright gold. She climbed the car,
Still grieving, and, beside her, Iris took
Her seat, and caught the reins and plied the lash.
On flew the coursers, on, with willing speed,
And soon were at the mansion of the gods
On high Olympus. There the active-limbed,
Fleet Iris stayed them, loosed them from the car,
And fed them with ambrosial food.

Venus, like any mortal child, of course makes straight to her mother, Di-o'ne. Dione caresses her, and having learned how she came by her hurt, goes off into a soothing account of like mishaps that in time past have befallen other of the gods. She further promises Venus that Diomed shall rue his rashness, going, quite in the spirit of earthly Homeric personages, forward to a time in the future when Diomed's wife shall wake the servants of her house to wail their master dead. We have, by way of contrast to the comico-tragic of this scene between Venus and her mother, a little Olympian pleasantry from Juno and Pallas, at Venus's expense. With these strokes of change in mood, Homer shows his art, which is dramatic as much as epic—if not more. Not improbably, Milton was unconsciously influenced by the example of

Homer to introduce those touches of sarcastic humor into his *Paradise Lost*, which critics have perhaps too absolutely condemned. Homer (the mother has just done comforting the daughter) :

She spake, and wiped the ichor from the hand
Of Venus ; at her touch the hand was healed
And the pain left it. Meantime, Pallas stood,
With Juno, looking on, both teasing Jove
With words of sarcasm. Blue-eyed Pallas thus
Addressed the god : " O Father Jupiter,
Wilt thou be angry at the word I speak ?—
As Venus, wheedling some Achaian dame
To join the host she loves, the sons of Troy,
Caressed the fair, arrayed in gay attire,
A golden buckle scratched her tender hand."
As thus she spake, the Father of the gods
And mortals, calling golden Venus near,
Said, with a smile : " Nay, daughter, not for thee
Are tasks of war ; be gentle marriage rites
Thy care ; the labors of the battle-field
Pertain to Pallas and the fiery Mars."

Thus with each other talked the gods, while still
The great in battle, Diomed, pursued
Æneas, though he knew that Phœbus stretched
His arm to guard the warrior. Small regard
Had he for the great god, and much he longed
To strike Æneas down and bear away
The glorious arms he wore ; and thrice he rushed
To slay the Trojan, thrice Apollo smote
Upon his glittering shield. But when he made
The fourth assault, as if he were a god,
The archer of the skies, Apollo, thus
With menacing words rebuked him : " Diomed,
Beware ; desist, nor think to make thyself
The equal of a god. The deathless race
Of gods is not as those who walk the earth."

He spake ; the son of Tydeus, shrinking back,
Gave way before the anger of the god
Who sends his shafts afar. Then Phœbus bore
Æneas from the tumult to the height

Of sacred Pergamus, where stands his fane ;
And there Latona and the archer-queen,
Diana, in the temple's deep recess,
Tended him and brought back his glorious strength.

Apollo frames an image of Æneas for Greeks and Trojans to fight around, under the illusion that it is really that doughty knight himself. While this by-play, half puppet, and half human, is going on, Apollo exhorts Mars to stir up the spirit of the Trojans, which that fiery divinity does with great effect. Meantime, presto, Æneas, in his own literal person, re-appears on the field, renewed in strength after his wound. On the side of the Greeks—

The Ajaces and Ulysses and the son
Of Tydeus roused the Achaïans to the fight.
For of the strength and clamor of the foe
They felt no fear, but calmly stood, to bide
The assault ; as stand in air the quiet clouds
Which Saturn's son upon the mountain tops
Piles in still volumes when the north wind sleeps,
And every ruder breath of blustering air
That drives the gathered vapors through the sky.
Thus calmly waited they the Trojan host,
Nor thought of flight.

Our readers there have one of the finest of Homer's similes, finely rendered by Bryant. Remember, it is repose, not strength, that the comparison sets forth. The soft and fluid substance of the massy clouds at rest furnishes no image of force, but it furnishes a perfect image of calm.

We skip some space filled with sickening horrors of fight, and begin again at the point at which Hector, raised by the art of the poet to godlike proportions of courage and power, is brought face to face with Diomed, who hitherto has had it all very much his own way. Homer has glorified Diomed for the sake of glorifying Hector, as now he glorifies Hector for the sake of glorifying, to the height, that Achilles by

whom in due time Hector will be vanquished. Hector must have looked formidable indeed, for

Him when the valiant Diomed beheld,
He trembled ; and, as one who journeying
Along a way he knows not, having crossed
A place of drear extent, before him sees
A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,
And all its tossing current white with foam,
And stops and turns, and measures back his way,
So then did Diomed withdraw, and spake :

but we are not going to reproduce Diomed's speech. Suffice it to say that Hector carried all before him. Juno saw and took it sore to heart. She enlisted Pallas on her side, and the two, "Juno the august" with her own hands harnessing the celestial steeds, started from heaven, by way of Olympus, for the field of conflict. The description of this action and this equipage is very brilliant in Homer, and it is very brilliantly translated by Bryant. But we must begin with the start itself of the goddesses on their ethereal drive :

Juno swung the lash
And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,
On sounding hinges, of their own accord,
Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore
The Hours are watching,—they who keep the mount
Olympus, and the mighty heaven, with power
To open or to close their cloudy veil.
Thus through the gates they drave the obedient steeds,
And found Saturnius, where he sat apart
From other gods, upon the loftiest height
Of many-peaked Olympus.

Our readers will recognize here the original of some of Milton's conceptions in his *Paradise Lost*. The pagan poet, throughout this entire passage, one of the most splendid in the *Iliad*, appears to no mean advantage in comparison with the Christian. If Milton surpasses Homer, it is after all not so much Milton himself, as it is Milton's place in history.

Homer had no Bible, and he lived before Christ. Besides, Homer was first and Milton was second.

Jupiter on Olympus gave the goddesses leave to go as they wished. Juno lost no time :

With the scourge she lashed the steeds,
And not unwillingly they flew between
Earth and the starry heaven. As much of space
As one who gazes on the dark blue deep
Sees from the headland summit where he sits—
Such space the coursers of immortal breed
Cleared at each bound they made with sounding hoofs ;
And when they came to Ilium and its streams,
Where Simoïs and Scamander's channels meet,
The white-armed goddess Juno stayed their speed,
And loosed them from the yoke, and covered them
With darkness. Simoïs ministered, meanwhile,
The ambrosial pasturage on which they fed.

Arrived among the Greeks, Pallas moves about, and, with eloquence pitched in various keys, the key of sarcasm being one, and a marked one, rouses their spirit for renewed battle. Diomed answers so much to her mind, that she confesses outright her admiration and approval of his character. She bids him make for no less a personage than the god Mars himself, whom we are pleased to note that she speaks of in terms of just detestation, though she thus speaks rather for the reason that he now fights on the wrong side, than that he loves so well to fight, on whatever side. Pallas, we say, bids Diomed boldly engage great Mars. She will stand by him and see him safely through. Mars hurls the first spear, but Pallas parries the blow :

The valiant Diomed
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist
Where girded by the baldric. In that part
She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,
And drew the weapon back. The furious god

Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,
Or of ten thousand rushing to the fight.
The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,
To hear that terrible cry of him whose thirst
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood.

As when, in time of heat, the air is filled
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds,
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,
And thus, with wingéd words, complaining said :

Mars gets little comfort from Jove, who sets him down much as he deserves. However the Olympian father tells his physician to heal the wound. The sequel is thus described:

As when the juice
Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,
The liquid gathers into clots while yet
It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed
The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed
The god, and robed him richly, and he took
His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.
Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars,
To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,
With Pallas, her invincible ally,
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

The fifth book ends here. It is idle to deny that, grant Homer his absurd machinery, we have in the foregoing an incomparably spirited narrative, an incomparably lofty and sustained flight of poetry. Nothing can exceed, or certainly nothing ever yet has exceeded, the freedom, the power, the ease, the grace, with which this earliest of all uninspired poets that we know, moves here through the shifting scenes of his story—with which, the facility unchanged, he rises or sinks,

according as his action proceeds in heaven or on earth. Homer's sublimity, in fact, is so ideal, that it is almost lost and forgotten in the lightness and the grace with which its highest flights are accomplished. We have been bold to disparage; let us be just to applaud.

The sixth book continues the contest. The meddling gods, however, have withdrawn from the field. The pages reek with blood. It is a little relief of unexpected pathetic sentiment, to come upon lines like these following, in the midst of disgusting description of carnage. Diomed has met the son of Hippolochus, and, with much braggadocio, challenged him to combat and doomed him to death. He stays, however, to ask who it is that he is about to have the satisfaction of killing. The son of Hippolochus replies, but we shall give only the melancholy reflection with which his reply begins. For this brief bit of sentiment, peculiarly charming in Homer as here relieved so artistically against a bloody ground of kaleidoscopic massacre, we shall use the translation of Cowper. We know from Cowper's correspondence that he had a special admiration of the passage—he quotes it (with apology) in the original Greek, to his correspondent, and remarks upon it thus, "Beautiful as well for the affecting nature of the observation as for the justness of the comparison and the incomparable simplicity of the expression." Now we almost feel that so much introduction will have prepared our readers only for disappointment in seeing the lines themselves. Undoubtedly the lines do derive much of their effectiveness from the setting in which they occur. But at any rate here they are, in Cowper's rendering, better for this once than Bryant's:

Why asks brave Diomed of my descent?
For, as the leaves, such is the race of man.
The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove
Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.
So pass mankind. One generation meets
Its destined period, and a new succeeds.

More tinklingly, in his fatally facile heroic rhyme, Pope renders:

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise :
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those have passed away.

No one can dispute the merit of Pope's Homer as a marvel of literary workmanship. Bentley, however, an English scholar of Pope's time, a scholar, too, unsurpassed in the annals of modern scholarship, expressed the general opinion of competent authorities as to Pope's fidelity to the Greek, when he bluntly said to the translator himself, "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." In comparison with this celebrated sentence of Bentley's on Pope's work, put the following expression of John Foster's, written by him in his early manhood—while therefore the influence of Pope's literary school was naturally still strong upon him, that influence being not yet counterworked in the public mind, as afterward it was to be, by Thomson first, then by Cowper, and finally by Wordsworth. Foster writes to a friend, in 1791: "Perhaps you have seen Cowper's Homer. I still cannot but wish that he had been differently employed. On reading a few passages I thought, This may possibly be Homer himself, but if it is, Pope is a greater poet than Homer."

The foregoing lines from Homer, by the way, must call to every reader's mind Isaiah's "We all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." Isaiah's comparison is, however, not quite the same as Homer's. Homer's is larger, less obvious, more elaborate. There is more imagination in it. Isaiah was intent on a moral aim. He was a prophet. Homer was only a poet. It is sentiment on the part of the Greek. It is practical earnestness on the part of the Hebrew. The two contrasted passages well illustrate

the difference between what some writers call "Hebraism" on the one hand, and what they call "Hellenism" on the other. It is the antithesis of ethics and æsthetics, of religion and taste.

The son of Hippolochus, Glaucus is his name, most obligingly enters upon a circumstantial account of his extraction, in the course of which it becomes apparent that these two threatening foes are ancestrally allied to each other as mutual guests, or guest-friends. The upshot is as delightful as it is sudden and unlooked for. "Let us exchange our arms," exclaims the truculent Diomed, effusively,

That even these may see that thou and I
Regard each other as ancestral guests.

It seems that Glaucus's armor was of gold, while Diomed's was of baser brass or bronze; but we will trust that there was no sordid motive of thrift, to alloy the bluff cordiality of the Greek in his proposal of exchange.

Hector, the chief Trojan hero, had retired within the city walls to visit his mother the queen, Priam's consort, for the purpose of engaging her, together with the venerable matrons of Troy, to make supplications and offerings and vows to Minerva on behalf of the beleaguered town. The meeting of the mother and her son is tenderly and beautifully described. Hector confronts Paris, and chides him sharply. There is, too, a meeting of Hector with Helen, in which the heroic brother-in-law bears himself with knightly tenderness toward the self-condemning woman. But what has chiefly impressed itself upon the imagination and the heart of Homer's admirers is the famous passage descriptive of the parting of Hector and Andromache his wife bringing with her their little child,

Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
Beautiful as a star,

as Cowper translates with picturesque felicity. (Our readers will, perhaps, by this time have observed that the ending *ī-des*,

added to a man's name, has the meaning *son* of the man so named.) We give the passage, as usual, in Bryant's translation:

The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said :
 " Too brave ! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,—
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew
My father when he sacked the populous town
Of the Cilicians,—Thebé with high gates.
'Twas there he smote Eëtion, yet forebore
To make his arms a spoil; he dared not that,
But burned the dead with his bright armor on,
And raised a mound above him. Mountain nymphs,
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jupiter,
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,
And all went down to Hades in one day.
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.
My mother, princess on the woody slopes
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,
And only for large ransom gave her back.
But her Diana, archer queen, struck down
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou
Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan, nor thy wife
A widow. Post thine army near the place
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot,—

The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus,
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave
Tydides, whether counseled by some seer,
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."

Then answered Hector, great in war: "All this
I bear in mind dear wife ; but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart
Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
Upholding my great father's fame and mine ;
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,
And Priam, and the people over whom
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers many and brave,—who all at last,
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust,—
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
And from the fountain of Messeis draw
Water, or from the Hypereian spring,
Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot,
And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
Around their city.' So shall some one say,
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death before
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!"
So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy: the boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,

And eying with affright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this both parents in their fondness laughed ;
And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son, and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven :

.
So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
He gave the boy ; she on her fragrant breast,
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand, and said :

Ajax among the Greeks takes the honors of the seventh book. A huge tall man, of gigantic strength, and any amount of animal courage. Conceive him wielding and hurling a vast stone at his antagonist in battle, and you have Ajax as he appears in Homer—a tremendous catapult, brawn dispensing with brain. A knightly fellow nevertheless, made such by his immeasurable courage. He fights Hector in single combat, chosen by lot thus to respond to the Trojan champion's challenge. Both heroes do mightily, but night closes down on a drawn battle between them. After trying their best, each to perforate the other with a spear, and then, in default of that, each to crush the other with a missile mass of rock, they exchange compliments and souvenirs, and get them back, the twain, severally to their own. It is a gallant story, of its own sort—a very poor sort. You are reminded of Scott's "Lady of the Lake"—but the later is the better, morally—"saner" even, if Mr. Matthew Arnold will let us say it, who thinks that Greek and Roman literature is sufficiently saner than our modern, to be a good cure, if well studied. Antenor, on the Trojan side, is for surrendering Heien. Paris will not hear a word of it. His stolen booty, however, he will restore, and, generous soul, add to it of his

private wealth. The Greeks spurn the offer, but the two hosts under truce take care of their dead. The visage of war now relents and actually is wet with tears. Thank Homer for letting his warriors weep! Well, they weep selfishly not so very seldom, but here are gracious human tears of remorse over the slain. The Greeks, for their part, drowned their sorrows that night in feast and wine—Jove meantime thundering ominously. The revelers were awe-struck. They spilled from their cups in pious libation to the Thunderer and so—continued to drink.

The eighth book gives us another session of the Olympian gods in council. Jupiter forbids to his subordinate divinities further meddling in the fight. He balances his scales in the heavens, to exhibit the fortune that he has decreed for the combatants. The Trojan scale goes up, which, contrary to what would be our notion of fitness in the matter, indicates that Troy was to gain. Milton, imitating Homer, reverses, however, the indication, in that celebrated passage of the *Paradise Lost*. Our readers will recall the passage, but they will too thank us for saving them the trouble to look it up in their Milton. Satan has invaded Eden to tempt Adam and Eve. He is there found and confronted by Gabriel. Satan prepares for fight, but "the Eternal"

Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battels, and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick upflew and kick'd the beam.

This Gabriel saw, and said to Satan,

"Look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,

If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night."

One is not to regard Milton as in these things borrowing from Homer, much less plagiarizing from him. The true state of the case rather is that, by long unchallenged convention among scholars and men of taste, it had already in Milton's time come to be considered an elegancy in any modern poem, to contain allusion, accommodation, adaptation,—whatever form might happen, of recognition paid to the fame and genius of Homer. One deeply versed in Homer is at frequent intervals, in reading Milton especially, but not a few other English poets likewise, conscious of a separate pleasure, derived from association with the verse of the Greek. An Homeric turn even of expression will, to the properly cultivated sense, communicate a certain indefinable gratification. We are not saying that this is admirable, or that it is not foolish. We are only saying that this is the fact. For our own part, we confess that we are ourselves too guilty in the matter, to be suitable judges as to whether the weakness is purely a weakness or not. Pure weakness or not, it is one of the traits of the classical scholar, and all readers have a right to be made aware of it as such. They can then cultivate it, or eschew it, for themselves, as they please.

We shall content ourselves with giving for specimen from the eighth book the celebrated closing lines. We are able to use a fine rendering by Tennyson :

And these all night upon the bridge of war
Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars

Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart :
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain ; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;
And champing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

A formal embassy is sent to Achilles, with munificent inducements offered to tempt him back to the fight. To appease his indignant wrath Agamemnon makes the most humiliating concessions, in vain. Achilles, in the loftiest, courtliest manner, disdains to be entreated. Patroclus, his warm friend, begs to borrow the armor of Achilles, and go in his stead. He goes and is slain. Achilles rouses to a frenzy of grief and rage. He chafes that he must wait for a new suit of panoply which his mother, Thetis, gets the armorer god, Vulcan, to forge for him over night. This panoply, when finished, is a miracle of dint-proof mail. The chief splendor is the shield, which Homer exhausts all his art to describe. From Pope's translation of this long passage, Webster, with very happy adaptation to his use, quoted the closing lines, in the peroration to his famous Seventh of March speech, likening to that shield of Achilles the empire of the Union of these States, then by the admission of California, just broadened out to stretch from sea to sea :

Now the broad shield complete the artist crowned
With his last hand and poured the ocean round ;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This whole celebrated description, as translated with unsurpassed beauty and brilliancy by our American Bryant, we give for our farewell extract from the *Iliad*. Poets, also when they are only translating, have their moods of special felicity, and here is translator Bryant in one of the very highest of such moods with him ; the present writer would not feel that

he needed it, but he once, in fact, received from Bryant himself the assurance that this was indeed the case :

And first he forged the huge and massive shield,
Divinely wrought in every part,—its edge
Clasped with a triple border, white and bright.
A silver belt hung from it, and its folds
Were five ; a crowd of figures on its disk
Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill,
For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here
The great deep and the never-resting sun
And the full moon, and here he set the stars
That shine in the round heaven,—the Pleiades,
The Hyades, Orion in his strength,
And the Bear near him, called by some the Wain,
That, wheeling, keeps Orion still in sight,
Yet bathes not in the waters of the sea.

There placed he two fair cities full of men.
In one were marriages and feasts ; they led
The brides with flaming torches from their bowers,
Along the streets, with many a nuptial song.
There the young dancers whirled, and flutes and lyres
Gave forth their sounds, and women at the doors
Stood and admired. Meanwhile a multitude
Was in the forum, where a strife went on,—
Two men contending for a fine, the price
Of one who had been slain. Before the crowd
One claimed that he had paid the fine, and one
Denied that aught had been received, and both
Called for the sentence which should end the strife.
The people clamored for both sides, for both
Had eager friends ; the heralds held the crowd
In check ; the elders, upon polished stones,
Sat in a sacred circle. Each one took,
In turn, a herald's scepter in his hand,
And, rising, gave his sentence. In the midst
Two talents lay in gold, to be the meed
Of him whose juster judgment should prevail.

Around the other city sat two hosts
In shining armor, bent to lay it waste,
Unless the dwellers would divide their wealth,—

All that their pleasant homes contained,—and yield
The assailants half. As yet the citizens
Had not complied, but secretly had planned
An ambush. Their beloved wives meanwhile,
And their young children, stood and watched the walls,
With aged men among them, while the youths
Marched on, with Mars and Pallas at their head,
Both wrought in gold, with golden garments on,
Stately and large in form, and over all
Conspicuous, in bright armor, as became
The gods ; the rest were of an humbler size.
And when they reached the spot where they should lie
In ambush, by a river's side, a place
For watering herds, they sat them down, all armed
In shining brass. Apart from all the rest
They placed two sentries, on the watch to spy
The approach of sheep and hornèd kine. Soon came
The herds in sight ; two shepherds walked with them,
Who, all unweeting of the evil nigh,
Solaced their task with music from their reeds.
The warriors saw and rushed on them, and took
And drave away large prey of beeves, and flocks
Of fair white sheep, whose keepers they had slain.
When the besiegers in their council heard
The sound of tumult at the watering-place,
They sprang upon their nimble-footed steeds,
And overtook the pillagers. Both bands
Arrayed their ranks and fought beside the stream,
And smote each other. There did Discord rage,
And Tumult, and the great Destroyer, Fate.
One wounded warrior she had seized alive,
And one unwounded yet, and through the field
Dragged by the foot another, dead. Her robe
Was reddened o'er the shoulders with the blood
From human veins. Like living men they ranged
The battle-field, and dragged by turns the slain.

There too he sculptured a broad fallow field
Of soft rich mould, thrice plowed, and over which
Walked many a plowman, guiding to and fro
His steers, and when on their return they reached
The border of the field the master came

To meet them, placing in the hands of each
A goblet of rich wine. Then turned they back
Along the furrows, diligent to reach
Their distant end. All dark behind the plow
The ridges lay, a marvel to the sight,
Like real furrows, though engraved in gold.

There, too, the artist placed a field which lay
Deep in ripe wheat. With sickles in their hands
The laborers reaped it. Here the handfuls fell
Upon the ground ; there binders tied them fast
With bands, and made them sheaves. Three binders went
Close to the reapers, and behind them boys,
Bringing the gathered handfuls in their arms,
Ministered to the binders. Staff in hand,
The master stood among them by the side
Of the ranged sheaves and silently rejoiced.
Meanwhile the servants underneath an oak
Prepared a feast apart ; they sacrificed
A fatling ox and dressed it, while the maids
Were kneading for the reapers the white meal.

A vineyard also on the shield he graved,
Beautiful, all of gold, and heavily
Laden with grapes. Black were the clusters all ;
The vines were stayed on rows of silver stakes.
He drew a blue trench round it, and a hedge
Of tin. One only path there was by which
The vintagers could go to gather grapes.
Young maids and striplings of a tender age
Bore the sweet fruit in baskets. Midst them all,
A youth from his shrill harp drew pleasant sounds,
And sang with soft voice to the murmuring strings.
They danced around him, beating with quick feet
The ground, and sang and shouted joyously.

And there the artist wrought a herd of beeves,
High-horned, and sculptured all in gold and tin.
They issued lowing from their stalls to seek
Their pasture, by a murmuring stream, that ran
Rapidly through its reeds. Four herdsmen, graved
In gold, were with the beeves, and nine fleet dogs
Followed. Two lions, seizing on a bull
Among the foremost cattle, dragged him off

Fearfully bellowing ; hounds and herdsmen rushed
To rescue him. The lions tore their prey,
And lapped the entrails and the crimson blood.
Vainly the shepherds pressed around and urged
Their dogs, that shrank from fastening with their teeth
Upon the lions, but stood near and bayed.

There also did illustrious Vulcan grave
A fair, broad pasture, in a pleasant glade,
Full of white sheep, and stalls, and cottages,
And many a shepherd's fold with sheltering roof.

And there illustrious Vulcan also wrought
A dance,—a maze like that which Dædalus,
In the broad realm of Gnossus once contrived
For fair-haired Ariadne. Blooming youths
And lovely virgins, tripping to light airs,
Held fast each other's wrists. The maidens wore
Fine linen robes : the youths had tunics on
Lustrous as oil, and woven daintily.
The maids wore wreaths of flowers ; the young men swords
Of gold in silver belts. They bounded now
In a swift circle,—as a potter whirls
With both his hands a wheel to try its speed,
Sitting before it,—then again they crossed
Each other, darting to their former place.
A multitude around that joyous dance
Gathered, and were amused, while from the crowd
Two tumblers raised their song, and flung themselves
About among the band that trod the dance.

Last on the border of that glorious shield,
He graved in all its strength the ocean-stream.

The story of the end is soon told. Panoplied from Vulcan's forge, Achilles rages through the field of fight, killing retail and wholesale, until every living Trojan but Hector is driven within the city walls. Hector himself is smitten with panic ; he flees before his foe three times about the circuit of the walls, watched, with violently contrasted emotions, by his countrymen on the one hand, and by the hostile Greeks on the other. Achilles at last kills him, but not before he has turned to bay, with courage recovered in vain. The

ignoble victor, with gratuitous indignity to the dead, ties the corpse to his chariot, and, driving furiously, drags it head downward in the dust. This is after the mean-spirited Greeks have come up, and, each one with several malice, gashed the lifeless body with numerous additional wounds. It is a dreadful story. We withhold from our readers further detail of its horrors. The worst we have spared them.

At the suit of poor Priam, aged father to Hector, the savage Achilles does relent at last to let the dishonored body be carried off to Troy. The poem closes with the funeral of Hector.

The latter part of the poem, thus rapidly summarized, is very fine in its own horrible way. There are reliefs too of exquisite pathos interspersed throughout.

It is curious now to recall that we do not know, even within half a millennium, when Homer lived. We do not know where he was born. We do not know his name. Homer we call him, but Homer very likely is a name for the man's vocation, rather than for the man. It is much as if we said, The Poet. So the Greeks often did name Homer, "the poet." To them he was *the* poet by eminence.

But this name, of whose bearer we know so little, what a power it has been, what a power it yet is, in the world of letters! We could go on now from this point and write a volume about Homer's literary influence; but, after mentioning that there are certain shorter pieces which go under the name of Homeric Hymns, though probably not of Homeric authorship, and that there are in ancient Greek one or two amusing burlesque parodies of Homer, (of which the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is the best known,) we proceed to present in brief the *Odyssey* to our readers.

We begin with a page or two out of Prof. Jebb's "Primer of Greek Literature"—this for the plot and story of the poem—and then with specimen extracts, too few, in versified translation, reluctantly cry, "*Claudite jam rivos*," (Virgilian

Latin for "There now, that will do,") and shut down the gates on our flowing and urgent stream. But let not our readers fail to impress themselves deeply with the spirit, nay, even with the form, of Tennyson's "Lotos-eaters," and his "Ulysses." Those exquisite poems are Homer, reaching out so far his hand of power to lay it on the genius of our times. Here is Prof. Jebb's reduction of the *Odyssey*; twenty-four books of Greek dactylic hexameter, think of it, in a little page or two of English prose:

"The *Odyssey* means the *Poem of O-dys'seus*, (or, as the Romans called him, U-lys'ses,) who was the king of the island of Ith'a-ca, and the cleverest of all the Greek princes who fought against Troy. When Troy was taken, Odysseus and his followers sailed for Ithaca. But on their way they were driven to the land of the *Cy-clo'pes*, a savage race of one-eyed giants; and here Odysseus put out the eye of the Cyclops Pol'y-phe'mus, after that monster had eaten six of the hero's comrades. Now Po-sei'don, the god of the sea, was the father of Polyphemus, and Poseidon, in revenge, doomed Odysseus to wander far and wide over the sea to strange lands. When the *Odyssey* begins, it is ten years since the fall of Troy, and Odysseus is still far away from home in the island of *O-gyg'i-a*, at the center of the sea. For seven years the nymph Ca-lyp'so, ('concealment,') who loves him, has detained him there against his will. Meanwhile his wife, Pen-el'o-pe, in Ithaca, has been courted by more than a hundred suitors, lawless, violent men, who feast riotously in the house of Odysseus, as if it were their own. She tried to gain time by pretending that she wished to finish a fine winding-sheet, which she was weaving, before she made her choice; and every night she took down what she had woven by day. But when she had done thus for three years, the suitors found out the trick, and became more urgent than ever. And now Telemachus, the son of Odysseus, is urged by the friendly goddess Athene to go in search of his father to Pylos, in the Peloponnesus,

where he is entertained by king Nestor, and then to Sparta, where he is the guest of king Menelaus.

“Here our story goes back to Odysseus. The god Hermes tells Calypso from Zeus that she must let him go, and she obeys. Odysseus sails from her island on a sort of raft which he has made for himself. His old enemy, the sea-god Poseidon, presently espies him, and wrecks his raft; but a sea-goddess, Ino, gives him a magic scarf, which buoys him up, and he comes safe to the island of the Phæ-a’ci-ans, a rich and happy people near to the gods and famous as seamen, whose orchards bear fruit all the year round. The king Al-cin’o-us entertains Odysseus, who relates all his strange adventures; how (before he came to Calypso’s isle) he and his companions visited the isle of the enchantress Cir’ce, who changed the others into swine, while he himself was saved by a charmed herb called *moly*, and persuaded her to restore his friends to the human form; how they passed by the shore of the sweet-singing Sirens, and between Scylla and Charyb’dis; and how at last all his comrades perished because they had slain the sacred oxen of the sun-god.

“Then a Phæacian crew took Odysseus back to Ithaca in a ship. His faithful swineherd Eu-mæ’us does not know him, for A-the’ne has disguised him as an old beggar-man; but his old dog, Argus, knows his master, who has been twenty years away; he wags his tail and drops his ears as the beggar-man comes near, and dies. Meanwhile Telemachus comes back from his search. Athene reveals his father to him, and father and son arrange a plan of vengeance on the suitors. Odysseus, still disguised, has an audience of Penelope, pretending to bring news of her husband, but narrowly escapes being discovered through his old nurse, Eu’ry-clé’a, recognizing a scar as she is washing his feet. Penelope, inspired by Athene, now says that she will wed that suitor who can send an arrow from the bow of the hero Eu’ry-tus—an heirloom in the house—through the helve-holes of

twelve pole-axes put one behind another in the hall. Not one of the suitors can even string the bow. But the disguised Odysseus bends it easily, and sends an arrow clean through the holes. This is the signal for the slaughter of the suitors. Odysseus showers his arrows on them, and finally, helped by Telemachus and two trusty servants, slays them all. Now at last he reveals himself to his wife, and tells her the story of his journeys. The twenty-fourth book tells how the god Hermes led the shades of the suitors beneath the earth; how Odysseus in Ithaca was made known to his father La-er'tes; how he overcame the kinsfolk of the suitors who sought to avenge them; and how he was reconciled to his people."

Such, in Professor Jebb's abstract, is the story of the *Odyssey*. With the omission of the incidents in detail, and with the absence of the charm of Homer's manner, the fascination is, we feel, pretty well exorcised out of the plot. We must try to make up as well as we can to our readers their unavoidable loss, by relating some of the most memorable of the episodes of Ulysses's wanderings, giving them these in full by means of a translation. What translation shall we use?

We have, of course, our choice among many different translations of the *Odyssey*. George Chapman rendered the poem in his free and dashing style. Pope, with that fatal facility of his in rhymed heroics, which he was able to impart to journeymen serving under him in the work, reeled off, in paraphrase of the *Odyssey*, an endless succession of well-turned couplets, full of spirit, only not in the Greek's spirit, full in fact of almost any merit save the merit of truth to nature and to Homer. Cowper followed Pope in translating the *Odyssey*, as he had followed him in translating the *Iliad*. Blank verse was his medium. It is a pity that in translating Homer Cowper suffered himself to be corrupted, from the admirable simplicity and modulated smoothness of verse that characterize his work in the "*Task*," to an almost barbarous imitation of Milton's manneristic pomp of Latinized diction and

inverted construction. The result is, two laboriously and meritoriously poor, unreadable poems. Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley, in 1861, performed a feat in translation of the *Odyssey* which, but that he actually did perform it, we should certainly have pronounced to be impossible. He produced a long poem in the Spenserian stanza, which is at the same time a fine poem in English, and a decidedly successful presentation of the *Odyssey*. Many a trace indeed that Cowper would yield, of the Homeric in form, the classical scholar misses in Worsley—hardly, however, any trace that, be he man of taste as well as classical scholar, he misses with regret. With sufficiently numerous reminders throughout, of Homeric words and phrases, Mr. Worsley's idiom is still mainly the idiom of English, not of Greek. But the Homeric spirit is transfused with scholarly sense and conscientious fidelity. One notices, no doubt, something introduced of archaism in English diction, which adulterates the effect a little from perfect purity of normal modern impression. But there is an onward movement so strong and urgent, that you do not feel the flow of narrative to be interrupted by the transition from stanza to stanza, and you are conscious all the time of being involved in an ambient atmosphere of real poetry. In truth, there is, perhaps, at this point detected the vice of too much virtue. That is, Mr. Worsley is not always willing to be tame when his original is tame, and to be humbly realistic when his original is so. For instance, if Homer gives the area of a garden as four acres, Mr. Worsley will perhaps avoid that arithmetical statement and leave it to his reader's imagination to estimate the acreage. Of course avoidances like this on Mr. Worsley's part, if they were frequent, as they are not, would prevent him from representing fully the spirit, as they would likewise from representing the form, of Homer. But occasions for abatement of praise are few indeed, and you are fairly forced to acknowledge that Mr. Worsley has achieved a splendid feat of poetry and translation.

On the whole, we decide on Worsley for our translator of the *Odyssey*.

To begin, we do as epic poets are traditionally said to do, we plunge into the midst of things. Ulysses, returning from Troy, and escaped now from his seven years' captivity in the isle of his unloved lover, the nymph Calypso, has been wrecked once more, and cast this time on the coast of the country of the Phæ-a'ci-ans. He is all alone, and in wretched plight indeed, stripped of his very clothes. But his goddess-friend Athene, or Pallas-Athene, (or Minerva—the reader must now familiarize himself with the Greek names of personages instead of the Latin, as Worsley employs the former, in accordance with modern, more scholarly taste,) has a plan for him. She is going to raise him up a patroness, in the person of no less a lady than the daughter of the Phæacian king. Nau-sic'a-a is the maiden's name. Her father is Alc-in'o-us, synonym for luxury and state. After a fashion familiar to Olympian divinities, Pallas's plan proceeds by deceit. She assumes the appearance of an intimate friend of Nausicaa's, and invites that princess out on a sort of picnic excursion, that strikes one as a bit odd for the daughter of a king, a very wealthy, luxurious king at that; Nausicaa is prompted by Pallas to get a turn-out from her indulgent father, summon a train of attendant virgins, go forth to a rural river-side, and there do a job of long-neglected clothes-washing. She will naturally choose the very spot where forlorn Ulysses lies in a deep sleep, recovering from the fatigue and the pain of his long wrestle with the sea. Thus much is enough for making every thing plain in what here follows, from the sixth book and the seventh of Worsley's translation of the *Odyssey*. We begin with the stanza describing Pallas's visit to the chamber of Nausicaa, paid for the purpose of rousing her to make the necessary excursion to the river :

Near to the princess two handmaidens slept,
Loved by the Graces, a right beauteous pair,

Couched on each side the gleaming doors. Thence swept
Athene, fleet as unsubstantial air,
And by the pillow of the virgin fair
Paused, like the child of ship-famed Dymas seen,
Equal in age, and her companion dear,
Such seemed the goddess both in form and mien,
And with these words addressed the daughter of the queen.

“ Nausicaa, wherefore did thy mother bear
Child so forgetful? This long while doth rest
Like lumber in the house much raiment fair.
Soon must thou wed and be thyself well drest,
And find thy bridegroom raiment of the best.
These are the things whence good repute is born,
And praises that make glad a parent's breast.
Come, let us both go washing with the morn,
So shalt thou soon have clothes becoming to be worn.

Know, thy virginity is not for long,
Whom the Phæacian chiefs already woo,
Lords of the land whence thou thyself art sprung.
Soon as the shining Dawn comes forth anew,
For wain and mules thy noble father sue,
Which to the place of washing shall convey
Girdles and robes and rugs of splendid hue.
This for thyself were better than essay
Thither to walk—the place is distant a long way.”

Forthwith, her rede delivered, the Stern-eyed
Did to the mansions of Olympus go.
There, as they tell, the gods securely bide
In regions where the rough winds never blow,
Unvisited by mist or rain or snow,
Veiled in a volant ether, ample, clear,
Swept by the silver light's perpetual flow ;
Wherein the happy gods from year to year
Quaff pleasure. To those bowers Athene made repair,

Scarce had she gone when bright-throned Morning came ;
And, rising from her couch magnificent,
Fair-robed Nausicaa wondered at the dream,
And through the wide house to her parents went
Forthwith, her matter to make evident.

One by the hearth sat, with her maids around,
And on the skeins of yarn, sea-purpled, spent
Her morning toil. Him to the council bound,
Called by the lordly chiefs, just issuing forth she found.

Standing beside him, fondly thus she spake :
“ Dear father, could you lend a wagon tall,
Fair-wheeled and well-equipped, that I may take
Robes to the stream and wash them ? for they all
Lie lustreless, defiled within our hall.
Thee most of all beseemeth in our state,
When the Phæacian chiefs their council call,
Clothed in clean garments to attend debate.
Moreover five dear sons live here within thy gate,

“ Two having wives, three in youth’s flower unwed,
Who in the choral dances would appear
In clothes new-washed—this care is mine.” So said
Nausicaa, shamed to hint in her sire’s ear
Her marriage-hour. But he the fact saw clear,
And answered : “ Loan of mules will I concede,
Or if aught else, dear child, thy heart may cheer.
Go—a tall wain, the servants for thy need,
Fair-wheeled, with upper framework shall equip with speed.”

Forthwith the servants to his word obey,
And for her use the rolling wain prepare,
And yoke the mules with all the speed they may.
Soon from her chamber the bright raiment fair
Forth to the lustrous wain Nausicaa bare.
And in a roomy chest her mother stored
All kind of delicate food and viands rare,
And eke sweet wine did plenteously afford,
Which in a well-sewn goatskin for their use she poured.

Such needments she purveyed with eager toil,
Till now the virgin-princess clomb the wain
Fair-shining and a golden cruise of oil
Into her hands her mother gave right fain,
Her to anoint and her attendant train.
She then the reins took and the scourge did ply.
Onward the mules loud-clattering trouled amain,

As each his restless-fellow would outvie,
And robes and princess bore and all her company.

So when they came to the fair-flowing river,
Which feeds good lavatories all the year,
Fitted to cleanse all sullied robes soever,
They from the wain the mules unharnessed there,
And chased them, free to crop their juicy fare
By the swift river, on the margent green ;
Then to the waters dark the vestments bare,
And in the stream-filled trenches stamped them clean,
Urging the welcome toil with emulation keen.

Which having washed and cleansed they spread before
The sunbeams, on the beach, where most did lie
Thick pebbles, by the sea-wave washed ashore.
So having left them in the heat to dry
They to the bath went down, and by and by,
Rubbed with rich oil, their mid-day meal essay,
Couched on green turf, the river rolling nigh ;
And thence, unveiling, they rise up to play,
While the white-armed Nausicaa leads the choral lay.

Such as adown the Erymanthian hill,
Or tall Taygetus, with arrows keen
Moves the fair Artemis, on chase to kill
Boars and the flying deer—around their queen,
Daughters of Zeus, the rural nymphs, are seen
At pastime ; (gladdening sight hath Leto there ;)
She by the face and forehead towers, I ween,
Right easy to be known, but all are fair—
So did that virgin pure amid her train appear.

But when she thought to yoke the mules and fold
The raiment, then Athene cast to wake
Odysseus, that the maid he might behold
Ere she returned, and following in her wake
To the Phæacian town her guidance take.
Just then by a false aim she flung the ball
Far in the swirling river : the maidens brake
Into a long loud scream, whose echoing call
Odysseus roused. He sitting thus debated all ;

"Ay me ! what mortal souls inhabit here ?
Despiteful, wild, unjust ?—or love they well
The stranger and the immortal gods revere ?
Surely but now the female cry did swell
Of virgin nymphs who in the mountains dwell,
Or haunt the cradles whence the rivers flow,
Or green slope of the fountain-trickling dell—
Am I with men that human language know ?
Come, I will soon explore what cheer these coasts bestow."

The situation from this point becomes, quite innocently so, a little equivocal. The ancient taste was more tolerant than is the modern, of nudities in life as well as in art. In art, indeed, we Christians have full easily learned to let stark nakedness confront us, while we stare at it with well-schooled faces blankly unashamed. Poetry is art, but somehow poetry is, with us, on this point, happily more sensitive as yet than are sculpture and painting ; and only Walt Whitman, and Mr. Swinburne, and Oscar Wilde, and such, show us flesh-tints ruddy-veined with lusty blood, in their verse. Homer is, after the ethics of his age, not impure ; is, that is to say, as clean at heart as Shakspeare, for example. And, of course, Mr. Worsley veils the too great frankness of his original with much delicacy. Still, we may as well omit some stanzas now, and simply say that Odysseus (so henceforward for a while we will call our old friend Ulysses), having got himself fairly bathed, is clad from Nausicaa's supply of raiment, river-washed and sun-dried, and is besides invested, at the gift of his invaluable friend Pallas-Athene, with a peculiar air (aura, we feel like calling it) of nobleness, thus described (Hephæstus is Greek for Vulcan) :

As when some artist fired with plastic thought,
Silver doth overlay with liquid gold,
One by Hephæstus and Athene taught
Fair-shining forms, instinct with love, to mold,
She thus his shoulders did with grace enfold

And glorious head. "Then silent by the main
He, clothed in beauty, glistening to behold,
Sat—whom the princess marked with wonder fain,
And thus admiring spake amid the bright-haired train :

But what she said we may, for brevity's sake, omit, and omit also the regal damsel's address to Odysseus, inviting him to follow her to her father's palace. The story proceeds :

She ended, and the mules with glittering lash
Plied, who soon leave the river in their rear.
Onward continuously their swift feet flash.
She like an understanding charioteer
Scourged them with judgment, and their course did steer
So to precede Odysseus and the rest.
And the sun fell, and they the grove came near.
There on the earth sat down with anxious breast
Odysseus, and in prayer the child of Zeus addressed :

"Virgin, whose eyelids slumber not nor sleep,
Hear, child of Zeus ! who in the time forepast
Hearest me not, when in the ruinous deep
Poseidon whirled me with his angry blast.
Let me find pity in this land at last !"
So prayed he, and Athene heard ; but she
Not yet revealed herself in form ; so vast
Loomed in her eyes her uncle's fierce decree
Against divine Odysseus, ere his land he see.

There the much-toiled divine Odysseus prayed.
She onward passed to the Phæacian town,
Drawn by the mules. But when the royal maid
Came to her father's halls of high renown,
She by the porch drew rein. Thither came down
Her brothers, circling her, a lucid ring ;
They of Phæacian youth the flower and crown,
Like gods to look at. Soon unharnessing
The mules, into the house the raiment clean they bring.

She to her chamber straight ascended. There
Eurymedusa old, the chamber-dame,
Kindled the fire—who o'er the ocean-mere
Borne in swift ships from land Apeira came,
Thenceforth assigned by right of regal claim

To king Alcinous, like a god revered
In his own land, the first in name and fame.
She in the halls white-armed Nausicaa reared,
And now the fire lit well, and sweet repast prepared.

'Twas then Odysseus toward the city bent
His steps. Athene, in her friendly care,
Rolled a thick mist around him as he went,
Lest of the citizens some scorner there
Should meet him, and assail with gibe and stare,
And urge rude question of his name and place.
Just at the entrance of the city fair
Pallas-Athene met him face to face,
Pitcher in hand, and like a girl in years and grace.

Near him she stood, and he inquired anon :
" Would you, dear child, vouchsafe to be my guide
To king Alcinous' palace ? I, undone
With perils, and in sore affliction tried,
Come hither, over seas exceeding wide,
From a far land ; nor know I how to make
One friend among the folk that here reside,
Who might show mercy for a stranger's sake."
Whom the stern-eyed Athene answering thus bespake :

" Father, the house thou seekest I well know,
For the king dwelleth near my blameless sire.
Hist, not a word !—and I the way will show.
Bend not thine eyes on any, nor aught inquire.
The people brook not strangers, nor aspire
To love the outlandish guest. Their trust is still
In the swift ships wherewith the deep they tire ;
There hath Poseidon lent them wondrous skill,
Fleet as a wing their barks, or thought flashed from the will."

This spoken, toward the mansion of the king
Pallas-Athene with quick steps did fare,
He in the track divine still following.
Nor the ship-famed Phæacians were aware
Of stranger in their mid streets pacing there.
For so Athene, bright-haired goddess dread,
Appointed to befall, who always bare

Good-will within her breast toward him she led.
She round his stately form a mist divine now shed.

Much did Odysseus, as he passed, admire
The smooth wide havens, and the glorious fleet
Wherewith those mariners the great deep tire,
Yea, and the spaces where their heroes meet,
And the long lofty wondrous walls, complete
With bastion fair and towery palisade.
All these he viewed, till at last his feet
She at the king's illustrious mansion stayed.
Him then in words bespake the stern-eyed goddess-maid :

"This is the palace which you bade me show.
Here the Zeus-nurtured princes sit reclined
Feasting ; now enter, and all fear forego,
Since it is always on the bold in mind,
Strange though his stock, that fortune shines most kind.
Our lady queen (Arete is her name)
Sitting within the halls you first will find,
Sprung from a line of parentage, the same
With that, wherefrom the king himself, Alcinous, came.

"First to Poseidon Periboia bare
Nausithous—she of brave Eurymedon
The youngest, and of women far most fair.
Her father once high sovereignty did own
O'er the proud race of Giants, and had sown
Storms of red ruin through the land, nor yet
Died in their crime the infatuate crowd alone ;
He also fell ; but her Poseidon met,
Loved, and Phæacian king Nausithous did beget.

"And he Rhexenor and Alcinous. Lo !
The first new-wed, within his halls serene,
Shot by Apollo with his silver bow,
Died, and one child, a daughter, left, I ween,
Arete, whom Alcinous made his queen,
And loved and honored, as no wives elsewhere,
Such as in these days on the earth are seen,
Find honor ; yea, like reverence she doth bear
From children, house, and people as her rightful share.

“Oft as she walks along the stately street,
Her all the people like a goddess hail
Beholding, and with salutations greet,
Since of a noble mind she doth not fail.
Yea, where she list good kindness to entail,
Even of men the quarrels to unbind
Not seldom her well-tempered words avail.
Good hope then hast thou, so the queen be kind,
Thy high-roofed house and friends and fatherland to find.”

So the stern-eyed Athene spake to him,
Then leaving Scheria, lovely isle, anon,
The broad and barren ocean fields did skim,
And moving o’er the plain of Marathon
And through the streets of Athens, wide-wayed town,
Entered Erectheus’ well-built house at last.
Odysseus to Alcinous’ halls paced on,
And in his breast his stormy heart beat fast,
He pausing ere his feet the brazen threshold passed.

For, like the sun’s fire or the moon’s, a light
Far streaming through the high-roofed house did pass
From the long basement to the topmost height.
There on each side ran walls of flaming brass,
Zoned on the summit with a blue bright mass
Of cornice ; and the doors were framed of gold ;
Where, underneath, the brazen floor doth glass
Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold
Lintel of silver framed ; the ring was burnished gold.

And dogs on each side of the doors there stand,
Silver and gold, the which in ancient day
Hephæstus wrought with cunning brain and hand,
And set for sentinels to hold the way.
Death cannot tame them, nor the years decay.
And from the shining threshold thrones were set,
Skirting the walls in lustrous long array,
On to the far room where the women met,
With many a rich robe strewn and woven coverlet.

There the Phæacian chieftains eat and drink,
While golden youths on pedestals upbear

Each in his outstretched hand a lighted link,
Which nightly on the royal feast doth flare.
And in the house are fifty handmaids fair ;
Some in the mill the yellow corn grind small,
Some fly the looms, and shuttles twirl, which there
Flash like the quivering leaves of aspen tall ;
And from the close-spun web the trickling oil will fall.

For as Phæacian men surpass in skill
All mortals that in earth's wide kingdoms dwell
Through the waste ocean, whereso'er they will,
The cleaving keel obedient to impel—
So far their women at the loom excel ;
Since all brave handiwork and mental grace
Pallas-Athene gave them to know well,
Outside the court-yard stretched a planted space
Of orchard, and a fence environed all the place.

There in full prime the orchard-trees grow tall,
Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple fruited fair,
Pear and the healthful olive. Each and all
Both summer droughts and chills of winter spare ;
All the year round they flourish. Some the air
Of zephyr warms to life, some doth mature.
Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,
Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage lure,
Thus the rich revolution doth for aye endure.

With well-sunned floor for drying, there is seen
The vineyard. Here the grapes they cull, there tread.
Here falls the blossom from the clusters green ;
There the first blushings by the suns are shed.
Last, flowers forever fadeless—bed by bed ;
Two streams ; one waters the whole garden fair ;
One through the courtyard near the house is led,
Whereto with pitchers all the folk repair.
All these the god-sent gifts to king Alcinous were.

Standing, Odysseus gazed his fill, then passed
The entrance, and behold ! the chieftains pour
Wine to the keen-eyed Argus-slayer, the last
Ere they retire for sleep. He onward bore,
Wrapt in Athene's mist, and paused before

Arete and Alcinous. There the queen
He clasping by the knees crouched on the floor ;
Then the mist melted, which did erewhile screen
His form, and all stood breathless when the man was seen.

He suppliant spake : " Arete, at thy knees,
Before thy husband and thy guests, I bow,
Child of divine Rhexenor ! O to these
May Heaven grant glory in their lifetime now,
And children after them with wealth endow,
Heirs of the office which the people gave !
But ye kind issue to my prayers allow !
Ship to convey me to my home I crave,
Who, friendless many a year, grieve sore by land and wave."

There he made end, and on the hearthstone sate
Amid the ashes, by the fire ; but all
Silent and stirless in their places wait,
And a wide lull pervades the festival ;
Till at last among them in the hall
Spake hero Echeneüs ; eldest he
Of the Phæacian chiefs, and therewithal
Gifted with words and grave authority—
He now, their firm well-wisher, spake advisingly :

" Alcinous, this is neither fair nor just
That suppliant stranger on thy hearthstone sit,
Low in the embers and defiled with dust.
All wait thy word, expecting what is fit.
Come, to a silver throne our guest admit,
Then from the heralds mingled wine demand,
That to the Thunderer we may offer it,
Who by the awful suppliant still doth stand,
And let the house-dame bring what food she finds at hand."

When the divine strength of Alcinous heard,
He rose and took the stranger's hand anon,
Hand of Odysseus proved in deed and word,
And made him rest upon a glittering throne,
Displacing brave Laodamas his son,
Who always sat there, at his father's side,
His best-beloved ; and of the handmaids one

From goldern urn, well-chased and beautified,
Over a silver basin poured the lustral tide,

And spread before him the well-polished board
Whereon the staid house-dame provision set,
Whate'er of best the palace might afford.
So the divine Odysseus drank and ate ;
Nor did the king Alcinous aught forget,
But turned him to the herald, and thus spake :
" Wine mix for all, Pontonous ! Resteth yet
That we to Thunderer Zeus libations make,
Who still waits near at hand for awful suppliant's sake."

So he the wine mixed, and to each did bear.
When they had poured and drunk, Alcinous said :
" Hear me, Phæacian chiefs, while I declare
The meaning of my mind. Hence now to bed ;
And, with more elders hither summonéd,
To-morrow we our guest will entertain
Here in the halls, and sacrifices spread
Before the gods, and convoy o'er the main
Remember, that at last forgetting grief and pain,

Hence to his native land, however far,
Safe in our guidance he may sail the sea
Rejoicing, and no danger may debar,
Nor midway onset of calamity,
His foot from landing. There high Destiny
Must rule her own, whose thought can no one scan,
And he must bear the doom and the decree
Which at his hour of birth the dark Fates span,
When first his mother knew that she had borne a man.

" But if that he descended from the skies,
Immortal offspring of immortal race,
Then to the gods some other scheme devise.
For oft the gods here meet us face to face,
Oft use our glorious hecatombs to grace,
And sitting feast, as we ourselves, at will ;
Yea, if one find them in a lonely place,
No mask they wear ; for we are near them still,
Like the Cyclopean race and Giants rude of skill."

But wary-wise Odysseus made reply :
" Alcinous, far be such a thought from me !
Not one like those who hold the realms on high
In form or feature dost thou chance to see,
But mortal, as on earth poor mortals be,
Yea, most my case may I with theirs compare,
Whom most ye know bowed down with misery.
'Twere all too long the vast sum to declare
Of sorrow, pain, and toil, the gods have made me bear.

" But let me feed in peace, though sore distressed.
Nothing more shameless is than Appetite,
Who still, whatever anguish load our breast,
Makes us remember in our own despite
Both food and drink. Thus I, thrice wretched wight,
Carry of inward grief surpassing store,
Yet she constrains me with superior might,
Wipes clean away the memory-written score,
And takes whate'er I give, and taking craveth more.

" Ye with the morning in these halls convene,
And lend sweet escort o'er the barren main ;
Yea, let life leave me, when I once have seen
My land, my servants, and my home again !"
He ended, and they all assent, right fain,
To lend whate'er the stranger may require,
For that his word with fate accordeth plain,
So having poured, and drunk their heart's desire,
All to their several chambers for the night retire.

There was divine Odysseus left behind ;
But god-like King Alcinous in the hall
Still with Arete near his guest reclined ;
And the attendants, at their master's call,
Each means, each remnant, of the festival
Clear with quick hands ; and then the queen began,
Whose eyes on that familiar raiment fall
The which herself and her own women span.
She, turning, in winged words did thus accost the man :

" Stranger, this question will I first essay—
Who and whence art thou ? and of whom didst crave

These garments? for methought I heard thee say
Thou camest hither wandering o'er the wave?"
Then said the wary-wise Odysseus brave:
"Hard is it, queen, in sequence due to show
My griefs; so many the celestials gave;
But this one matter, this one tale of woe,
I will to-night set forth which thou art fain to know.

"Far in the deep sea lies an island fair,
Ogygia named. A bright-haired goddess dread,
Daughter of Atlas, doth inhabit there,
Wily Calypso, aye unvisited
Alike by god and man. Me fate hath led
Lone to that hearth o'erwhelmed with anguish dire;
For in the middle ocean's wine-dark bed
Zeus, as I wandered, the Olympian Sire,
From heaven my swift ship clave in sunder with white fire.

"There all the rest of my companions died,
But I for nine days ever onward sweep,
Whirled by the waters, on a keel astride,
Till the tenth night spread blackening o'er the deep.
Then from this nymph did I salvation reap,
Who took me to herself and cared for me,
Yea, thought to hold me in her island-keep,
Blest with an ageless immortality;
Nathless the inward heart could not persuaded be.

"Seven years I tarrying stained with many a tear
Vestments immortal by Calypso lent;
But when came on the eighth revolving year,
Whether it were that Zeus a message sent
Or that Calypso changed her own intent,
Homeward she bade me o'er the seas repair.
So on a well-compacted bark I went;
She corn and wine gave, and apparel fair,
And in my lee made stream a soft sweet harmless air.

"Ten days and seven my gentle course I keep;
But on the eighteenth, for the first time seen,
Loomed shadowy elevation in the deep,
Your earth—right glad was then my heart, I ween.
Ah! wretched! yet remained exceeding teen!

Since dark Poseidon a long swerveless blast
Launched on my ship, now furrowing wide ravine ;
Now through the deep upheaving mountains vast,
Till to the bark I groaning failed to cling at last.

“ Her the wild storms break up ; but I swam through
The great sea-gorge, till near to this your land
Whirled by the waters and the wind I drew.
Then had the waves on your ungentle strand,
Rock-fenced, where vainly I had striven to stand,
Dashed me ; but I with the retiring flood
Swam backward ; and at last a spot to land,
Found, smooth of rocks, and overhung with wood,
Even at the river's mouth, wind-sheltered, calm, and good.

“ There did I throw myself, recovering heart,
And in that stound ambrosial night came on.
I from the rain-fed river moved apart,
And, of the woodland chambers choosing one,
Piled the dead leaves about my lair anon.
God sent a measureless rest my soul to steep,
While in the leaves I lay, with toil foredone,
Night, morning, noon, until the day was deep.
When the sun fell mine eyes looked up from their sweet sleep,

“ And soon the handmaids of thy daughter find
With her, like goddess in their midst, at play.
Then spake I suppliant ; nor of prudent mind
Failed she at all ; yea, hardly one would say
That youth these matters could so nicely weigh.
Always the young lack wisdom ; but *she* sent
Both corn and wine my cravings to allay,
And washed me in the river, and garments lent.
Herein the truth I tell, albeit with anguish spent.”

Him then Alcinous answering thus addressed :
“ Stranger, my daughter was not all so wise,
Who brought you not at once to be our guest,
When to her first you prayed in suppliant guise.”
To whom the sage Odysseus straight replies :
“ Blame not for me thy faultless child ; indeed
She pressed me ; but my soul did aye advise

Me of thy royal anger to take heed,
For we, the sons of men, were ever a jealous breed."

To whom Alcinous: "Stranger, no such heart,
To fume at nothing, in my breast I bear.
Rather, I ween, let justice hold her part.
Yet, Father Zeus, Athene, Phœbus, hear!
Would of my child thou wert the husband dear;
Such as I see thee, and with heart like mine!
House, wealth, and lands, so thou but tarry here,
I promise; yet shall none by force incline
Thy purpose; nor to such Zeus lend his will divine!

"But the supreme fulfillment of thy way,
Whereby the end of travail thou may'st reap,
Know that until to-morrow I delay.
Thou all the while shalt lie subdued with sleep,
And they shall smite the levels of the deep
Till thou thy home and all dear things regain,
When thine eyes hail the land for which they weep;
Aye, though it be much harder to attain
Than is Eubœa's isle, the farthest in the main,

"As those among us who have seen declare,
Who once the gold-haired Rhadamanthus led
Over the watery wold, to visit there
Tityus the child of earth. Right well they sped;
Yea, without toil their course was finished,
And on the self-same day their home-return.
My excellence in ships is lightly read.
Ere long thine own experience shall discern
How well my oarsmen bold the foam-white deep can churn."

Thus he his lordly purpose did declare,
And on much-toiled divine Odysseus came
Sweet stirrings at the heart, who straight with prayer
Answered, and spake a word, and named a name:
"Zeus father! O that he make good the same!
Grant that Alcinous by his promise stand!
So by this deed his everlasting fame
Shall walk the plenteous earth from land to land,
And I shall sail in safety to my native strand."

But when their mutual converse now was o'er,
The white-armed queen her maidens bade prepare
A couch beneath the echoing corridor,
And thereon spread the crimson carpets fair,
Then the wide coverlets of richness rare,
And to arrange the blankets warm and white,
Wherein who sleepeth straight forgets his care.
They then each holding in her hand a light,
From the great hall pass forth and spread the robes aright.

Then standing near Odysseus thus they spake :
" Now is thy couch well-furnished, stranger-guest ;
Haste, to refreshful sleep thyself betake."
Glad sounded in his ears their sweet request.
There he, divine one, late so sore distrest,
Slept all night long by griefs unvisited,
Stretched loosely on the carven couch at rest.
Alcinous to his far-off chamber sped,
And there his lady wife made ready and shared his bed.

Well, one deep drink our readers have had the opportunity to take from the fountain of Homer through the conduit of Mr. Worsley's version. We hope they have enjoyed it. They have already seen how different the *Odyssey* is from the *Iliad*, in tone and spirit. For, the difference which they cannot but have felt, is not the difference between Bryant and Worsley. It is the difference between Homer and Homer. Not that part of the contrast is not to be attributed to the different handlings of two different translators. But the *Odyssey* is really in itself very broadly contrasted with the *Iliad*. Some say that the *Odyssey* bears internal evidence of being written by an older man than he that wrote the *Iliad*. Of that we are by no means sure. Some say that the *Iliad* is a poem of war, while the *Odyssey* is a poem of rest. Rest is hardly the word that we should ourselves be willing to adopt as giving the key-note to the *Odyssey*. In truth it is a little puzzling to choose two single contrasted words, for discriminating the two contrasted spirits. Achilles, the hero

of the Iliad, is incarnate valor, revenge, and war; Ulysses, the hero of the Odyssey, is the impersonation of fortitude, craft, and adventure. Valor, on the one hand, fortitude on the other, are, perhaps, the two contrasted spirits, as nearly as two words can severally express them. In the Iliad every thing is dared; in the Odyssey every thing is endured. Tragedy overcasts the sky of the Iliad, and the sunset of its day is somber. In the Odyssey, there is betrayed more willingness, on the part of the author, to satisfy his audience with a happy catastrophe. There is surfeit, to be sure, of suffering in the Odyssey, but all's well that ends well, and on the whole the Odyssey ends well. Those extraordinary suitors of Penelope meet condign punishment, and Ulysses comes triumphantly by his own. We have given, no doubt, a somewhat unsatisfactory account of the difference between the Iliad and the Odyssey. Let our readers provide for themselves a better. Meantime, address we ourselves to the task of further supplying them with the means of doing this.

Alcinous is a name that those of our readers will already have become familiar with, who are in the habit of reading poetry such as Milton's or Tennyson's, frequent with classical allusion. The rich Phæacian king has furnished theme of illustration to many a poet dealing in luxurious description. Those same Phæacians, by the way, were inhabitants of an island called by Homer Sche'ri-a [Ske'ri-a], identified with probability as Cor-cy'ra, now Corfu. The gardens of Alcinous are twice alluded to by Milton, in describing the garden of Eden—both times as only one among several examples of profuse luxuriance and beauty. Milton's genius was well served by his learning, and from his store of far allusion he could lavish freely, without any fear of impoverishing himself. In the fifth book of his "Paradise Lost" he says that once, to entertain an expected angel guest from heaven, Eve sought and found about her there in the garden of Eden,

Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore,
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reigned.

Again in book ninth :

Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son ;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.

The imagination of poets has always delighted to linger in the dream of blessed islands where every thing ever is good and fair. But Homer in this was beforehand with all the rest.

The courtly hospitality of the Phæacians, exercised toward Ulysses, puts that sage and hero on his very handsomest behavior. There is a signal exception, presently to be noted, but for the most part his characteristic craft appears only in well-turned compliments to his host, and to his host's friends, all of them.

A banquet was served in the palace halls next day, at which Ulysses listened to the Phæacian bard De-mod'o-cus, while that prototype of all the minstrels of all the poets since Homer, chanted some very moving lays of the siege of Troy. Ulysses was melted to tears, tears, however, which he managed to hide from all eyes save those of Alcinous the king. With a royal delicacy, worthy of Louis XIV. of France, Alcinous proposed that Demodocus cease singing, for athletic games to be celebrated. In the progress of these games, one graceless braggart, excited by victory over all competitors, chaffed Ulysses as sordidly unwilling and unskilled to try athletic sports. This young fellow made a capital mistake. Odysseus took fire, and bragged beyond the braggart. Moreover, he made good his boasts, covering himself with fresh glory in the eyes of his entertainers by his feats of strength and skill. From such games as Odysseus easily beat them

in, the good-natured Phæacians turned to choral dancing, performed to the music of Demodocus once more chanting his minstrel lays with accompaniment of lyre. We shall not dare follow this blind old bard in his chief matter of song chosen for the present occasion. Suffice it to say that it concerned the gods and goddesses in some of their gallant misbehavior. The entertainment was of a mixed character, for while Demodocus was playing and chanting, the dance, we are to suppose, proceeded all the time. Alcinous, master as he was in the art of luxury, had provided a climax. He had two sons of his called out to exhibit their princely agility and grace in dancing. With the dancing proper was joined a pretty dexterity in the alternate tossing and catching of a ball. But let a stanza of Mr. Worsley tell us about it :

One leaning backward, to the shadowy sky
The ball up-hurled ; the other with light bound
Easily caught it in his hand on high,
Or ever his quivering feet regained the ground.
This practice done, they weave the dance renowned
O'er the boon earth, with many a sinuous sweep
And glimmering interchange. The youths stand round
And chime and measure for the dancers keep
While still the great foot-pulse sounds regular and deep.

Was it not the poetry of motion ? And has not Mr. Worsley rendered it fitly in his stanza ? And shall we wonder that Odysseus hereon was ready with a compliment, so pleasing to his royal host that it brought the "wary-wise" framer of it great prize of presents then and there bestowed ?

The company adjourn to a feast, at which, as is specially noted, bard Demodocus is singled out for high honor. Odysseus takes the liberty of sending by the herald a choice bit of roast pork, which somehow seems a much finer dainty when it is described as "a choice portion from the chine of white-toothed boar, with fat enfolded all"—Odysseus, we

say, makes himself enough at home to send such a tidbit as this, by the herald, to Demodocus, accompanying the attention with an elaborate compliment delivered in his own proper voice to the minstrel on his minstrelsy. Demodocus thus flattered is fain to gratify Odysseus with a strain, suggested by that sage himself, about the famous Trojan Wooden Horse. As our readers are to hear something further about this wooden horse, when they come to study Virgil's *Æneid*, we will let Demodocus prepare them for that, by reciting his story in their hearing now :

Then did the god the minstrel's heart inspire,
And he the strings swept, and took up the lay
Where the Achaians to their camp set fire,
And in the war-ships seem to sail away;
While in the Horse their chiefs in armed array
Lurk with renowned Odysseus on the steep
Of Ilion—by the Trojans drawn that day
Clean past the bulwarks of their central keep.—
These round the great bulk urge deliberation deep.

Three ways their counsel tended—to break through
The hollow timber with the ruthless steel,
Or down the rocks to hurl it out of view,
Or leave it hallowed, wrath divine to heal;
Which thing by destiny their doom did seal—
For, so the Fates enacted, they must fall
When through their gates the wooden Horse they wheel,
Whence, from dark lair should Argive heroes all
Burst to wreak murderous bale on Trojans great and small.

Anon he sang how issuing from the lair
With sword and fire the guardless town they smite,
While each on several way the chieftains fare;
How to Deiphobus at dead of night
Odysseus came, like Ares fierce in fight,
With Menelaus, and did aye ensue
Conquest not bloodless by Athene's might.
All this he sang. Odysseus, melted through,
Sat listening while the tears his pale-worn cheek bedew.

Whatever was the purpose of Odysseus in making demand of this particular theme from Demodocus, whether to hear his own achievements chanted, or to enjoy once more the luxury of woe in melancholy remembrance, the effect, as has been seen, was to dissolve the soft-hearted hero in tears again. Alcinous marked his weeping and checked the bard's performance. This time the king thought it better courtesy to make open recognition of the tears of Odysseus. He does so, and begs to know who by name their stranger guest may be. He further desires from Odysseus an account of his adventures and experiences.

We shrewdly suspect that Alcinous could not have pleased Ulysses better. At any rate, Ulysses hereupon tells a long tale of what he has seen and suffered. From this narrative we purpose to furnish our readers with such extracts as we guess will interest them most.

First, here is a delicious bit of invention and description about the Lotus-eaters. Our readers will be glad to see it, not only for its own beauty, but for its association with one of Tennyson's very finest minor poems. The "Lotus-eaters," of that master of verse in many moods, is, of course, a reflection—to our own mind a reflection that, in charm to the imagination, gains upon its original—of the present luscious passage from the Odyssey. You do not need to locate this experience of Ulysses and his men anywhere, either in time or in space. Let it remain to you as vague as here it appears in Homer :

But, on the afternoon of the tenth day,
We reached, borne downward with an easy helm,
Land of the flowery food, the Lotus-eating realm.

Anon we step forth on the dear mainland,
And draw fresh water from the springs, and there,
Seated at ease along the silent strand,
Not far from the swift ships, our meal prepare.
Soon having tasted of the welcome fare,

I with the herald brave companions twain
Sent to explore what manner of men they were,
Who, on the green earth, couched beside the main,
Seemed ever with sweet food their lips to entertain.

Who, when they came on the delightful place
Where those sat feeding by the barren wave,
There mingled with the Lotus-eating race ;
Who nought of ruin for our comrades brave
Dreamed in their minds, but of the Lotus gave ;
And whoso tasted of their flowery meat
Cared not with tidings to return, but clave
Fast to that tribe, for ever fain to eat,
Reckless of home-return, the tender Lotus sweet.

These sorely weeping by main strength we bore
Back to the hollow ships with all our speed,
And thrust them bound with cords upon the floor,
Under the benches ; then the rest I lead
On board and bid them to the work give heed,
Lest others, eating of the Lotus, yearn
Always to linger in that land, and feed,
Careless forever of the home-return :
Then, bending to their oars, the foaming deep they spurn.

Did ever our readers read verse that seemed more instinct than is Mr. Worsley's with the spirit of spontaneous rhythm ? And his translation, it is satisfactory to feel, is no less liberally true to Homer, than it is freely obedient to the laws of music in movement and meter. The whole work is a marvel of genius and scholarship. We wish the accomplished author were still within the reach of our praise. Mr. Worsley died in 1866—not, however, before he had put the *Iliad* also, the greater part of it, into similar verse.

We skip now some of the narratives of Ulysses, among them the episode of his adventure in the island of the Cyclops. This last, our readers will learn all they will wish to about—for it is a gross, disgusting story—when they come to study Virgil, who takes up the incident out of Homer, and

treats it as fully as it deserves. The story of Circe has been moralized so much, both in prose and verse, that we must give that to our readers, in the form in which it first took its hold upon the imagination of mankind. Every body has heard of Circe. Does every body know that Circe is Homer's present to the world of fancy? Or, if Homer did not invent Circe, he at least first introduced that eminent lady so as to give her the universal renown which she enjoys. Read Milton's "Comus" in connection with this extract. Our own American Hawthorne, in his *Tanglewood Tales*, has a charming version of the legend of Circe. Read that too. You will find the theme, in Hawthorne's treatment of it, invested with a new charm that could have been given it only by a great and truly original imagination.

The voyagers, Ulysses and his crew, have touched, without knowing where, on Circe's isle.

But, for this story of Circe, let us intermit Worsley and take up a different translator. Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard University, has a version of the *Odyssey*, executed exquisitely in a certain rhythmic prose. The first twelve books of the poem are also issued in a separate volume displaying the original Greek and the English translation face to face with each other in parallel pages. We have the joint permission of author and publishers (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) to make the two following extracts.

Arrived on that unknown island-coast, Ulysses sends out a scouting party to explore. That hero himself is the narrator:

They paused before the door of the fair-haired goddess, and in the house heard Circe singing with sweet voice, while plying her great imperishable loom and weaving webs, fine, beautiful, and lustrous as are the works of gods. Polites was the first to speak, one ever foremost, and one to me the nearest and the dearest of my comrades:

"Ah, friends, somebody in this house is plying a great loom and singing sweetly; all the pavement rings. It is a god or woman. Nay, quickly let us call."

He spoke ; the others lifted up their voice and called. Suddenly coming forth, she opened the shining doors and bade them in. The rest all followed, heedless ; but Eurylochos remained behind, suspicious of a snare. She brought them in and seated them on couches and on chairs, and made a potion for them,—cheese, barley, and yellow honey, stirred into Pramnian wine,—but mixed with the food pernicious drugs, that they might utterly forget their native land. Now after she had given the cup and they had drunk it off, straight with a wand she smote my men and penned them up in sties ; and they took on the heads of swine, the voice, the bristles, and even the shape, yet was their reason as sound as heretofore. Thus, weeping, they were penned ; and Circe flung them acorns, chestnuts, and cornel-fruit for them to eat, such things as swine that wallow in the mire are wont to eat.

Eurylochos went back alone and forlorn to tell Ulysses and the rest the dismal story of what had befallen his comrades. Ulysses shall again take up the tale in his own words:

I slung my silver-studded sword about my shoulders,—large it was and made of bronze,—and my bow with it, and bade him lead me back the selfsame way. But he, clasping my knees with both his hands, entreated me, and sorrowfully said in winged words :

“O heaven-descended man, bring me not there against my will, but leave me here ; for well I know you never will return, nor will you bring another of your comrades. Rather, with these now here, let us speed on ; for we might even yet escape the evil day.”

So he spoke, and answering him said I : “Eurylochos, remain yourself here in this place, eating and drinking by the black hollow ship ; but I will go, for strong necessity is laid on me.”

Saying this, I passed up from the ship and from the sea. But when, in walking up the solemn glades, I was about to reach the great house of the sorceress Circe, there was I met, as I approached the house, by Hermes of the golden wand, in the likeness of a youth, the first down on his lip—a time of life most winning. He grasped my hand and spoke, and thus addressed me :

“Where are you going, hapless man, along the hills alone, ignorant of the land ? Your comrades yonder, at the house of Circe, are penned like swine and kept in fast-closed sties. Do you come here to free them ? Nay, I am sure you will return no more, but, like the others, there you too will stay. Still, I can keep you clear of harm and bring you safety. Here, take this potent herb and go to Circe’s house ; this shall protect

your life against the evil day. And I will tell you all the baleful wiles of Circe: she will prepare for you a potion and cast drugs into your food; but even so, she cannot charm you, because the potent herb which I shall give will not permit it. And let me tell you more: when Circe turns against you her long wand, then draw the sharp sword from your thigh and spring upon Circe as if you meant to slay her; she then will cower and bid you to her bed. Thereafter do you not refuse the goddess' bed, that so she may release your men and care for you. But bid her swear the blessed ones' great oath never again to plot against you cruel wrong, nor when she has you stripped to leave you feeble and unmanned."

As he thus spoke, the Speedy-comer gave the herb, drawing it from the ground, and pointed out its nature. Black at the root it is, like milk its blossom, and the gods call it moly. Hard is it for a mortal man to dig; with gods all things may be.

Hermes departed now to high Olympus, along the woody island. I made my way to Circe's house, and as I went often my heart grew dark. But I stood at the gate of the fair-haired goddess, stood there and called, and the goddess heard my voice. Suddenly coming forth, she opened the shining doors and bade me in; I followed her with aching heart. She led me in and placed me on a silver-studded chair, beautiful, richly wrought,—beneath there was a footstool for the feet,—and made a potion in a golden cup for me to drink, but put therein a drug, with wicked purpose in her heart. Now after she had given and I had drunk it off, and yet it had not charmed me, smiting me with her wand, she spoke these words and cried: "Off to the sty, and lie there with your fellows!"

She spoke; I drew the sharp blade from my thigh and sprang upon Circe as if I meant to slay her. With a loud cry, she cowered and clasped my knees, and sorrowfully said in winged words:

"Who are you? Of what people? Where is your town and kindred? I marvel much that drinking of these drugs you were not charmed. None, no man else, ever withstood these drugs who tasted them, so soon as they had passed the barrier of his teeth; but in your breast there is a mind which cannot be beguiled."

The sequel is quickly told. Ulysses proved himself full match in craft for the enchantress. First getting her fast bound by the great oath, he secured himself against bestial transformation, and then, we grieve to say it, deliberately yielded to her seduction and became her paramour. He

and his companions all stayed a whole year as guests of Circe. Home-sick at last, they got away—Ulysses, at Circe's suggestion, sailing first of all to visit Hades, for the purpose of consulting the shade of the seer *Ti-ré-si-as* about the future. This episode we here omit, reserving it for presentation, through Virgil's version and adaptation, in our next volume.

We make now a long leap forward to near the end of the poem. The story has passed the rapids, taken the great plunge of the dreadful catastrophe, and is comparatively placid once more—that is to say, the insolent suitors have been slain in the palace-halls, and the way is clear for Ulysses to reveal himself in his true identity to his wife Penelope, and to his father *La-er'tes*.

In giving our readers here their farewell extract from *Homer*, we give them also a farewell change of translator. Two Englishmen, Mr. S. H. Butcher and Mr. Andrew Lang, working in partnership, have produced in prose a translation, much praised and worthy to be much praised, of *Homer's "Odyssey"* entire. A taste, at least, of their quality in Homeric translation will be welcomed by our readers. This we furnish in presenting the pathetic scene between son Ulysses and sire *Laertes*:

So he found his father alone in the terraced vineyard, digging about a plant. He was clothed in a filthy doublet, patched and unseemly, with clouted leggings of oxhide bound about his legs, against the scratches of the thorns, and long sleeves over his hands by reason of the brambles, and on his head he wore a goatskin cap, and so he nursed his sorrow. Now when the steadfast goodly *Odysseus* saw his father thus wasted with age and in great grief of heart, he stood still beneath a tall pear-tree and let fall a tear. Then he communed with his heart and soul, whether he should fall on his father's neck and kiss him, and tell him all, how he had returned and come to his own country, or whether he should first question him and prove him in every word. And as he thought within himself this seemed to him the better way, namely, first to prove his father and speak to him sharply. So with this intent the goodly *Odysseus* went up to him. Now he was holding his head down and kept digging about the plant, while his renowned son stood by him and spake, saying:

"Old man, thou hast no lack of skill in tending a garden; lo, thou carest well for all, nor is there aught whatsoever, either plant, or fig-tree, or vine, yea, or olive, or pear, or garden-bed in all the close, that is not well seen to. Yet another thing will I tell thee and lay not up wrath thereat in thy heart. Thyself art scarce so well cared for, but a pitiful old age is on thee, and withal thou art withered and unkempt, and clad unseemly. It cannot be to punish thy sloth that thy master cares not for thee; there shows nothing of the slave about thy face and stature, for thou art like a kingly man, even like one who should lie soft, when he has washed and eaten well, as is the manner of the aged. But come, declare me this and plainly tell it all. Whose thrall art thou, and whose garden dost thou tend? Tell me moreover truly, that I may surely know, if it be indeed to Ithaca that I am now come, as one yonder told me who met with me but now on the way hither. He was but of little understanding, for he deigned not to tell me all nor to heed my saying, when I questioned him concerning my friend, whether indeed he is yet alive or is even now dead and within the house of Hades. For I will declare it, and do thou mark and listen: once did I kindly entreat a man in mine own dear country, who came to our home, and never yet has any mortal been dearer of all the strangers that have drawn to my house from afar. He declared him to be by lineage from out of Ithaca, and said that his own father was Laertes, son of Arceisius. So I led him to our halls and gave him good entertainment, with all loving-kindness, out of the plenty that was within. Such gifts, too, I gave him as are the due of guests; of well-wrought gold I gave him seven talents, and a mixing bowl of flowered work, all of silver, and twelve cloaks of single fold, and as many coverlets, and as many goodly mantles and doublets to boot, and besides all these, four women skilled in all fair works and most comely, the women of his choice."

Then his father answered him, weeping: "Stranger, thou art verily come to that country whereof thou askest, but outrageous men and forward hold it. And these thy gifts, thy countless gifts, thou didst bestow in vain. For if thou hadst found that man yet living in the land of Ithaca he would have sent thee on thy way with good return of thy presents, and with all hospitality, as is due to the man that begins the kindness. But come, declare me this and plainly tell me all; how many years are passed since thou didst entertain him, thy guest ill-fated and my child—if ever such an one there was—hapless man, whom, far from his friends and his country's soil, the fishes, it may be, have devoured in the deep sea, or on the shore he has fallen the prey of birds and beasts. His mother wept not over him nor clad him for burial, nor his father, we

that begat him. Nor did his bride, whom men sought with rich gifts, the constant Penelope, bewail her lord upon the bier, as was meet, nor closed his eyes as is the due of the departed. Moreover, tell me this truly, that I may surely know, who art thou, and whence of the sons of men? Where is thy city and where are they that begat thee? Where now is thy swift ship moored, that brought thee hither with thy godlike company? Hast thou come as a passenger on another's ship, while they set thee ashore and went away?"

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered him, saying: "Yea, now I will tell thee all most plainly. From out of Alybas I come, where I dwell in a house renowned, and am the son of Apheidias, the son of Polypemon, the prince, and my own name is Eperitus. But some god drave me wandering hither from Sicania against my will, and yonder my ship is moored toward the upland away from the city. But for Odysseus this is now the fifth year since he went thence and departed out of my country. Ill-fated was he and yet he had birds of good omen when he fared away, birds on the right; wherefore I sped him gladly on his road, and gladly he departed, and the heart of us twain hoped yet to meet in friendship on a day and to give splendid gifts."

So he spake, and on the old man fell a black cloud of sorrow. With both his hands he clutched the dust and ashes and showered them on his gray head, with ceaseless groaning. Then the heart of Odysseus was moved, and up through his nostrils throbbed anon the keen sting of sorrow at the sight of his dear father. And he sprang towards him and fell on his neck and kissed him, saying:

"Behold, I here, even I, my father, am the man of whom thou askest; in the twentieth year am I come to mine own country. But stay thy weeping and tearful lamentation, for I will tell thee all clearly, though great need there is of haste. I have slain the wooers in our halls and avenged their bitter scorn and evil deeds."

Then Laertes answered him and spake, saying: "If thou art indeed Odysseus, mine own child, that art come hither, show me now a manifest token, that I may be assured."

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered him, saying: "Look first on this scar and consider it that the boar dealt me with his white tusk on Parnassus, whither I had gone, and thou didst send me forth, thou and my lady mother, to Autolycus, my mother's father, to get the gifts which when he came hither he promised and covenanted to give me. But come, and I will even tell thee the trees through all the terraced garden, which thou gavest me once for mine own, and I was begging of thee this and that, being but a little child, and following thee through the garden.

Through these very trees we were going, and thou didst tell me the names of each of them. Pear-trees thirteen thou gavest me and ten apple-trees and figs twoscore, and, as we went, thou didst name the fifty rows of vines thou wouldst give me, whereof each one ripened at divers times, with all manner of clusters on their boughs, when the seasons of Zeus wrought mightily on them from on high."

So he spake, and straightway his knees were loosened, and his heart melted within him, as he knew the sure tokens that Odysseus showed him. About his dear son he cast his arms, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus caught him fainting to his breast. Now when he had got breath and his spirit came to him again, once more he answered and spake, saying:

"Father Zeus, verily ye gods yet bear sway on high Olympus, if indeed the wooers have paid for their infatuate pride!"

There is a threatening sequel to this satisfactory meeting of father with son. But Athene intervenes to avert further bloodshed. She stays the hand of Ulysses raised in fell self-defense against the avenging kindred of the suitors, and enjoins a solid peace between the two parties at feud. In this appearance the goddess assumes the familiar form of Mentor, ancient friend of Ulysses—in which form it was, as every body well knows who has read Fénelon's charmingly invented and charmingly written *Télémaque*, that this celestial patroness of the house of Ulysses had previously accompanied young Telemachus on his round of wanderings in search of his father. Thus the *Odyssey* ends not only in justice vindicated, but in amity restored.

IV.

HERODOTUS.

EVERY body that has heard at all of Herodotus has heard of him as "the father of history." The title is bestowed deservedly on the bearer; still, the effect of it, kept as it is in almost inseparable association with this historian's name, is

to create on the minds of readers not accurately acquainted with the facts, an impression of greater antiquity for the person described than in truth belongs to Herodotus.

The father of history, Herodotus, and the father of epic poetry, Homer, were separated from each other by a long, indeed an indefinitely long, period of time. When Homer lived, nobody certainly knows. When Herodotus lived, is a point of ancient chronology well ascertained. To Herodotus, born about 484 B.C., Homer, though fellow-countryman, was already an ancient. Five hundred years may have elapsed, after Homer wrote the world's first great epic, before Herodotus wrote the world's first great history. But Thucydides then promptly followed with his historical masterpiece—perhaps while Herodotus was still among the living.

What makes Herodotus differ so much in seeming antiquity from his younger contemporary, Thucydides, is largely the striking contrast in tone and manner between the two historians. Thucydides is strict, curt, severe, critical, philosophical; while Herodotus is full, flowing, digressive, fond of marvels, romantic. Herodotus was no less disposed to be truthful than was Thucydides after him; but for knowing how to be truthful, Thucydides was better equipped than was pioneer Herodotus. Again, it entered into the plan of Herodotus to report to us a great many things reported to him, that he by no means asked us to credit, that, in fact, he did not credit himself. Herodotus's credulity, together with his plan of reporting reports—to a great extent irrespectively of their probable truth—has gained for him a traditional and popular repute of untrustworthiness that he is far from deserving. The tendency of recent historical criticism, applied in the light of geographical exploration and archæological discovery, has been steadily in the direction of raising the credit of Herodotus as a conscientious historian.

Herodotus was very painstaking in his efforts to gain

information. He traveled extensively. His work is, indeed, almost as much a book of travels as it is a book of history. The very name by which he called it indicates this as its character. For the word history, in the use of Herodotus, meant, not what it has come in present universal usage to mean, namely, a supposedly trustworthy account, written with a degree of philosophical insight into cause and effect, of transactions rising to a certain height of importance and dignity; but merely a report of investigations, researches, inquiries, undertaken by the author. This primary import of his name for his work is constantly to be borne in mind, as a condition essential to any wise estimate of the merit and value of Herodotus.

But, however Herodotus failed in the critical and philosophical aptitudes required to equip the ideal historian, certainly there was not wanting to him wisdom, or felicity, to choose for treatment an historical subject of commanding magnitude and interest. In truth, there is a kind of epic majesty and sweep to the conception of Herodotus's work. He felt himself to be, and he was, something of a poet in his history. It was perhaps in recognition of this poetical quality in Herodotus that the ancients divided his work into nine parts, to us known as books, inscribed severally with the names of the nine Muses.

Here is the modest, simple, almost unconscious, way in which, stating his own subject and object, he commences his history :

These are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which he publishes, in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory ; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud.

Contrast with the foregoing the elaborate and stately periods in which Macaulay sets forth his aim in writing his history of England. Judgments will probably vary as to

how far the more demonstrative style of the great English master is due to a really higher conception, on his part, of his work, how far to the quite legitimate influence of a more advanced and complex type of civilization environing him, and how far, on the other hand, to a both general and individual taste less chastened and severe.

"Herodotus of Hal-i-car-nas'sus," the writer calls himself. Halicarnassus was a Dorian Greek colony on the coast of Asia Minor. In Halicarnassus, then, about 484 B.C., Herodotus was born. During one period of his life he spent a number of years in Athens. This was probably after he had written a good part of his history. At Athens—and, during his residence at Athens, in other Grecian cities—Herodotus, so runs the tradition, read his enchanting story aloud to eager audiences of Greeks. It is in connection with such a recital, said to have been given at Olympia, that a pleasing legend is told of young Thucydides as one of the hearers of Herodotus. They say that Thucydides wept on the occasion, and was moved by the experience of that day to turn his own attention to the writing of history.

It will have been observed that Herodotus puts his object in composing his history into a form of statement sufficiently large and vague to admit of much freedom and latitude in treatment. "The Greeks and the Barbarians" made up to Herodotus the whole world of mankind. However, when Herodotus here said the Barbarians, he, of course, must have meant chiefly the Asiatics. At least it is of the hostile historical contact between the Greeks and the Asiatics, especially between the Greeks and the Persians, with what led up to that contact, that his narrative treats. The ultimate objective points at which he aims are, first, Mar'a-thon, and then Ther-mop'y-læ and Sal'amis, with Pla-tæ'a and Myc'a-le in sequel. But to reach these points, the history takes a long start from the origin of the Persian empire, nay, from the origin of those empires older than the Persian which in

due time the Persian received and swallowed up. You might suppose that Herodotus, being a Greek, would magnify and glorify the Barbarians, if at all, only in order the more to magnify and glorify the Greeks by whom in the end the Barbarians were successfully withstood. But this is not the case. Herodotus displays a genuine cosmopolitan spirit. Without ulterior rhetorical aim he gives the Barbarian full praise, and he does not spare full due of blame to the Greek.

It falls within the generously comprehensive design of this history to treat of Lydia, of Egypt, of Babylon, of Scythia, of Libya, as well as of Persia and Greece. Whoever of our readers has leisure for the purpose would find a perusal of the entire text of Herodotus a genuine recreation. There is a satisfactory English translation accessible, from the hand of Mr. George Rawlinson, enriched with copious notes from two eminent scholars and archæologists, namely, Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson. From this translation we take the extracts with which we now proceed to give our readers their taste of Herodotus.

We could easily fill all the pages of the present volume with such selections from Herodotus as would delight every reader. Our difficulty will be, not in finding, but in setting aside. The book on Egypt has a peculiar interest from the fact of its being the only literature to furnish information concerning that country parallel with the information contained in the Bible. The account of Babylon is also very inviting. On the whole, however, we limit ourselves chiefly here to two other parts of the history. The first of these is the story of Cræsus (Kre'sus), and the second is the invasion of Xerxes (Zerks'ez). In these two parts as much interest centers as in any, and they together illustrate best the peculiar theory of human life upon which Herodotus conceived and composed his history. This pensive-minded man saw in all human experience constantly recurring proofs that

the gods envied and revenged excessive prosperity. His whole narrative is, as it were, an illustrated homily on this idea for text.

Cræsus is that Lydian monarch of whom every body has heard as the proverb of wealth. His fortune illustrates the wisdom of that ancient maxim, "Count no man happy till he dies." He was an Asiatic despot, but he was an unusually attractive representative of his kind. Herodotus has made for us a delightful romance of the fortunes of Cræsus.

It is as having, according to Herodotus, been the first Asiatic to commence hostilities against the Greeks, that Cræsus comes in our historian's way. Cræsus brought under his dominion the Greek colonies in Asia Minor. The Lydian Empire was now at its height. Sardis, the capital, was a metropolis of wealth and culture. It became a resort for the sages of Greece. Cræsus welcomed these to his court with something of the same munificence and grace of royal hospitality that, in his time, Louis XIV. exercised at Versailles. Among the Greek celebrities to visit Sardis was Solon, whom Cræsus made his own guest, lodging him in his palace. We now let Herodotus take up the story in his own charmingly simple, pellucid, and withal loitering narrative strain :

He [Cræsus] bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasures, and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and, so far as time allowed, inspected them, Cræsus addressed this question to him : "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious, therefore, to inquire of thee, whom, of all the men that thou hast seen, thou deemest the most happy ?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals : but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he heard, Cræsus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest ?" To which the other replied, "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up ; and further because, after a life spent in what our

people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honors."

Thus did Solon admonish Cræsus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Cræsus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest, expecting that, at any rate, he would be given the second place. "Cle'o-bis and Bi'to," Solon answered; "they were of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the Games. Also this tale is told of them: There was a great festival in honor of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshipers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive warriors extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honored her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice, and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Cræsus broke in angrily, "What! stranger of Athens, is my happiness, then, so utterly set at naught by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?"

"O Cræsus," replied the other, "thou askedst a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much one's self, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In

these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, twenty-five thousand and two hundred days. Add an intercalary month to every other year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of one thousand and fifty days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, O Cræsus, I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations; but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For assuredly he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavored of fortune, and many whose means were moderate, have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which, however, his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If, in addition to all this, he end his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy, but fortunate. Scarcely, indeed, can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each, while it possesses some things, lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most; so no single human being is complete in every respect—something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death then dies peaceably, that man alone, sire, is, in my judgment, entitled to bear the name of ‘happy.’ But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end: for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin.”

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Cræsus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honor. The king saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end.

After Solon had gone away, a dreadful vengeance, sent of God, came upon Cræsus, to punish him, it is likely, for deeming himself the happiest of men.

In the last sentence foregoing, Herodotus, as the reader will notice, lets slip that favorite philosophy of his concerning human life. The gods, he believed, were jealous against the too prosperous. The story of Cræsus is made by him a kind of romance with a purpose—the purpose being to inculcate this moral. The dreadful vengeance impending, of which Herodotus speaks, is circumstantially narrated through several of his pages. The substance is as follows: Cræsus dreamed that of his two sons, his favorite, A'tys, a noble youth, would perish by a weapon of iron. The apprehensive father took elaborate precautions to save the life of his son. He had the youth marry and give up the chances of war. Vain was the paternal care. In a boar-hunt—the prince having begged the privilege of joining it, with the argument to his father that the boar at least had no weapon of iron to be guarded against—A'tys was slain by a spear from the hand of a huntsman, hurled, with wrong aim, at the beast. Two years Cræsus mourned the loss of his son. At the end of this time news arrived at his court that interrupted his indulgence of grief. It was news of Cyrus's progress in power as king of the Persians. Cræsus sent to Delphi—having first tested various oracles of repute and been with that at Delphi best satisfied—to inquire whether he should make war upon Cyrus. He got for reply a doubtfully encouraging message: 'If he made war upon Cyrus, he would overthrow a great empire.' Whose empire, his own or Cyrus's? That was the question—but it was not a question with Cræsus.

Cræsus had got one oracular reply to his mind, and he wanted another. The Delphian authorities were willing to gratify so munificent an inquirer. For would our readers like to know what Cræsus had paid of his own accord in advance for the ambiguous response that pleased him so?

Well, he first sacrificed three thousand beasts of every kind proper for sacrifice, and having accumulated "couches coated with silver and with gold, and golden goblets and robes and vests of purple," he burned them all in offering to the god. He next "melted over a vast quantity of gold and ran it into ingots," in number one hundred and seventeen, each weighing about two hundred and seventy pounds (French). These massy gold ingots, together with a statue in gold of a lion, two capacious bowls, one of silver and one of gold; four silver casks; two vases, one of silver and one of gold; the figure of a woman in solid gold; and, in addition, his queen's necklace and her girdles, he sent to Delphi to propitiate Apollo. The foregoing is, according to Herodotus, but a partial list of Cræsus's presents to the oracle. It is probable that this account is neither fabulous altogether, nor even fabulously extravagant. The river *Pac-to'lus*, said to have brought down sands of gold, flowed through the Lydian capital, *Sardis*. Cræsus's father had, through many "days ordered in a wealthy peace," amassed treasure for bequeathing to his son. There is no reason to doubt that Cræsus was, indeed, the enormously rich man he is represented to have been. And he was lavish in proportion.

As we said, Cræsus was hungry for a second oracular response. He sent to ask whether his kingdom would be of long duration. The Pythoness, Apollo's organ of prophecy, gave this reply, versified, according to custom:

"Wait till the time shall come when a mule is monarch of Media;
Then, thou delicate Lydian, away to the pebbles of *Hermus*,
Haste, O! haste thee away, nor blush to behave like a coward."

The sequel will show our readers how this enigmatical response could bear an interpretation very different from the obvious one which Cræsus complacently put upon it.

On the strength of his two oracular assurances, the Lydian monarch went about his war against *Cyrus*. This *Cyrus*, it

must be understood, is 'Cyrus the Elder, or Cyrus the Great, the founder of the Persian Empire. While war was thus preparing, a certain Lydian came forward and gave his sovereign some excellent advice, which Herodotus reports and remarks upon, as follows :

"Thou art about, O King, to make war against men who wear leathern trousers, and have all their other garments of leather ; who feed not on what they like, but on what they can get from a soil that is sterile and unkindly ; who do not indulge in wine, but drink water ; who possess no figs, nor any thing else that is good to eat. If then, thou conquerest them, what canst thou get from them, seeing that they have nothing at all ? But if they conquer thee, consider how much that is precious thou wilt lose : if they once get a taste of our pleasant things, they will keep such hold of them that we shall never be able to make them loose their grasp. For my part, I am thankful to the gods, that they have not put it into the hearts of the Persians to invade Lydia."

Cræsus was not persuaded by this speech, though it was true enough ; for before the conquest of Lydia, the Persians possessed none of the luxuries or delights of life.

Cyrus did not wait for Cræsus. The first encounter proved a drawn battle. Cræsus retired within his capital, intending to resume hostilities in the spring. He little knew the character of his antagonist. Cyrus advanced unannounced on Sardis. The Lydians were amazed, but they went outside of their walls, and gave their enemies battle. To the Lydian cavalry, Cræsus's strong military arm, Cyrus opposed a troop of camels. At the first smell of the camels the horses turned back. Cræsus was defeated, and he had now to stand a siege within the walls of his capital.

Cyrus takes Sardis ; but our interest centers about the person and fortune of Cræsus. Herodotus again :

With respect to Cræsus himself, this is what befell him at the taking of the town. He had a son, of whom I made mention above, a worthy youth, whose only defect was that he was deaf and dumb. In the days of his prosperity Cræsus had done the utmost that he could for him, and among other plans which he had devised had sent to Delphi to consult

the oracle on his behalf. The answer which he had received from the Pythoness ran thus :

“ Lydian, wide-ruling monarch, thou wondrous simple Crœsus,
Wish not ever to hear in thy palace the voice thou hast prayed for,
Uttering intelligent sounds. Far better thy son should be silent !
Ah ! woe worth the day when thine ear shall first list to his accents.”

When the town was taken, one of the Persians was just going to kill Crœsus, not knowing who he was. Crœsus saw the man coming, but, under the pressure of his affliction, did not care to avoid the blow, not minding whether or no he died beneath the stroke. Then this son of his, who was voiceless, beholding the Persian as he rushed toward Crœsus, in the agony of his fear and grief, burst into speech and said : “ Man, do not kill Crœsus.” This was the first time that he had ever spoken a word, but afterward he retained the power of speech for the remainder of his life.

Thus was Sardis taken by the Persians, and Crœsus himself fell into their hands, after having reigned fourteen years, and been besieged in his capital fourteen days ; thus, too, did Crœsus fulfill the oracle, which said that he should destroy a mighty empire—by destroying his own. Then the Persians who had made Crœsus prisoner brought him before Cyrus. Now a vast pile had been raised by his orders, and Crœsus, laden with fetters, was placed upon it, and with him twice seven of the sons of the Lydians. I know not whether Cyrus was minded to make an offering of the first-fruits to some god or other, or whether he had vowed a vow and was performing it, or whether, as may well be, he had heard that Crœsus was a holy man, and so wished to see if any of the heavenly powers would appear to save him from being burnt alive. However it might be, Cyrus was thus engaged, and Crœsus was already on the pile, when it entered his mind in the depth of his woe that there was a divine warning in the words which had come to him from the lips of Solon : “ No one while he lives is happy.” When this thought smote him he fetched a long breath, and breaking his deep silence groaned out aloud, thrice uttering the name of Solon. Cyrus caught the sounds, and bade the interpreters inquire of Crœsus who it was he called on. They drew near and asked him, but he held his peace, and for a long time made no answer to their questionings, until at length, forced to say something, he exclaimed, “ One I would give much to see converse with every monarch.” Not knowing what he meant by this reply, the interpreters begged him to explain himself ; and as they pressed for an answer, and grew to be troublesome, he told them how, a long time before, Solon, an

Athenian, had come and seen all his splendor, and made light of it ; and how whatever he had said to him had fallen out exactly as he foreshowed, although it was nothing that especially concerned him, but applied to all mankind alike, and most to those who seemed to themselves happy. Meanwhile, as he thus spoke, the pile was lighted, and the outer portion began to blaze. Then Cyrus, hearing from the interpreters what Crœsus had said, relented, bethinking himself that he, too, was a man, and that it was a fellow-man, and one who had once been as blessed by fortune as himself, that he was burning alive ; afraid, moreover, of retribution, and full of the thought that whatever is human is insecure. So he bade them quench the blazing fire as quickly as they could, and take down Crœsus and the other Lydians, which they tried to do, but the flames were not to be mastered.

Then the Lydians say that Crœsus, perceiving by the efforts made to quench the fire that Cyrus had relented, and seeing also that all was in vain, and that the men could not get the fire under, called with a loud voice upon the god Apollo, and prayed him, if he had ever received at his hands any acceptable gift, to come to his aid, and deliver him from his present danger. As thus with tears he besought the god, suddenly, though up to that time the sky had been clear and the day without a breath of wind, dark clouds gathered, and the storm burst over their heads with rain of such violence that the flames were speedily extinguished. Cyrus, convinced by this that Crœsus was a good man and a favorite of heaven, asked him, after he was taken off the pile, who it was that had persuaded him to lead an army into his country, and so become his foe rather than continue his friend ? to which Crœsus made answer as follows : "What I did, O king, was to thy advantage and to my own loss. If there be blame, it rests with the god of the Greeks, who encouraged me to begin the war. No one is so foolish as not to prefer peace to war, in which, instead of sons burying their fathers, fathers bury their sons. But the gods willed it so."

Thus did Crœsus speak. Cyrus then ordered his fetters to be taken off, and made him sit down near himself, and paid him much respect, looking upon him, as did also the courtiers, with a sort of wonder. Crœsus, wrapped in thought, uttered no word. After a while, happening to turn and perceive the Persian soldiers engaged in plundering the town, he said to Cyrus, "May I now tell thee, O king, what I have in my mind, or is silence best ?" Cyrus bade him speak his mind boldly. Then he put this question : "What is it, O Cyrus, which those men yonder are doing so busily ?" "Plundering thy city," Cyrus answered, "and carrying off thy riches." "Not my city," rejoined the other, "nor

my riches. They are not mine any more. It is thy wealth which they are pillaging."

Cyrus, struck by what Crœsus had said, bade all the court to withdraw, and then asked Crœsus what he thought it best for him to do as regarded the plundering. Crœsus answered: "Now that the gods have made me thy slave, O Cyrus, it seems to me that it is my part, if I see any thing to thy advantage, to show it to thee. Thy subjects, the Persians, are a poor people, with a proud spirit. If, then, thou lettest them pillage and possess themselves of great wealth, I will tell thee what thou hast to expect at their hands. The man who gets the most, look to having him rebel against thee. Now then, if my words please thee, do thus, O king: Let some of thy body-guards be placed as sentinels at each of the city gates, and let them take their booty from the soldiers as they leave the town, and tell them that they do so because the tenths are due to Jupiter. So wilt thou escape the hatred they would feel if the plunder were taken away from them by force, and they, seeing what is proposed is just, will do it willingly.

Cyrus was beyond measure pleased with this advice, so excellent did it seem to him. He praised Crœsus highly, and gave orders to his body-guard to do as he had suggested. Then, turning to Crœsus, he said: "O Crœsus, I see that thou art resolved both in speech and act to show thyself a virtuous prince: ask me, therefore, whatever thou wilt as a gift at this moment." Crœsus replied: "O my lord, if thou wilt suffer me to send these fetters to the god of the Greeks, whom I once honored above all other gods, and ask him if it is his wont to deceive his benefactors—that will be the highest favor thou canst confer on me." Cyrus upon this inquired what charge he had to make against the god.

Then Crœsus gave him a full account of all his projects, and of the answers of the oracle, and of the offerings which he had sent, on which he dwelt especially, and told him how it was the encouragement given him by the oracle which had led him to make war upon Persia. All this he related, and at the end again besought permission to reproach the god with his behavior. Cyrus answered with a laugh, "This I readily grant thee, and whatever else thou shalt at any time ask at my hands." Crœsus, finding his request allowed, sent certain Lydians to Delphi, enjoining them to lay his fetters upon the threshold of the temple, and ask the god, if he were not ashamed of having encouraged him, as the destined destroyer of the empire of Cyrus, to begin a war with Persia, of which such were the first-fruits? As they said this, they were to point to the fetters; and further they were to inquire, if it was the wont of the Greek gods to be ungrateful?

Of course Apollo easily justified himself. He had simply to explain that Cræsus had mistaken the meaning of what the oracle said. First, Cræsus had, indeed, destroyed a great kingdom, only it happened to be his own kingdom that he destroyed, instead of the kingdom of Cyrus: secondly, Cyrus was that mule-king of Media whom the oracle had bidden Cræsus fear—for Cyrus was born of a Median mother to a Persian father.

Lydia is now dismissed by Herodotus, in a few words of general description. With Cræsus the historian is far from yet being done. Once, in connection with their captive monarch, the subject Lydians fall again under notice—in a subsequent paragraph, which we violate the order of Herodotus to introduce here. Cyrus is annoyed at news of insurrection against himself in Sardis; whereupon, turning to Cræsus, kept close by his side—the Persian conqueror was now on his way to Ag-bat'a-na [Ec-bat'a-na]—he said (we give the words of Herodotus):

“Where will all this end, Cræsus, thinkest thou? It seemeth that these Lydians will not cease to cause trouble both to themselves and others. I doubt me if it were not best to sell them all for slaves. Methinks what I have now done is as if a man were to kill the father and then spare the child. Thou, who wert something more than a father to thy people, I have seized and carried off, and to that people I have intrusted their city. Can I then feel surprise at their rebellion?” Thus did Cyrus open to Cræsus his thoughts; whereat the latter, full of alarm lest Cyrus should lay Sardis in ruins, replied as follows: “O my king, thy words are reasonable; but do not, I beseech thee, give full vent to thy anger, nor doom to destruction an ancient city, guiltless alike of the past and of the present trouble. I caused the one and in my own person now pay the forfeit. Pactyas has caused the other, he to whom thou gavest Sardis in charge; let him bear the punishment. Grant, then, forgiveness to the Lydians, and to make sure of their never rebelling against thee, or alarming thee more, send and forbid them to keep any weapons of war, command them to wear tunics under their cloaks, and to put buskins upon their legs, and make them bring up their sons to cithern-playing, harping, and shop-keeping. So wilt thou soon see them

become women instead of men, and there will be no more fear of their revolting from thee."

Cræsus thought the Lydians would even so be better off than if they were sold for slaves, and, therefore, gave the above advice to Cyrus, knowing that unless he brought forward some notable suggestion, he would not be able to persuade him to alter his mind.

Is not history written in the style of Herodotus delightful? In whatever proportion true may be the foregoing explanation, suggested by our author, of the fact—the fact certainly is that the Lydians became a proverb of effeminate refinement. Their addiction to music and pleasure explains the allusion in Milton's *L'Allegro*,

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

An interval of fifteen years after the fall of Sardis has elapsed, and Cyrus, always apparently with Cræsus in company, roars on in his career of conquest. He now marches against Babylon; but we shall have to go forward to the next stage, and the last, of Cyrus's progress as conqueror, before Cræsus re-enters the drama by express mention. The Mas-sag'e-tæ—whom our readers had better not trouble themselves to try to locate very definitely on the map of the world—are now the objects of Cyrus's hostile ambition. They were ruled over by a queen whose name is historic. This queen, Tomyris, sent to threatening Cyrus a most reasonable message of expostulation against his warlike aggression; proposing, however, that, were he immovably bent on his aim, they two should agree upon a duel of their armies to be fought with mutual consent as to terms. She submitted an alternative. Cyrus might choose: Either he should march unmolested three days' journey into her dominions and there join battle with her; or, she would make a similar advance into the territory of Cyrus and engage him on his own ground. Cyrus considered, and he had now made up his mind, when

Cræsus, who disapproved of the conqueror's decision, intervened with advice as follows :

"O my king! I promised thee long since, that, as Jove had given me into thy hands, I would, to the best of my power, avert impending danger from thy house. Alas! my own sufferings, by their very bitterness, have taught me to be keen-sighted of dangers. If thou deemest thyself an immortal, and thine army an army of immortals, my counsel will doubtless be thrown away upon thee. But if thou feelest thyself to be a man, and a ruler of men, lay this first to heart, that there is a wheel on which the affairs of men revolve, and that its movement forbids the same man to be always fortunate. Now concerning the matter in hand, my judgment runs counter to the judgment of thy other counselors. For if thou agreeest to give the enemy entrance into thy country, consider what risk is run! Lose the battle, and therewith thy whole kingdom is lost. For assuredly, the Massagetæ, if they win the fight, will not return to their homes, but will push forward against the states of thy empire. Or if thou gainest the battle, why, then thou gainest far less than if thou wert across the stream, where thou mightest follow up thy victory. For against thy loss, if they defeat thee on thy own ground, must be set theirs in like case. Rout their army on the other side of the river, and thou mayest push at once into the heart of their country. Moreover, were it not disgrace intolerable for Cyrus, the son of Camby'ses, to retire before and yield ground to a woman? My counsel therefore is, that we cross the stream, and, pushing forward as far as they shall fall back, then seek to get the better of them by stratagem. I am told they are unacquainted with the good things on which the Persians live, and have never tasted the great delights of life. Let us, then, prepare a feast for them in our camp; let sheep be slaughtered without stint, and the wine-cups be filled full of noble liquor, and let all manner of dishes be prepared; then leaving behind us our worst troops, let us fall back toward the river. Unless I very much mistake, when they see the good fare set out, they will forget all else and fall to. Then it will remain for us to do our part manfully."

Cyrus reconsidered and adopted the counsel of Cræsus. Cræsus, however, he did not take with him in the advance. Instead of this, handing his royal captive-guest over to his son and successor, Camby'ses, with strict charge to the youth to treat the Lydian monarch kindly, even should the expedition issue unfavorably, he sent them both back to Persia.

The event was partly as Cræsus had forecast. A son of Tomyris, leading a third part of her army, came up, fell on Cyrus's guard left behind, and put them to the sword. Cyrus returned to find them gorged with feast, and asleep. He slew and captured at his will. Among the prisoners was the son himself of Tomyris. The queen sent Cyrus word, "Restore my son and go unscathed. Refuse, and I swear to thee, bloodthirsty as thou art, I will give thee thy fill of blood." Poor Spar-gap'i-thes, the son, recovered from his debauch, at once felt the extent of his misfortune. Getting himself released from his fetters, he put an end to his own life. Battle afterward resulted in the discomfiture of Cyrus. The conqueror himself was slain; but vengeful Tomyris had her satisfaction of his corpse. She plunged the severed head into a skin filled with human blood, exclaiming, "I make good my threat and give thee thy glut of gore."

Following thus far, with little discursion, the fortunes of Cræsus, we have now reached the end of the first book of Herodotus. Cambyes (conjectured by some to be the Ahasuerus of the Old Testament), succeeding to the Persian throne, takes up his father's unfinished career of conquest, in various enterprises to which Herodotus does not even allude. The first enterprise of his that our historian mentions is his invading of Egypt. With that mention for preface, Herodotus devotes his second book entire to an account of Egypt, the land and the people. The notes and essays that accompany, in Mr. Rawlinson's volumes, are full of learned interest. We skip to the third book, in which the history proper is resumed, and in which our hero Cræsus re-appears. The mad pranks of absolute power that Cambyes played at the cost of the conquered Egyptians, Herodotus relates in a considerable number of instances. Cambyes, the historian thinks, must have been out of his right mind. Out of his right mind indeed he probably was; but whether otherwise so than as the wine of boundless

irresponsible sway tends to make any man drinking it to be, may be doubted. The despot's wild humors took incalculable aims. The Egyptians were not the only ones to suffer. His near kindred felt the tyrant's fiercely frolicsome power—his own chosen favorites too as well. Let one example suffice. Herodotus says :

He was mad also upon others besides his kindred ; among the rest, upon Prex-as'pes, the man whom he esteemed beyond all the rest of the Persians, who carried his messages, and whose son held the office—an honor of no small account in Persia—of his cup-bearer. Him Camby-ses is said to have once addressed as follows : " What sort of man, Prexaspes, do the Persians think me ? What do they say of me ? " Prexaspes answered, " O sire, they praise thee greatly in all things but one—they say thou art too much given to love of wine. " Such Prexaspes told him was the judgment of the Persians ; whereupon Camby-ses, full of rage, made answer, " What ? they say now that I drink too much wine, and so have lost my senses, and am gone out of my mind ! Then their former speeches about me were untrue. " For once, when the Persians were sitting with him, and Crœsus was by, he had asked them, " What sort of man they thought him compared to his father Cyrus ? " Hereon they had answered, that he surpassed his father, for he was lord over all that his father ever ruled, and further had made himself master of Egypt and the sea. Then Crœsus, who was standing near, and disliked the comparison, spoke thus to Camby-ses : " In my judgment, O son of Cyrus, thou art not equal to thy father, for thou hast not yet left behind thee such a son as he. " Camby-ses was delighted when he heard this reply, and praised the judgment of Crœsus.

Recollecting these answers, Camby-ses spoke fiercely to Prexaspes, saying, " Judge now thyself, Prexaspes, whether the Persians tell the truth, or whether it is not they who are mad for speaking as they do. Look there now at thy son standing in the vestibule. If I shoot and hit him right in the middle of the heart, it will be plain the Persians have no grounds for what they say. If I miss him, then I allow that the Persians are right, and that I am out of my mind. " So speaking, he drew his bow to the full, and struck the boy, who straightway fell down dead. Then Camby-ses ordered the body to be opened, and the wound examined ; and when the arrow was found to have entered the heart, the king was quite overjoyed, and said to the father with a laugh, " Now thou seest plainly, Prexaspes, that it is not I who am mad, but the Persians who have lost their senses. I pray thee tell me, saw-

est thou ever mortal man send an arrow with a better aim?" Prexaspes, seeing that the king was not in his right mind, and fearing for himself, replied, "O my lord, I do not think that God himself could shoot so dexterously." Such was the outrage which Cambyses committed at this time: at another he took twelve of the noblest Persians, and, without bringing any charge worthy of death against them, buried them all up to the neck.

We cannot forbear here inserting a note, subjoined by the translator to the last sentence of the extract preceding:

"This mode of punishment is still in use at the present day, and goes by the name of 'Tree-planting.' Feti-Ali-Shah once sent for Astra-chan, one of his courtiers, and with an appearance of great friendliness took him round his garden, showing him all its beauties. When he had finished the circuit, he appealed to Astra-chan to know what his garden still lacked. 'Nothing,' said the courtier; 'it is quite perfect.' 'I think differently,' replied the king; 'I must decidedly plant a tree in it.' Astra-chan, who knew the king's meaning only too well, fell at his feet, and begged his life; which he obtained at the price of surrendering to the king the lady to whom he was betrothed."

Cræsus ventured now on the hazardous part of "guide, philosopher, and friend" to Cambyses. Herodotus reports his admonition, with its sequel, as follows:

"O king, allow not thyself to give way entirely to thy youth, and the heat of thy temper, but check and control thyself. It is well to look to consequences, and in forethought is true wisdom. Thou layest hold of men, who are thy fellow-citizens, and without cause of complaint slayest them; thou even puttest children to death; bethink thee now, if thou shalt often do things like these, will not the Persians rise in revolt against thee? It is by thy father's wish that I offer thee advice; he charged me strictly to give thee such counsel as I might see to be most for thy good." In thus advising Cambyses, Cræsus meant nothing but what was friendly. But Cambyses answered him, "Dost thou presume to offer me advice? Right well thou ruledst thy own country when thou wast a king, and right sage advice thou gavest my father, Cyrus, bidding him cross the Araxes and fight the Massagetæ in their own land, when

they were willing to have passed over into ours. By thy misdirection of thine own affairs thou broughtest ruin upon thyself, and by thy bad counsel, which he followed, thou broughtest ruin upon Cyrus, my father. But thou shalt not escape punishment now, for I have long been seeking to find some occasion against thee." As he thus spoke, Cambyses took up his bow to shoot at Crœsus; but Crœsus ran hastily out, and escaped. So when Cambyses found that he could not kill him with his bow, he bade his servants seize him, and put him to death. The servants, however, who knew their master's humor, thought it best to hide Crœsus; that so, if Cambyses relented, and asked for him, they might bring him out, and get a reward for having saved his life; if, on the other hand, he did not relent, or regret the loss, they might then dispatch him. Not long afterward Cambyses did in fact regret the loss of Crœsus, and the servants, perceiving it, let him know that he was still alive. "I am glad," said he, "that Crœsus lives, but as for you who saved him, ye shall not escape my vengeance, but shall all of you be put to death." And he did even as he had said.

With the foregoing paternal admonition delivered to Cambyses, Crœsus disappears from the history of Herodotus. The historian—romancer, were it better in this connection to call him?—forgets to give us any notice of the Lydian's end.

Great good fortune followed by ill fortune as great, made a spectacle that had irresistible fascination for Herodotus. We go on now to another of his illustrious historic examples, in Xerxes, crossing thus an interval of about fifty years. Cambyses died 522 B. C. Xerxes began to reign 485 B. C.

The invasion of Greece by Xerxes is a feature of ancient story that every one knows of almost immemorial knowledge. We shall not repeat it here out of Herodotus. How Xerxes spent years in preparation, how he got together an armament on land and on sea, exceeding in number of men and in amount of warlike equipment, any thing before or since known, how, his heart distended with pride, he sat to behold his vast array, how he scourged the strait that in storm broke up his bridge, how, at length, checked at Thermopylæ, defeated at Salamis, he was forced to withdraw, his main object unaccomplished—all this is a tale that the world

has by heart. Our plan will be to select, from the full store supplied by Herodotus, a few salient anecdotes of the war and set these before our readers. We shall aim to make our selection serve not only to show the matter and method of Herodotus, but to illustrate the characters of two men in particular, brought into the strong light of mutual contrast by the struggle. They will be two men who may justly be taken to represent respectively the two races to which respectively they belong. We mean Xerxes for the Persians, and The-mis'to-cles for the Greeks.

Here, to begin with, is a recital luridly exhibiting the violent contrast of gracious with vindictive, that may exist in one human breast, nay, that perhaps is naturally engendered in any human breast born to the immeasurable misfortune of the possession of arbitrary power. Xerxes, with his host numbering already more than a million of men, is at Ce-læ'næ in Phrygia. Herodotus :

Now there lived in this city a certain Pyth'ius, the son of A'tys, a Lydian. This man entertained Xerxes and his whole army in a most magnificent fashion, offering at the same time to give him a sum of money for the war. Xerxes, upon the mention of money, turned to the Persians who stood by, and asked of them, "Who is this Pythius, and what wealth has he that he should venture on such an offer as this?" They answered him, "This is the man, O king, who gave thy father, Darius, the golden plane-tree, and likewise the golden vine ; and he is still the wealthiest man we know of in all the world, excepting thee."

Xerxes marveled at these last words, and now addressing Pythius with his own lips, he asked him, what the amount of his wealth really was. Pythius answered as follows :

"O king, I will not hide this matter from thee, nor make pretense that I do not know how rich I am ; but as I know perfectly, I will declare all fully before thee. For when thy journey was noised abroad, and I heard thou wert coming down to the Grecian coast, straightway, as I wished to give thee a sum of money for the war, I made count of my stores, and found them to be two thousand talents of silver, and of gold four millions of Daric staters, wanting seven thousand. All this I

willingly make over to thee as a gift ; and when it is gone, my slaves and my estates in land will be wealth enough for my wants."

This speech charmed Xerxes and he replied : " Dear Lydian, since I left Persia, there is no man but thou who has either desired to entertain my army, or come forward of his own free-will to offer me a sum of money for the war. Thou hast done both the one and the other, feasting my troops magnificently, and now making offer of a right noble sum. In return, this is what I will bestow on thee. Thou shalt be my sworn friend from this day ; and the seven thousand staters which are wanting to make up thy four millions I will supply, so that the full tale may be no longer lacking, and that thou mayest owe the completion of the round sum to me. Continue to enjoy all that thou hast acquired hitherto, and be sure to remain ever such as thou now art. If thou dost, thou wilt not repent of it so long as thy life endures."

When Xerxes had so spoken and had made good his promises to Pythius, he pressed forward upon his march.

So much for the bountiful grace of the king. Here is the other side of Pythius's relation to Xerxes. Herodotus says :

The army had begun its march, when Pythius, the Lydian, affrighted at the heavenly portent [a solar eclipse], and emboldened by his gifts, came to Xerxes and said, " Grant me, O my lord, a favor which is to thee a light matter, but to me of vast account." Then Xerxes, who looked for nothing less than such a prayer as Pythius in fact preferred, engaged to grant him whatever he wished, and commanded him to tell his wish freely. So Pythius, full of boldness, went on to say :

" O my lord, thy servant has five sons, and it chances that all are called upon to join thee in this march against Greece. I beseech thee, have compassion upon my years, and let one of my sons, the eldest, remain behind, to be my prop and stay, and the guardian of my wealth. Take with thee the other four : and when thou hast done all that is in thy heart, mayst thou come back in safety."

But Xerxes was greatly angered, and replied to him : " Thou wretch ! darest thou speak to me of thy son, when I am myself on the march against Greece, with sons, and brothers, and kinsfolk, and friends ? Thou who art my bond-slave, and art in duty bound to follow me with all thy household, not excepting thy wife ! Know that man's spirit dwelleth in his ears, and when it hears good things, straightway it fills all his body with delight ; but no sooner does it hear the contrary than it heaves and swells with passion. As when thou didst good deeds and madest good offers to me, thou wert not able to boast of having outdone the king in

bountifulness ; so now when thou art changed and grown impudent, thou shalt not receive all thy deserts, but less. For thyself and four of thy five sons, the entertainment which I had of thee shall gain protection ; but as for him to whom thou clingest above the rest, the forfeit of his life shall be thy punishment." Having thus spoken, forthwith he commanded those to whom such tasks were assigned, to seek out the eldest of the sons of Pythius, and having cut his body asunder, to place the two halves, one on the right and the other on the left of the great road, so that the army might march out between them. Then the king's orders were obeyed ; and the army marched out between the two halves of the carcase.

Arrived at A-by'dos, Xerxes is struck with a very natural desire. To desire and to be gratified is, for Xerxes, one and the same. Herodotus relates :

Arrived here, Xerxes wished to look upon all his host ; so, as there was a throne of white marble upon a hill near the city, which they of Abydos had prepared beforehand, by the king's bidding, for his especial use, Xerxes took his seat on it, and, gazing thence upon the shore below, beheld at one view all his land forces and all his ships. While thus employed he felt a desire to behold a sailing-match among his ships, which accordingly took place, and was won by the Phœnicians of Sidon, much to the joy of Xerxes, who was delighted alike with the race and with his army.

And now, as he looked and saw the whole Hellespont covered with the vessels of his fleet, and all the shore and every plain about Abydos as full as could be of men, Xerxes congratulated himself on his good fortune ; but after a little while he wept.

A good uncle of Xerxes in the host, Ar-ta-ba'nus by name, hearing that his nephew the king is in tears, goes to him. Herodotus reports Xerxes as speaking, and Artabanus replying, thus :

" There came upon me a sudden pity when I thought of the shortness of man's life, and considered that of all this host, so numerous as it is, not one will be alive when a hundred years are gone by."

" And yet there are sadder things in life than that," returned the other. " Short as our time is, there is no man, whether it be here among this multitude or elsewhere, who is so happy as not to have felt the wish—I will not say once, but full many a time—that he were dead

rather than alive. Calamities fall upon us, sicknesses vex and harass us, and make life, short though it be, to appear long. So death, through the wretchedness of our life, is a most sweet refuge to our race ; and God, who gives us the tastes that we enjoy of pleasant times, is seen, in his very gift, to be envious."

Of Xerxes an end. Now for Themistocles.

The Greek allied fleet were on the point of withdrawing before the Persians and leaving the Eubœans exposed to destruction. With Eu-ry-bi'a-des, Lacedæmonian commander-in-chief, the Eubœans in suppliance prevailing nothing, they went to a man more open to negotiations. Now Herodotus :

They went to Themistocles, the Athenian commander, to whom they gave a bribe of thirty talents, on his promise that the fleet should remain and risk a battle in defense of Eubœa.

And Themistocles succeeded in detaining the fleet in the way which I will now relate. He made over to Eurybiades five talents out of the thirty paid him, which he gave as if they came from himself : and having in this way gained over the admiral, he addressed himself to Adeimantus, the son of Ocyus, the Corinthian leader, who was the only remonstrant now, and who still threatened to sail away from Artemisium and not wait for the other captains. Addressing himself to this man, Themistocles said with an oath, "Thou forsake us ? By no means ! I will pay thee better for remaining than the Mede would for leaving thy friends"—and straightway he sent on board the ship of Adeimantus a present of three talents of silver. So these two captains were won by gifts, and came over to the views of Themistocles, who was thereby enabled to gratify the wishes of the Eubœans. He likewise made his own gain on the occasion ; for he kept the rest of the money, and no one knew of it. The commanders who took the gifts thought that the sums were furnished by Athens, and had been sent to be used in this way.

Thus it came to pass that the Greeks stayed at Eubœa and there gave battle to the enemy.

Here is the device of Themistocles for detaching the subject Ionian Greeks from the interest of Xerxes. It reads like a larger contrivance of O-dys'seus. In truth, Themistocles might be a study in real life from the Odysseus of Homer's romance. Herodotus :

Themistocles chose out the swiftest sailers from among the Athenian vessels, and proceeding to the various watering-places along the coast, cut inscriptions on the rocks, which were read by the Ionians the day following, on their arrival at Artemisium. The inscriptions ran thus : " Men of Ionia, ye do wrong to fight against your own fathers and to give your help to enslave Greece. We beseech you, therefore, to come over, if possible, to our side : if you cannot do this, then, we pray you, stand aloof from the contest yourselves, and persuade the Carians to do the like. If neither of these things be possible, and you are hindered, by a force too strong to resist, from venturing upon desertion, at least when we come to blows, fight backwardly, remembering that you are sprung from us, and that it was through you we first provoked the hatred of the barbarians." Themistocles, in putting up these inscriptions, looked, I believe, to two chances—either Xerxes would not discover them, in which case they might bring over the Ionians to the side of the Greeks ; or they would be reported to him and made a ground of accusation against the Ionians, who would thereupon be distrusted, and would not be allowed to take part in the sea-fights.

When the time came for finally deciding where the Grecian fleet should make its stand against the Persians, Themistocles took infinite trouble to secure a vote in favor of Salamis. Finding, to his disgust, that the majority at last were going against him, he took a bold step. Let Herodotus tell what it was :

He went out secretly from the council, and instructing a certain man what he should say, sent him on board a merchant ship to the fleet of the Medes. The man's name was Sicinnus ; he was one of Themistocles' household slaves, and acted as tutor to his sons ; in after times, when the Thespians were admitting persons to citizenship, Themistocles made him a Thespian, and a rich man to boot. The ship brought Sicinnus to the Persian fleet, and there he delivered his message to the leaders in these words : " The Athenian commander has sent me to you privily, without the knowledge of the other Greeks. He is a well-wisher to the king's cause, and would rather success should attend on you than on his countrymen ; wherefore he bids me tell you, that fear has seized the Greeks and they are meditating a hasty flight. Now then it is open to you to achieve the best work that ever ye wrought, if only ye will hinder their escaping. They no longer agree among themselves, so that they will not now make any resistance—nay, 'tis likely ye may

see a fight already begun 'between such as favour and such as oppose your cause." The messenger, when he had thus expressed himself, departed and was seen no more.

Herodotus reports as follows a message sent, after the Persians depart, by Themistocles to Xerxes :

"Themistocles the Athenian, anxious to render thee a service, has restrained the Greeks, who were impatient to pursue thy ships, and to break up the bridges at the Hellespont. Now, therefore, return home at thy leisure."

The greed of Themistocles was as great as his genius. Commencing his shameless levies with the Andrians, he used his power to enforce a general scheme of spoliation for his own aggrandizement on the exposed and helpless isles of Greece. It is melancholy that Herodotus should be, as probably he was, justified in the heavy indictment brought against this great representative Greek in the following words :

Meanwhile Themistocles, who never ceased his pursuit of gain, sent threatening messages to the other islanders with demands for different sums, employing the same messengers and the same words as he had used toward the Adrians. "If," he said, "they did not send him the amount required, he would bring the Greek fleet upon them, and besiege them till he took their cities." By these means he collected large sums from the Carystians and the Parians, who, when they heard that Andros was already besieged, and that Themistocles was the best esteemed of all the captains, sent the money through fear. Whether any of the other islanders did the like, I cannot say for certain ; but I think some did besides those I have mentioned. However, the Carystians, though they complied, were not spared any the more ; but Themistocles was softened by the Parians' gift, and therefore they received no visit from the army. In this way it was Themistocles, during his stay at Andros, obtained money from the islanders, unbeknown to the other captains.

Herodotus was, like nearly every writer of the first class in every literature, a man of comparatively high moral tone. Comparatively, we say, and this qualification is necessary. For there are stories told by Herodotus which it would not

do for us to repeat in these pages. But the fault in taste and in ethical standard is the fault, not of the man, but of his age and of heathenism. The total effect of the history—and this is the individual praise of Herodotus—makes for, rather than against, good morals. The fluent garrulity of the historian, his evident willingness to gratify popular appetite—perhaps we should say, rather, his own frankly genuine sympathy with popular appetite—makes his pages a marvelously perfect mirror to reflect for all generations the features and the lineaments of the age and the race to which he belonged. The literary image thus immortally preserved we prize and prize highly; but as for the original of the image, the reality itself, that did not perish too soon.

V.

THUCYDIDES.

THUCYDIDES is not so entertaining an historian as Herodotus. This is due partly to the nature of his subject; but partly it is due to the nature of the man. Indeed, since it was mainly the nature of the man that prescribed his choice of a subject, it may fairly be said that the difference, existing against Thucydides as compared with Herodotus, in point of entertainingness, is chiefly attributable to the less engaging personal quality of the author himself.

What Thucydides describes is the so-called Pel-o-pon-ne'-sian war. This is the name given to a conflict, continued with little interruption during twenty-seven years, between Sparta (chief Peloponnesian power) with her allies, on the one side, and Athens with her allies, on the other. The conflict was confined almost exclusively to the states and colonies of Greece. It partook strongly of the character of a civil

war. The prize contended for was leadership in Hellenic affairs. Sparta envied Athens her empire. Or, to put the matter from the other point of view, Athens threatened the independence of Sparta and of Hellas. The result of this mutual jealousy was that, continuously, for the space of almost a whole human generation, the states of Greece devoted themselves energetically to the business of destroying one another. Energetically, but not exclusively; for Athens, meantime—and this is one of the miracles of history—warring, as it were, with her left hand, carried forward, with her right, those matchless achievements of hers, in letters and in arts, which have made her name the immortal synonym and symbol of genius, of culture, and of taste. It is beyond measure astonishing that, embroiled in internecine war at home, embarked in arduous naval expeditions abroad, suffering, almost to decimation, within her own city walls from a plague unsurpassed for virulence, this incomparably spirited little municipality, probably not at her height of prosperity numbering more than about twenty thousand free citizens (representing a total population of, say, five hundred thousand souls), should, at this very same moment of her history, have been living a life of the intellect flowering into such products as Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides.

For Thucydides wrote of his own times in his history. Of his own times, but, alas! of his own times, in only one aspect of those times, the aspect of war. Immensely is this to be regretted. No account whatever, scarcely even a hint, from that master hand, of the double life that Athens lived during all those troubled days! You would scarcely guess from Thucydides, that, besides her remarkable activity in war, Athens was maintaining meantime a parallel activity more remarkable still that was not of war, in the production of such works in literature and in art as, generally and justly, are assumed to be sufficiently described when they are simply

described as works of peace. The masterpieces of poetry, of sculpture, and of architecture, which were the fruit of those years—what enhanced interest they acquire in your eyes when you remember that Athens achieved them during the protracted agony of a war destined to issue in disaster to herself almost equivalent to her own destruction! Conceive the pleasure with which, amid the annals of battle or of plague, we should have read, in the assured and graphic delineation of Thucydides, episodes of information about the literary and artistic life of Athens—episodes decorated, as *he* could have decorated them, with illustrious contemporary names! How such diversifications would have relieved and illuminated the sombre monotony of his history!

But Thucydides did not know that he was writing also for us—perhaps, had he known, would not have cared for our wishes. He was intensely and narrowly Greek. There was for him no world outside of Hellas. The colonial birth and breeding, perhaps it was, of Herodotus, that gave this different genius a more cosmopolitan breadth of sympathy than belonged to Thucydides. Thucydides thought that never in the world had there been a war so great as promised in its imminency to be the Peloponnesian war. At the very outset, therefore, of the struggle he began to take notes in preparation for his history. One is glad that Thucydides estimated, as he did, the magnitude of his theme, since otherwise it seems likely we should not have had the present work. But the actual fact is that there has rarely a war occurred and been made the subject of serious historical report, that to the world at large was of less moment than the Peloponnesian war. Simply a quarrel in the Hellenic family, it was costly, disgraceful, disastrous—to them—but to mankind in general of scarcely the smallest direct concern. The history of Thucydides accordingly is not important as history; but, first, as literature, and, secondly, as fund of illustration for the Greek national genius, it is of the very highest importance. It is

composed in the form of annals—that is, the events and incidents are related chronologically by years. It is incomplete, ending abruptly in the middle of the twenty-first year of the war.

Of the author himself, beyond such scant autobiographical notices as the history itself contains, little is known. “Thucydides an Athenian,” is his own description of himself. When he became an Athenian, that is, when he was born, no one can positively say. The date given on doubtful authority is 471 B.C. This must be pretty near the mark, for the historian tells us that he was of mature age when the war commenced, and that was 431 B.C. The writer was himself an actor in the affairs of which he wrote; but the part he performed was not prosperous, and it seems that, according to a way the Athenians had, he was banished for his mis-carriage in generalship. Twenty years of exile gave him an opportunity to look at matters with a strong parallax—that is, from the Peloponnesian, in place of the Athenian, point of view. During this long absence of Thucydides from his native city, a sharp change in literary style and taste took place at Athens, nothing less than the transition from the Old Attic, so called, to the New. This mutation in mode Thucydides did not share. He remains the great representative in prose, as is Æschylus in verse, of the old Attic literature. There seems a certain fitness between his own personal character as displayed in his writings, and the austere diction and syntax in which Thucydides wrote. Ellipsis, lack of strict grammatical concord, archaic idiom, sententiousness, not infrequent obscurity, are marks of his style. These traits almost disappear—they disappear certainly as far as they should—in the magically perfect translation of Mr. Jowett, a translation, we doubt not, as near to ideal in fidelity and in felicity, as exists of any work in any language. Let us begin at once with Thucydides in Mr. Jowett’s translation :

Thucydides, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war in which the Peloponnesians and the Athenians fought against one another. He began to write when they first took up arms, believing that it would be great and memorable above any previous war. For he argued that both states were then at the full height of their military power, and he saw the rest of the Hellenes either siding or intending to side with one or other of them. No movement ever stirred Hellas more deeply than this; it was shared by many of the Barbarians, and might be said even to affect the world at large.

The foregoing is the way in which Thucydides commences his history. The effect upon "the world at large" was limited to the exciting of a disposition in the Persians to participate, by intrigue or by alliance, in the conflict which was embroiling the Greeks—this, with a view, on the part of the Asiatics, to the ultimate incorporation of dissolving Hellas into their barbaric empire.

The chief passage in which our author sets forth his own method of historical composition is too important to be omitted. We give it:

As to the speeches which were made either before or during the war, it was hard for me, and for others who reported them to me, to recollect the exact words. I have, therefore, put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them, while at the same time I endeavored, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said. Of the events of the war I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them, as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other. And very likely the strictly historical character of my narrative may be disappointing to the ear. But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened, and of the like events which may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten.

Themistocles once more. In retrospectively telling us of him, Thucydides, without expressly saying so, makes his history meet and continue the history of Herodotus.

We simply remind our readers that the close of the Persian war indeed left Xerxes in disastrous retreat, but it also left Athens in ruins. The Lacedæmonians sent word to the Athenians not to rebuild their city walls. For this advice they pleaded certain specious reasons ; but their real motive, Thucydides says, was jealousy of Athens. Now comes in that man of many wiles, Themistocles. Let Thucydides speak :

To this [the Lacedæmonian suggestion about the city walls] the Athenians, by the advice of Themistocles, replied, that they would send an embassy of their own to discuss the matter, and so got rid of the Spartan envoys. He then proposed that he should himself start at once for Sparta, and that they should give him colleagues who were not to go immediately, but were to wait until the wall reached the lowest height which could possibly be defended. The whole people, men, women, and children, should join in the work, and they must spare no building, private or public, which could be of use, but demolish them all. Having given these instructions and intimated that he would manage affairs at Sparta, he departed. On his arrival he did not at once present himself officially to the magistrates; but delayed and made excuses; and when any of them asked him "why he did not appear before the assembly," he said "that he was waiting for his colleagues, who had been detained by some engagement, he was daily expecting them, and wondered that they had not appeared."

The friendship of the Lacedæmonian magistrates for Themistocles induced them to believe him ; but when every body who came from Athens declared positively that the wall was building and had already reached a considerable height, they knew not what to think. He, aware of their suspicions, desired them not to be misled by reports, but to send to Athens men whom they could trust out of their own number who would see for themselves and bring back word. They agreed ; and he at the same time privately instructed the Athenians to detain the envoys as quietly as they could, and not let them go until he and his colleagues had got safely home. For by this time Ha-bron'i-chus, the son of Lys'i-cles, and Ar-is-ti'des, the son of Ly-sim'a-chus, who were joined with him in the embassy, had arrived, bringing the news that the wall was of sufficient

height; and he was afraid that the Lacedæmonians, when they heard the truth, might not allow them to return. So the Athenians detained the envoys, and Themistocles, coming before the Lacedæmonians, at length declared in so many words that Athens was now provided with walls and could protect her citizens; henceforward, if the Lacedæmonians or their allies wished at any time to negotiate, they must deal with the Athenians as with men who knew quite well what was for their own and the common good. When they boldly resolved to leave their city and go on board ship, they did not first ask the advice of the Lacedæmonians, and, when the two states met in council, their own judgment had been as good as that of any one. And now they had arrived at an independent opinion that it was better far, and would be more advantageous, both for themselves and for the whole body of the allies, that their city should have a wall; when any member of a confederacy had not equal military advantages, his counsel could not be of equal weight or worth. Either all the allies should pull down their walls, or they should acknowledge that the Athenians were in the right.

Themistocles was something besides a consummate trickster; he was a far-seeing statesman. He it was who conceived for Athens the idea which afterward, embraced and carried to its complete realization by Pericles, made that city during a brief and splendid culmination of her power, if not quite mistress of Hellas, at least undisputed leader in Hellenic affairs. Here is the passage in which Thucydides describes the policy forecast by Themistocles. (We need but direct our readers' attention to the fact that Athens, situated some four or five miles inland from the sea, had her harbor—or rather her harbors, for there were three of them—on a peninsula called the *Pi-ræ'us*):

Themistocles also persuaded the Athenians to finish the *Piræus*, of which he had made a beginning in his year of office as Archon. The situation of the place, which had three natural havens, was excellent; and, now that the Athenians had become sailors, he thought that a good harbor would greatly contribute to the extension of their power. For he first dared to say that "they must make the sea their domain," and he lost no time in laying the foundations of their empire. By his advice they built the wall of such a width that two wagons carrying the stones could meet and pass on the top; this width may still be traced at the

Piræus; inside there was no rubble or mortar, but the whole wall was made up of large stones hewn square, which were clamped on the outer face with iron and lead. The height was not more than half what he had originally intended; he had hoped by the very dimensions of the wall to paralyze the designs of an enemy, and he thought that a handful of the least efficient citizens would suffice for its defense, while the rest might man the fleet. His mind was turned in this direction, as I conceive, from observing that the Persians had met with fewer obstacles by sea than by land. The Piræus appeared to him to be of more real consequence than the upper city. He was fond of telling the Athenians that if they were hard pressed they should go down to the Piræus and fight the world at sea.

Thus the Athenians built their walls and restored their city immediately after the retreat of the Persians.

Themistocles tarnished his glory with outright treason at last. With the story of this, and of the inexhaustible resources which Themistocles displayed in avoiding the consequences of his exposure and in pushing his fortunes in Persia, we dismiss this brilliant but unscrupulous Greek from our view. Thucydides says:

Now the evidence which proved that Pausanias [king of Sparta] was in league with Persia implicated Themistocles; and the Lacedæmonians sent ambassadors to the Athenians charging him likewise with treason, and demanding that he should receive the same punishment. The Athenians agreed, but having been ostracised he was living at the time in Argos, whence he used to visit other parts of the Peloponnese. The Lacedæmonians were very ready to join in the pursuit; so they and the Athenians sent officers who were told to arrest him wherever they should find him.

Themistocles received information of their purpose, and fled from the Peloponnesus to the Cor-cy-ræ'ans, who were under an obligation to him. The Corcyræans said that they were afraid to keep him, lest they should incur the enmity of Athens and Lacedæmon; so they conveyed him to the neighboring continent, whither he was followed by the officers, who constantly inquired in which direction he had gone and pursued him everywhere. Owing to an accident, he was compelled to stop at the house of Ad-me'tus, king of the Molossians, who was not his friend. He chanced to be absent from home, but Themistocles presented himself as a suppliant to his wife, and was instructed by her to take their

child and sit at the hearth. Admetus soon returned, and then Themistocles told him who he was, adding, that if in past times he had opposed any request which Admetus had made to the Athenians, he ought not to retaliate on an exile. He was now in such extremity that a far weaker adversary than he could do him a mischief, but a noble nature should not be revenged by taking at a disadvantage one so good as himself. Themistocles further argued that he had opposed Admetus in some matter of business, and not when life was at stake ; but that, if Admetus delivered him up, he would be consigning him to death. At the same time he told him who his pursuers were and what was the charge against him.

Admetus, hearing his words, raised him up, together with his own son, from the place where he sat holding the child in his arms, which was the most solemn form of supplication. Not long afterward the Athenians and Lacedæmonians came and pressed him to give up the fugitive, but he refused ; and as Themistocles wanted to go to the King [of Persia], sent him on foot across the country to the sea at Pydna (which was in the kingdom of Alexander). There he found a merchant vessel sailing to Ionia, in which he embarked ; it was driven, however, by a storm to the station of the Athenian fleet which was blockading Naxos. He was unknown to his fellow-passengers, but, fearing what might happen, he told the captain who he was and why he fled, threatening, if he did not save his life, to say that he had been bribed to take him on board. The only hope was that no one should be allowed to leave the ship while they had to remain off Naxos ; if he complied with his request, the obligation should be abundantly repaid. The captain agreed, and, after anchoring in a rough sea for a day and a night off the Athenian station, he at length arrived at Ephesus. Themistocles rewarded him with a liberal present ; for he received soon afterward from his friends the property which he had deposited at Athens and Argos. He then went up the country with one of the Persians who dwelt on the coast, and sent a letter to Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes, who had just succeeded to the throne. The letter was in the following words : "I, Themistocles, have come to you ; I who of all Hellenes did your house the greatest injuries, so long as I was compelled to defend myself against your father ; but still greater benefits when I was in safety and he in danger during his retreat. And there is a debt of gratitude due to me." (Here he noted how he had forewarned Xerxes at Salamis of the resolution of the Hellenes to withdraw, and how through his influence, as he pretended, they had refrained from breaking down the bridges.) "Now I am here, able to do you many other services, and persecuted by the

Hellenes for your sake. Let me wait a year, and then I will myself explain why I have come."

The king is said to have been astonished at the boldness of his character, and told him to wait a year as he proposed. In the interval he made himself acquainted, as far as he could, with the Persian language and the manners of the country. When the year was over he arrived at the court and became a greater man there than any Hellene had ever been before. This was due partly to his previous reputation, and partly to the hope which he inspired in the king's mind that he would enslave Hellas to him; above all, his ability had been tried and not found wanting. For Themistocles was a man whose natural force was unmistakable; this was the quality for which he was distinguished above all other men; from his own native acuteness, and without any study, either before or at the time, he was the ablest judge of the course to be pursued in a sudden emergency, and could best divine what was likely to happen in the remotest future. Whatever he had in hand he had the power of explaining to others, and even where he had no experience he was quite competent to form a sufficient judgment; no one could foresee with equal clearness the good or evil event which was hidden in the future. In a word, Themistocles, by natural power of mind and with the least preparation, was of all men the best able to extemporize the right thing to be done. A sickness put an end to his life, although some say that he poisoned himself because he felt that he could not accomplish what he had promised to the king.

While Athens had been reviving through the genius of Themistocles, Sparta had been making herself odious through the insolence of Pausanias. Thus Hellas forsook Sparta and came over to Athens. Then, in her turn, Athens became overbearing and unbearable, and the Peloponnesian war broke out. Pericles was in power at the time. We should like, did space permit, to give the speech in favor of war which Thucydides puts into the mouth of Pericles. With a single specimen, however, of that Periclean eloquence which contemporaries praised as Olympian, but which survives only in the free redaction of Thucydides, we shall be forced to make our readers content; and the specimen must be the celebrated oration pronounced by him on the Athenian dead at the close of the first year of the war. To this we proceed at

once. The occasion is described and the oration reported by Thucydides as follows (the dots occurring indicate omissions necessary for economy of space):

In accordance with an old national custom, the funeral of those who first fell in this war was celebrated by the Athenians at the public charge. The ceremony is as follows: Three days before the celebration they erect a tent in which the bones of the dead are laid out, and every one brings to his own dead any offering which he pleases. At the time of the funeral the bones are placed in chests of cypress wood, which are conveyed on hearses; there is one chest for each tribe. They also carry a single empty litter decked with a pall for all whose bodies are missing and cannot be recovered after the battle. The procession is accompanied by any one who chooses, whether citizen or stranger, and the female relatives of the deceased are present at the place of interment and make lamentation. The public sepulchre is situated in the most beautiful spot outside the walls; there they always bury those who fall in war: only after the battle of Marathon the dead, in recognition of their pre-eminent valor, were interred on the field. When the remains have been laid in the earth, some man of known ability and high reputation, chosen by the city, delivers a suitable oration over them, after which the people depart. Such is the manner of interment; and the ceremony was repeated from time to time throughout the war. Over those who were the first buried Pericles was chosen to speak. At the fitting moment he advanced from the sepulchre to a lofty stage, which had been erected in order that he might be heard as far as possible by the multitude, and spoke as follows:

FUNERAL SPEECH.

... "Before I praise the dead I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

"Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. [Pericles must be understood as freely slanting at Sparta.] We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is

preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured, as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

"And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

"Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning any thing of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

"If, then, we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus, too, our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beau-

tiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace: the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act, and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance, but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors, not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit. To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken

from them ; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

" I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish, by manifest proof, the merits of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds, when weighed in the balance, have been found equal to their fame ! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth ; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country ; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life ; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined, at the hazard of their lives, to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness ; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives ; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

" Such was the end of these men ; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you forever about the advantages of a brave defense which you know already. But instead of listening to him, I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her ; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave

their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion, both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men.

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“I have paid the required tribute, in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part; for the dead have been honorably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up; this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the state. And now, when you have duly lamented, every one his own dead, you may depart.”

“Such,” adds the historian, “was the order of the funeral celebrated, in this winter, with the end of which ended the first year of the Peloponnesian war.”

How strikingly like, in tone and even in expression, the funeral oration of Pericles and the address delivered by President Lincoln, at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery!

Thucydides's description of the plague which now afflicted Athens is remarkable for its stern realism and its restrained pathos. “I was myself attacked,” the historian says, “and witnessed the sufferings of others.” Here is a condensation of his account:

Many who were in perfect health, all in a moment, and without any apparent reason, were seized with violent heats in the head and with redness and inflammation of the eyes. Internally the throat and the tongue were quickly suffused with blood, and the breath became unnatural and fetid. There followed sneezing and hoarseness; in a short

time the disorder, accompanied by a violent cough, reached the chest ; then fastening lower down, it would move the stomach and bring on all the vomits of bile to which physicians have ever given names ; and they were very distressing. An ineffectual retching, producing violent convulsions, attacked most of the sufferers. . . . They insisted on being naked, and there was nothing which they longed for more eagerly than to throw themselves into cold water. And many of those who had no one to look after them actually plunged into the cisterns, for they were tormented by unceasing thirst, which was not in the least assuaged whether they drank little or much. They could not sleep. . . . Either they died on the seventh or ninth day, not of weakness, for their strength was not exhausted, but of internal fever, which was the end of most ; or, if they survived, then the disease descended into the bowels and there produced violent ulceration ; severe diarrhoea at the same time set in, and at a later stage caused exhaustion, which finally, with few exceptions, carried them off. . . . Some, again, had no sooner recovered than they were seized with a forgetfulness of all things, and knew neither themselves nor their friends.

The malady took a form not to be described, and the fury with which it fastened upon each sufferer was too much for human nature to endure. . . . Most appalling was the despondency which seized upon any one who felt himself sickening ; for he instantly abandoned his mind to despair, and, instead of holding out, absolutely threw away his chance of life. Appalling too was the rapidity with which men caught the infection ; dying like sheep if they attended on one another ; and this was the principal cause of mortality. . . . But whatever instances there may have been of such devotion, more often the sick and the dying were tended by the pitying care of those who had recovered, because they knew the course of the disease and were themselves free from apprehension. For no one was ever attacked a second time, or not with a fatal result. . . . The dead lay as they had died, one upon another, while others hardly alive wallowed in the streets and crawled about every fountain craving for water. The temples in which they lodged were full of the corpses of those who died in them ; for the violence of the calamity was such that men, not knowing where to turn, grew reckless of all law, human and divine. The customs which had hitherto been observed at funerals were universally violated, and they buried their dead each one as best he could. Many, having no proper appliances, because the deaths in their household had been so frequent, made no scruple of using the burial-place of others. When one man had raised a funeral pile, others would come, and throwing on their dead first, set fire to it ; or

when some other corpse was already burning, before they could be stopped would throw their own dead upon it and depart.

There were other and worse forms of lawlessness which the plague introduced at Athens. Men who had hitherto concealed their indulgence in pleasure now grew bolder. For, seeing the sudden change,—how the rich died in a moment, and those who had nothing immediately inherited their property,—they reflected that life and riches were alike transitory, and they resolved to enjoy themselves while they could, and to think only of pleasure. Who would be willing to sacrifice himself to the law of honor when he knew not whether he would ever live to be held in honor? The pleasure of the moment and any sort of thing which conduced to it took the place both of honor and of expediency. No fear of God or law of man deterred a criminal. Those who saw all perishing alike, thought that the worship or neglect of the gods made no difference. For offenses against human law no punishment was to be feared; no one would live long enough to be called to account. Already a far heavier sentence had been passed and was hanging over a man's head; before that fell, why should he not take a little pleasure?

The Athenians, light-hearted and high-hearted as they were, felt depressed. They blamed Pericles as the author of their miseries. Thucydides reports the proudly dignified, reproving, yet inspiring speech with which the "Olympian" encountered and subdued their mood. "The popular indignation," however, so Thucydides says, "was not pacified until they had fined Pericles; but soon afterward, with the usual fickleness of the multitude, they elected him general and committed all their affairs to his charge." But Pericles did not long survive to light and guide the Athenian state on its now perilous way. In the third year of the war he died. The admiring portrait that Thucydides draws of the character of this great statesman and orator is too noble, alike in its subject and in its art, not to be supplied to our readers. Thucydides is singular in seldom according personal praise. But with Pericles he was fascinated, and he could not refrain his hand from the few strokes that would fix his favorite's image forever, a possession to posterity. The admirers of Webster will not fail to see how well a great

statesman and orator of our own nation might have sat for the following picture :

After his death his foresight was even better appreciated than during his life. . . . He, deriving authority from his capacity and acknowledged worth, being also a man of transparent integrity, was able to control the multitude in a free spirit ; he led them rather than was led by them ; for, not seeking power by dishonest arts, he had no need to say pleasant things, but, on the strength of his own high character, could venture to oppose and even to anger them. When he saw them unseasonably elated and arrogant, his words humbled and awed them ; and, when they were depressed by groundless fears, he sought to reanimate their confidence. Thus Athens, though still in name a democracy, was, in fact, ruled by her greatest citizen. But his successors were more on an equality with one another, and, each one struggling to be first himself, they were ready to sacrifice the whole conduct of affairs to the whims of the people.

Next and last, Thucydides's account of the famous Sicilian expedition. This enterprise was nothing less than an attempt on the part of Athens, adventured in the utmost stress of the Peloponnesian war, to capture Syracuse in Sicily, a Greek city nearly as populous and powerful as Athens herself. The magnificent light-heartedness, tempered by tears, with which the undertaking was entered upon, the inexhaustible spirit with which through various fortune it was prosecuted, the approach that it made to success, failing but as it were by the breadth of a hair, and, finally, the dreadful disaster, the remediless overthrow, fleet and army annihilated, with which it was overwhelmed—all this Thucydides recounts in a narrative which for picturesqueness and pathos and power it would be hard to overmatch out of the pages of any historian, ancient or modern. The Athenian Nic'i-as, whom, slow, conservative, timid, the readers of that charming book of heroic romance, Plutarch's *Lives*, will remember in contrast with the dashing, and brilliant, and profligate Alcibiades, had begged the Athenian assembly to ponder well the perils of the project before they undertook it. But Alcibiades, with

the ardor of irresponsible unscrupulous youth, urged them on, and prevailed. Thucydides says :

All alike were seized with a passionate desire to sail, the elder among them convinced that they would achieve the conquest of Sicily,—at any rate such an armament could suffer no disaster ; the youth were longing to see with their own eyes the marvels of a distant land, and were confident of a safe return ; the main body of the troops expected to receive present pay, and to conquer a country which would be an inexhaustible mine of pay for the future. The enthusiasm of the majority was so overwhelming that, although some disapproved, they were afraid of being thought unpatriotic if they voted on the other side, and therefore held their peace.

The actual setting out is thus described :

Early in the morning of the day appointed for their departure, the Athenians and such of their allies as had already joined them went down to the Piræus and began to man the ships. The entire population of Athens accompanied them, citizens and strangers alike. The citizens came to take farewell, one of an acquaintance, another of a kinsman, another of a son ; the crowd as they passed along were full of hope and full of tears ; hope of conquering Sicily, tears because they doubted whether they would ever see their friends again, when they thought of the long voyage on which they were sending them. At the moment of parting the danger was nearer ; and terrors which had never occurred to them when they were voting the expedition now entered into their souls. Nevertheless their spirits revived at the sight of the armament in all its strength and of the abundant provision which they had made. The strangers and the rest of the multitude came out of curiosity, desiring to witness an enterprise of which the greatness exceeded belief.

No armament so magnificent or costly had ever been sent out by any single Hellenic power. . . . On the fleet the greatest pains and expense had been lavished by the trierarchs and the state. The public treasury gave a drachma a day to each sailor, and furnished empty hulls for sixty swift sailing vessels, and for forty transports carrying hoplites. All these were manned with the best crews which could be obtained. The trierarchs, besides the pay given by the state, added somewhat more out of their own means to the wages of the upper ranks of rowers and of the petty officers. The figure-heads and other fittings provided by them were of the most costly description. Every one strove to the utmost that his own ship might excel both in beauty and swiftness. The

infantry had been well selected and the lists carefully made up. There was the keenest rivalry among the soldiers in the matter of arms and personal equipment. And while at home the Athenians were thus competing with one another in the performance of their several duties, to the rest of Hellas the expedition seemed to be a grand display of their power and greatness, rather than a preparation for war. . . . Men were quite amazed at the boldness of the scheme and the magnificence of the spectacle, which were everywhere spoken of, no less than at the great disproportion of the force when compared with that of the enemy against whom it was intended. Never had a greater expedition been sent to a foreign land ; never was there an enterprise in which the hope of future success seemed to be better justified by actual power.

When the ships were manned and every thing required for the voyage had been placed on board, silence was proclaimed by the sound of the trumpet, and all with one voice before setting sail offered up the customary prayers ; these were recited, not in each ship, but by a single herald, the whole fleet accompanying him. On every deck both officers and men, mingling wine in bowls, made libations from vessels of gold and silver. The multitude of citizens and other well-wishers who were looking on from the land joined in the prayer. The crews raised the Pæan, and when the libations were completed put to sea. After sailing out for some distance in single file, the ships raced with one another as far as *Æ-gi'na* : thence they hastened onward to *Corcyra*, where the allies who formed the rest of the army were assembling.

It will be impossible to detail, even in a summary manner, the incidents of the struggle at *Syracuse*. The success of the Athenians depended upon their being able to complete an investment of the city. Already the *Syracusan* assembly were on the point of discussing the question of a capitulation, when *Gylippus*, a *Lacedæmonian* general, approached with succor for the besieged. *Thucydides* :

He arrived just at the time when the Athenians had all but finished their double wall, nearly a mile long, reaching to the Great Harbor ; there remained only a small portion toward the sea, upon which they were still at work. Along the remainder of the line of wall, which extended toward *Trog'ilus* [*Troj'i-lus*] and the northern sea, the stones were mostly lying ready ; a part was half-finished, a part had been completed and left. So near was *Syracuse* to destruction.

The end came. First there was a sea-fight in which the Athenian fleet was disastrously defeated. So broken now in spirit were the invaders that, not even for the purpose of seeking to escape, could they be prevailed upon to re-embark in the vessels that remained to them. A retreat by land was resolved upon. The contrast between the end of the expedition and that holiday picnicking commencement of it which Thucydides described, is incomparably striking and pathetic. Thucydides :

On the third day after the sea-fight, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought that their preparations were complete, the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition ; not only was there the great fact that they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights which presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread, while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction ; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing ; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and when their limbs and strength failed them and they dropped behind many were the imprecations and cries which they uttered. So that the whole army was in tears, and such was their despair that they could hardly make up their minds to stir, although they were leaving an enemy's country, having suffered calamities too great for tears already, and dreading miseries yet greater in the unknown future. There was also a general feeling of shame and self-reproach—indeed, they seemed, not like an army, but like the fugitive population of a city captured after a siege ; and of a great city too. For the whole multitude who were marching together numbered not less than forty thousand. Each of them took with him any thing he could carry which was likely to be of use. Even the heavy-armed and cavalry, contrary to their practice when under arms, conveyed about their persons their own food, some because they had no attendants, others because they could not trust them ; for they had long been deserting, and most of them had gone off all at once. Nor was the food which they carried sufficient ;

for the supplies of the camp had failed. Their disgrace and the universality of the misery, although there might be some consolation in the very community of suffering, was nevertheless at that moment hard to bear, especially when they remembered from what pomp and splendor they had fallen into their present low estate. Never had an Hellenic army experienced such a reverse. They had come intending to enslave others, and they were going away in fear lest they would be themselves enslaved. Instead of the prayers and hymns with which they had put to sea, they were now departing amid appeals to heaven of another sort. They were no longer sailors but landsmen, depending, not upon their fleet, but upon their infantry. Yet in face of the great danger which still threatened them all these things appeared endurable.

Nicias exhorted the wretched troops with noble spirit. The key in which, according to Thucydides, this invalid general spoke to his men is given in the following two sentences at the close of his harangue :

If you now escape your enemies, those of you who are not Athenians may see once more the home for which they long, while you Athenians will again rear aloft the fallen greatness of Athens. For men, and not walls or ships in which are no men, constitute a state.

High heart did not avail. The retreating Athenian army suffered every hardship and melted rapidly away. Reaching a river under close pursuit, they hoped to secure a little respite. The respite they actually secured is thus described by Thucydides :

Being compelled to keep close together they fell one upon another, and trampled each other under foot: some at once perished, pierced by their own spears; others got entangled in the baggage and were carried down the stream. The Syracusans stood upon the farther bank of the river, which was steep, and hurled missiles from above on the Athenians, who were huddled together in the deep bed of the stream and for the most part were drinking greedily. The Peloponnesians came down the bank and slaughtered them, falling chiefly upon those who were in the river. Whereupon the water at once became foul, but was drank all the same, although muddy and dyed with blood, and the crowd fought for it.

At last, when the dead bodies were lying in heaps one upon another

in the water, and the army was utterly undone, some perishing in the river, and any who escaped being cut off by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered to Gylippus, in whom he had more confidence than in the Syracusans. He entreated him and the Lacedæmonians to do what they pleased with himself, but not to go on killing the men.

What they pleased to do with Nicias was to put him to death. "No one of the Hellenes in my time was less deserving of so miserable an end; for he lived in the practice of every virtue." So, with frugally expressed, but not frugal, praise Thucydides dismissed Nicias.

The fate of the rank and file of the surrendered army was more lingering, but not less dreadful. After many months of starvation and every misery endured by them as captives in the public quarries, they were sold into slavery. Thucydides, in review and summary of all, says:

Of all the Hellenic actions which took place in this war, or indeed of all the Hellenic actions which are on record, this was the greatest—the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home.

Thus ended the Sicilian expedition.

And thus shall end our presentation of Thucydides.

VI.

PLATO.

SOCRATES is not more easily foremost among Greek philosophers than is Plato foremost among Greek philosophical writers. This distinction, of philosopher and philosophical writer, it is necessary in the present case to make, for the reason that Socrates, as our readers will not need to be reminded, did his whole work in the intellectual world with

use of tongue alone, never once publishing a written word. Foremost of Greek philosophical writers, we have not hesitated to pronounce Plato. But we think of Plato's illustrious disciple, Aristotle, and we are almost ready to say that were the terms of the question only a little changed—were we to decide, not which of the two was the greater philosophical writer, but which was the greater philosophical genius, we should need to pause and to hesitate. While to Plato, however, philosophy was the one exclusive pursuit of his intellectual life, philosophy was simply one of various intellectual pursuits to Aristotle. Poet as well as philosopher—poet more than philosopher, some might be tempted to say—was Plato. But he wrote his poetry in the form of philosophy. Aristotle, besides being a philosopher, was a kind of encyclopædist. He by no means, like Plato, gave his literary production always the one form of philosophy so-called. We should not, perhaps, go much amiss to say that Aristotle's chief motive, even in literature, was scientific and practical, while Plato's chief motive, even in philosophy, was literary and poetical.

Plato is a voluminous writer. And he enjoys the fortune, singular among ancient classical authors, to survive in all his works. In fact he may in a sense be said to survive in more than all his works; for many works have come down to us bearing Plato's name, that probably Plato never wrote.

The Republic is, with one exception (the Laws), the largest, and it is, without exception, the greatest, of Plato's productions. It is named from an episode in it. The impropriety of the naming is less gross than might seem, for the episode is so long that it threatens to absorb the whole work. If, according to the title, the Republic ought primarily to give us the writer's ideal of the state, incidentally, in Plato's ample way of treating his subject, it does, in fact, give us his ideas and speculations on a wide range of topics.

It is our plan to make our reproduction of Plato centre

chiefly about the person of Socrates. Indeed, in any just representation of Plato, Socrates could not but be a very conspicuous figure. Plato gives his master the chief part in nearly every one of his dialogues, and some of his dialogues he puts wholly into his master's mouth, by making Socrates speak throughout, reporting, to select friends of his, conversations that he has somewhere held with persons perhaps casually encountered by him in the streets of Athens, or between Athens and the Piræus. This latter is the case with the Republic. The properly, the characteristically, Socratic element is, however, present in very different degrees in different dialogues.

From the Republic we first take, for illustration of the art with which Plato enlivens and garnishes the text of what had else been somewhat tedious and bare dialectical dialogue, the following pretty fable, attributed by him to tradition. Readers will be glad to see the true original of a legend with which, through allusion encountered in literature, they will already perhaps have become familiar. Gy'ges (soft G), who figures in this tale from Plato, figures also in the populous page of Herodotus. Indeed, Herodotus tells of him, with some important variations, this identical story. The feature of the ring is peculiar to Plato. Along with the fable itself we give enough of the setting of the fable to show with what illustrative purpose the fable was used by the speaker in Plato's dialogue. Glaucon is the speaker. He undertakes to set forth, for Socrates to overthrow it, a notion which he avers to be current and accepted among men, namely, the notion that injustice is better policy than justice. Men practice justice, Glaucon says, only where they cannot successfully practice injustice. Make them free to do as they please, and they will please to be unjust. Here is his argument, in the words of Plato :

The liberty which we are supposing may be most conveniently given to them in the form of such a power as is said to have been possessed by

Gyges, the ancestor of Cræsus, the Lydian. For Gyges, according to the tradition, was a shepherd and servant of the king of Lydia, and, while he was in the field, there was a storm and earthquake, which made an opening in the earth at the place where he was feeding his flock. He was amazed at the sight, and descended into the opening, where, among other marvels, he beheld a hollow brazen horse, having doors, at which he stooping and looking in saw a dead body, of stature, as appeared to him, more than human, and having nothing on but a gold ring; this he took from the finger of the dead, and reascended out of the opening. Now the shepherds met together, according to custom, that they might send their monthly report concerning the flock to the king; and into their assembly he came having the ring on his finger, and as he was sitting among them he chanced to turn the collet of the ring toward the inner side of the hand, when instantly he became invisible, and the others began to speak of him as if he were no longer there. He was astonished at this, and again touching the ring he turned the collet outward and reappeared; thereupon he made trials of the ring, and always with the same result; when he turned the collet inward he became invisible, when outward he reappeared. Perceiving this, he immediately contrived to be chosen messenger to the court, where he no sooner arrived than he seduced the queen, and with her help conspired against the king, and slew him, and took the kingdom. Suppose now that there were two such magic rings, and the just put on one of them, and the unjust the other; no man is of such adamantine temper that he would stand fast in justice,—that is what they think. No man would dare to be honest when he could safely take what he liked out of the market, or go into houses and lie with any one at his pleasure, or kill or release from prison whom he would, and in all respects be like a god among men. Then the actions of the just would be as the actions of the unjust; just or unjust would arrive at last at the same goal. And this is surely a great proof that a man is just, not willingly or because he thinks that justice is any good to him individually, but of necessity, for wherever any one thinks that he can safely be unjust, there he is unjust. For all men believe in their hearts that injustice is far more profitable to the individual than justice, and he who takes this line of argument will say that they are right. For if you could imagine any one having such a power, and never doing any wrong or touching what was another's, he would be thought by the lookers on to be a most wretched idiot, although they would praise him to one another's faces, and keep up appearances with one another from a fear that they too might be sufferers of injustice. Enough of this.

"Enough of this," says Plato's speaker, and enough surely, say we, at least for the purpose of showing the lamentable standard of ethics that must have prevailed in antiquity. In close connection with the foregoing passage occurs another passage worth quoting. Glaucon still speaks. He tells Socrates that the "eulogists of injustice," that is to say, men in general—for men in general according to this witness, whatever may be the strain of their talk, really act on the principle that injustice is better than justice—men in general, holds Glaucon, would expect for the ideally just person—what fortune in the world do you suppose? Why, nothing less than this: "He will be scourged, racked, bound, will have his eyes burnt out, and at last, after suffering every kind of evil, he will be impaled." Language strangely approaching the truth of what did befall the historical Just Man!

Every body has heard of the so-styled "Platonic love." A passage of the Republic will explain what this conception is. It may simply be premised that there was rife in the ancient Greek and Roman world a practice of impure affinity between man and man. The word "love" in the mouth of a Greek was quite as likely to mean this indecent relation as it was to mean any more natural bond of affection between the two different sexes. In the ideal republic, such an unchaste relation of man to man was not to be tolerated. It is tonic and purifying to read the passage in Plato from which we limit ourselves to take the following sentence containing the conclusion, on the subject, arrived at by the colloquists. It is Socrates who speaks:

Then I suppose that in the city which we are founding you would make a law that a friend should use no other familiarity to his love than a father would use to his son, and this only for a virtuous end, and he must first have the other's consent; and this rule is to limit him in all his intercourse, and he is never to go further, or, if he exceeds, he is to be deemed guilty of coarseness and bad taste.

Such, in the Platonic description, is "Platonic love."

With exquisite verisimilitude Plato makes Socrates, in the midst of his imaginings, to be now and again interrupted by his interlocutors with questions of a practical sort concerning the possibility of realizing his dreamed-of ideal society. Socrates puts off his questioners, with suave and self-poised postponement, until at last they threaten him with what he pleasantly calls the "third wave" of difficulty. This form of expression alludes to the supposed fact, or the real, that every third wave of a tide coming in is stronger than the two preceding. Here is the way in which Socrates shows himself equal to the occasion that the dialogue has created for him. Plato:

Now, then, I said, I go to meet that which I liken to the greatest of waves, yet shall the word be spoken, even though the running over of the laughter of the wave shall just sink me beneath the waters of laughter and dishonor; and do you attend to me.

Proceed, he said.

I said: Until, then, philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who follow either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never cease from ill—no, nor the human race, as I believe—and then only will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day: this was what I wanted but was afraid to say, my dear Glaucon; for to see that there is no other way either of private or public happiness is indeed a hard thing.

Of Plato's own experience in the attempt to make his words come true, and to exhibit to the world the edifying spectacle of an actual state presided over by a philosopher—in the person of an exemplar of the class no less renowned than himself—we shall presently have something interesting to say. That will be when we reach the point, not forgotten, though postponed, of telling our readers very briefly the story of Plato's life.

In the following passage, readers will find it not difficult to fancy a spirit present strangely greater than any mere philos-

ophy, a spirit akin, almost, to the New Testament in the highest power of that inspired book. Plato (Socrates chiefly speaking) :

Then there is a very small remnant, Adeimantus, I said, of worthy disciples of philosophy : perchance some noble nature, brought up under good influences, and in the absence of temptation, who is detained by exile in her service, which he refuses to quit ; or some lofty soul born in a mean city, the politics of which he contemns or neglects ; and perhaps there may be a few who, having a gift for philosophy, leave other arts, which they justly despise, and come to her ; and peradventure there are some who are restrained by our friend Theages's bridle (for Theages, you know, had every thing to divert him from philosophy ; but his ill health kept him from politics). My own case of the internal sign is indeed hardly worth mentioning, as very rarely, if ever, has such a monitor been vouchsafed to any one else. Those who belong to this small class have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession philosophy is, and have also seen and been satisfied of the madness of the multitude, and known that there is no one who ever acts honestly in the administration of States, nor any helper who will save any one who maintains the cause of the just. Such a saviour would be like a man who has fallen among wild beasts—unable to join in the wickedness of his fellows, neither would he be able alone to resist all their fierce natures, and therefore he would be of no use to the State, or to his friends, and would have to throw away his life before he had done any good to himself or others. And he reflects upon all this, and holds his peace, and does his own business. He is like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along ; and when he sees the rest of mankind full of wickedness, he is content if only he can live his own life and be pure from evil or unrighteousness, and depart in peace and good-will, with bright hopes.

And he who does this, he said, will have done a great work before he departs.

Yes, I said, a great work, but not the greatest, unless he find a State suitable to him ; for in a State which is suitable to him he will have a larger growth, and be the saviour of his country as well as of himself.

The "internal sign," to which Socrates in the foregoing passage alludes, is the monition of his "dæmon," or "spirit"—a kind of divinity within him that governed his conduct. Just what Socrates meant is not agreed. Perhaps nothing

more than his conscience, perhaps an indwelling supernatural being. Whatever the Socratic "dæmon" was, it was a benign and beneficent influence, very necessary to be taken account of in trying to understand the character and conduct of Socrates. How much pathos of wisdom there is in the sigh of Socrates for a suitable State in which the anointed philosopher might do his work for the saving of mankind! Opportunity is as indispensable as the man.

It happened to our poet-philosopher, so tradition says, to have an opportunity to attempt, on a noble scale, the actualization of his ideal. He visited Syracuse, a city flourishing then in a magnificent prosperity under the reign, or tyranny so called, of Dionysius. Introduced to that ruler, Plato opened to him the vision that had ravished his own soul. But Dionysius was enraged instead of enchanted, and he had Plato for his pains sent to the market to be sold as a slave. The philosopher, so the tyrant exclaimed, shall try for himself the truth of his doctrine that the virtuous man is still happy even in chains. Plato's friends bought him in for a round sum, and got him safe back to Athens. Here, or near here, he spent twenty years of his life, teaching philosophy. Disciples thronged to him, of the choicest classes of citizens, from every part of Hellas. The fact that, during the lifetime of the teacher, Athens went through the agony of the Peloponnesian war, and came out spoiled of her empire—this great fact of the national history you would hardly once be compelled to remember from any allusion occurring in the dialogues. Plato seems to have been as little a patriot in his time as was Goethe in his time, and as little disturbed by any painful sympathy with his kind from the serenity of philosophic contemplation.

After twenty years thus spent, Plato received from a friend at court a second summons to Syracuse. Dionysius was dead, and Dionysius II., his son, had succeeded to the throne. Plato's friend at court, Dion, was a kinsman of this prince,

and he had inspired the young sovereign with great desire to know Plato. The Athenian philosopher met with an overwhelming welcome to Syracuse. The tyrant himself went down to greet him when he landed, and a public sacrifice of thanksgiving signalized an advent so auspicious. The promise was fair. A new order of things began at the Syracusan court. Philosophy became the fashion. It is said that Dionysius was actually ready to change the frame-work of the State—to become himself a constitutional, in place of remaining an absolute, monarch. He proposed also to give back their freedom to the subjected Greek cities of Sicily. Plato however preferring that his pupil should be thoroughly grounded in philosophy before he began to put philosophy in practice, nothing practical was done. Meantime the young tyrant was tiring of philosophy, and the courtiers about him were poisoning his mind against both Dion and the “Athenian sophist.” It resulted that Dion was exiled, and that Plato, after having been kept luxuriously for a time as a prisoner in the palace, was dismissed to return home. Dionysius, they say, remarked to the philosopher embarking, “You will speak ill of Dionysius in your academy.” “Nay, but in the academy we shall have no time to speak at all of Dionysius,” was the reply.

There is more of the romance. Ten years passed and Plato was a third time sent for to come to Syracuse. Dion should be recalled, if Plato would come. Plato went, but Dion, so far from being recalled, now had his property confiscated and his wife given away from himself to another man. Plato had the sad fortune to be himself the bearer of these ill tidings to his friend met on the homeward voyage at the Olympian games. Our readers will be comforted—pagan-wise—to know that Dion had subsequently his turn, a short one, of triumph over his enemy. He entered Syracuse as a conqueror at the head of an army—only, however, to be basely murdered by a treacherous friend.

Plato now resumed his courses in philosophy at Athens, and composed the dialogues that have through so many generations continued his influence and his fame. Diogenes Laertius has a life of him. He taught till he was eighty-one years of age, and, according to Cicero, died pen in hand, seated at his desk. He was a native of Ægi'na. The year of his birth was the same as that in which Pericles died. It is difficult to imagine that a life lived so placidly as, despite his Syarcusan adventures, was Plato's, could have coincided with a period of history so stormy and so disastrous as that of the Peloponnesian war to the Athenian state. The clash of arms seems removed indefinitely far away from the sacred tranquillity of the grove of academe. Plato must, however, we suppose, have done duty with the rest, watching against the foe in that evil day which, in the philosopher's early manhood, came upon Athens. Probably, too, a boy of fifteen, he went down to the Piræus, with the whole holiday city, to see the brilliant Sicilian expedition make that gay start—to tempt its danger and to meet its doom.

There is in Plato no more distinctively Greek, no more distinctively Platonic, dialogue than the *Symposium*, or *Banquet*. This is a report of a conversation in which, with others less distinguished, the comic poet Aristophanes, the tragic poet Ag'a-thon (an author known to us only by name, none of his works surviving, yet plausibly conjectured to have been in genius hardly second to Æschylus or Sophocles), the famous and infamous Alcibiades, are represented as taking part. The place is the house of Agathon, who celebrates a feast in honor of a victory of his muse. Love is the subject of the dialogue. Each speaker has it for a kind of task imposed upon him to make the finest speech he can in favor of love. Love is here conceived of in such a way, a way so equivocal—in short, so pagan and so Grecian—that a large part of the whole dialogue would be unfit for reproduction in these pages. But were the several discourses unobjectionable on the score

of moral purity, still it were a taste not to be acquired, save through long habituation to the Greek classics that would qualify thoroughly to enjoy the Symposium of Plato. It is a piece of Greek writing at the extreme point of remove from modern standards.

To one passage in particular of this dialogue there attaches an interest derived from frequency of allusion to it in recent literature, that might make us wish to admit it here, in sufficient exemplification of the whole composition. But unfortunately the inseparable original quality of this passage puts such transfer of it quite out of the question. There would probably be fewer sentimental allusions to Plato's idea of human beings as created mutual halves, each half to wander about in quest of its fellow, were it better known in what terms, and with pleasantry how unchaste, that idea is introduced in the pages of Plato—fitly, too, introduced as from the mouth of the ribald comic poet Aristophanes. There could not be a better illustration of the change from ancient Greek taste and morality to Christian, than the contrast between the original in Plato, and the forms under which that original is made to appear in modern allusion. So much for moral ugliness made æsthetically beautiful in Plato's Symposium.

But there is moral beauty too, made more beautiful, in this unique piece of literature. Alcibiades, coming in drunk, is made by Plato to become the eulogist of Socrates. His eulogy is doubly so characteristic, first of the author, and then of the subject—perhaps trebly so characteristic we should say, thus adding, thirdly, of Plato himself—that we must give this passage at least in extract from the Symposium. For sheer want of room we have to omit the life-like description of the disorderly arrival of Alcibiades with his reveling rout, and the well-turned banter, never erring from urbanity, that passed between Alcibiades and Socrates, before the former, first having begged his hearers not to won-

der if he spoke anyhow as things came into his mind, proceeded to discourse as follows :

I shall praise Socrates in a figure which will appear to him to be a caricature, and yet I do not mean to laugh at him, but only to speak the truth. I say, then, that he is exactly like the masks of Si-le'nus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths ; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them. I say, also, that he is like Mar'sy-as, the satyr. You will not deny, Socrates, that your face is like that of a satyr. Aye, and there is a resemblance in other points, too. For example, you are a bully,—that I am in a position to prove by the evidence of witnesses, if you will not confess. And are you not a flute-player ? That you are, and a far more wonderful performer than Marsyas. For he, indeed, with instruments charmed the souls of men by the power of his breath, as the performers of his music do still : for the melodies of Olympus are derived from the teaching of Marsyas, and these, whether they are played by a great master, or by a miserable flute-girl, have a power which no others have ; they alone possess the soul and reveal the wants of those who have need of gods and mysteries, because they are inspired. But you produce the same effect with the voice only, and do not require the flute : that is the difference between you and him. When we hear any other speaker, even a very good one, his words produce absolutely no effect upon us in comparison, whereas the very fragments of you and your words, even at second-hand, and however imperfectly repeated, amaze and possess the soul of every man, woman, and child who comes within hearing of them. And if I were not afraid that you would think me drunk, I would have sworn as well as spoken to the influence which they have always had, and still have, over me. For my heart leaps within me more than that of any Corybantian reveler, and my eyes rain tears when I hear them. And I observe that many others are affected in the same way. I have heard Pericles and other great orators, but though I thought that they spoke well, I never had any similar feeling ; my soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state. But this Marsyas has often brought me to such a pass, that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading (this, Socrates, you admit) ; and I am conscious that if I did not shut my ears against him, and fly from the voice of the siren, he would detain me until I grew old sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians ; therefore I hold my ears

and tear myself away from him. And he is the only person who ever made me ashamed, which you might think not to be in my nature, and there is no one else who does the same. For I know that I cannot answer him or say that I ought not to do as he bids, but when I leave his presence the love of popularity gets the better of me. And therefore I run away and fly from him, and when I see him I am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. And many a time I wish that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be much more sorry than glad, if he were to die: so that I am at my wit's end. . . . He and I went on the expedition to Pot-i-dæ'a; there we messed together, and I had the opportunity of observing his extraordinary power of sustaining fatigue and going without food when our supplies were intercepted at any place, as will happen with an army. In the faculty of endurance he was superior not only to me but to every body; there was no one to be compared to him. Yet at a festival he was the only person who had any real powers of enjoyment, and though not willing to drink, he could if compelled beat us all at that, and the most wonderful thing of all was that no human being had ever seen Socrates drunk; and that, if I am not mistaken, will soon be tested. His endurance of cold was also surprising. There was a severe frost, for the winter in that region was really tremendous, and every body else either remained indoors, or, if they went out, had on no end of clothing, and were well shod, and had their feet swathed in felts and fleeces: in the midst of this, Socrates, with his bare feet on the ice, and in his ordinary dress, marched better than any of the other soldiers who had their shoes on, and they looked daggers at him because he seemed to despise them.

I have told you one tale, and now I must tell you another, which is worth hearing, of the doings and sufferings of this enduring man while he was on the expedition. One morning he was thinking about something which he could not resolve; and he would not give up, but continued thinking from early dawn until noon—there he stood fixed in thought; and at noon attention was drawn to him, and the rumor ran through the wondering crowd that Socrates had been standing and thinking about something ever since the break of day. At last, in the evening after supper, some Ionians, out of curiosity (I should explain that this was not in winter but in summer), brought out their mats and slept in the open air that they might watch him and see whether he would stand all night. There he stood all night as well as all day and the following morning; and with the return of light he offered up a prayer to the sun, and went his way. . . . Many are the wonders of Socrates which I might narrate in his praise; most of his ways might, perhaps, be paralleled in others,

but the most astonishing thing of all is his absolute unlikeness to any human being that is or ever has been. You may imagine Bras'i-das and others to have been like Achilles ; or you may imagine Nestor and Ante'nor to have been like Pericles ; and the same may be said of other famous men ; but of this strange being you will never be able to find any likeness however remote, either among men who now are or who ever have been, except that which I have already suggested of Silenus and the satyrs ; and this is an allegory not only of himself, but also of his words. For, although I forgot to mention this before, his words are ridiculous when you first hear them ; he clothes himself in language that is as the skin of the wanton satyr—for his talk is of pack-asses, and smiths, and cobblers, and curriers, and he is always repeating the same things in the same words, so that an ignorant man who did not know him might feel disposed to laugh at him ; but he who pierces the mask and sees what is within will find that they are the only words which have a meaning in them, and also the most divine, abounding in fair examples of virtue, and of the largest discourse, or rather extending to the whole duty of a good and honorable man.

This, friends, is my praise of Socrates.

What a charming idealization of Socrates ! Did Alcibiades ever utter it ? Could he have uttered it ? And drunk ? Did Plato make it all up ? However first produced, to what extent was it true of Socrates ? Of Alcibiades ? We never can certainly tell. But in any case the ideal itself, with its ravishing beauty, remains and is imperishable. That it should have sprung up at all in the bosom of a civilization so corrupt, is marvelous. That it should have had a living embodiment, as perhaps indeed in Socrates it had, is a marvel of marvels. That such an embodied ideal should have been pushed to the doom of the hemlock—alas, that that alone should not be marvelous ! Those parts of Plato which tell the story of the end of this great teacher—teacher, rather than philosopher, we should ourselves be disposed to call Socrates—will follow presently. Meantime a brief term of delay with some other of Plato's works.

The Phædrus is a complement of the Banquet. Like that, it treats the subject of love. The two colloquists, Phædrus

and Socrates, take a walk together outside the wall, and Socrates, like Dr. Johnson, city-lover, is smitten with the charms of the country. The bits of delicious landscape and scenery in the dialogue we must transfer to our canvas. We use our magic ring of Gyges and invisibly join Socrates and Phædrus, as they walk and talk and behold. Plato :

Socrates. Turn this way ; let us go to the I-lis'sus, and sit down at some quiet spot.

Phædrus. I am fortunate in not having my sandals, and as you never have any, I think that we may go along the brook and cool our feet in the water ; this is the easiest way, and at midday and in the summer is far from being unpleasant.

Soc. Lead on, and look out for a place in which we can sit down.

Phædr. Do you see that tallest plane-tree in the distance ?

Soc. Yes.

Phædr. There are shade and gentle breezes, and grass on which we may either sit or lie down.

Soc. Move on.

Phædr. I should like to know, Socrates, whether the place is not somewhere here at which Bo're-as is said to have carried off Or-i-thy'i-a from the banks of the Ilissus.

Soc. That is the tradition.

Phædr. And is this the exact spot ? The little stream is delightfully clear and bright ; I can fancy that there might be maidens playing near.

Soc. I believe that the spot is not exactly here, but about a quarter of a mile lower down, where you cross to the temple of Agra, and I think that there is some sort of altar of Boreas at the place.

Phædr. I don't recollect ; but I wish that you would tell me whether you believe this tale. . . .

Soc. I must first know myself, as the Delphian inscription says ; and I should be absurd indeed, if while I am still in ignorance of myself I were to be curious about that which is not my business. And therefore I say farewell to all this ; the common opinion is enough for me. For, as I was saying, I want to know not about this, but about myself. Am I indeed a wonder more complicated and swollen with passion than the serpent Typho, or a creature of a gentler and simpler sort, to whom Nature has given a diviner and lowlier destiny ? But here let me ask you, friend : Is not this the plane-tree to which you were conducting us ?

Phædr. Yes, this is the tree.

Soc. Yes, indeed, and a' fair and shady resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents. There is the lofty and spreading plane-tree, and the agnus castus high and clustering, in the fullest blossom and the greatest fragrance; and the stream which flows beneath the plane-tree is deliciously cold to the feet. Judging from the ornaments and images, this must be a spot sacred to Ach-e-lo'us and the Nymphs; moreover, there is a sweet breeze, and the grasshoppers chirrup; and the greatest charm of all is the grass, like a pillow gently sloping to the head. My dear Phædrus, you have been an admirable guide.

Phædr. I always wonder at you, Socrates; for when you are in the country you really are like a stranger who is being led about by a guide. Do you ever cross the border? I rather think that you never venture even outside the gates.

Soc. Very true, my good friend; and I hope that you will excuse me when you hear the reason, which is, that I am a lover of knowledge, and the men who dwell in the city are my teachers, and not the trees, or the country. Though I do, indeed, believe that you have found a spell with which to draw me out of the city into the country, as hungry cows are led by shaking before them a bait of leaves or fruit. For only hold up the bait of discourse, and you may lead me all round Attica, and over the wide world. And now, having arrived, I intend to lie down, and do you choose any posture in which you can read best. Begin.

What could be more charming? Rural, but not rustic, is the grace with which Plato touches these things.

The *Gorgias* is a noble dialogue. There is a good deal of quibbling in it; but it ends in the following truly lofty and pathetic passage. Socrates has been, with consummate art, made by Plato to foreshadow his own final doom of death; and then, framing a myth, he preaches from the myth a moral, for height of noble difficulty never perhaps equaled anywhere out of Scripture:

Socrates. Listen, then, as story-tellers say, to a very pretty tale, which I dare say that you may be disposed to regard as a fable only, but which, as I believe, is a true tale, for I mean, in what I am going to tell you, to speak the truth. Homer tells us how Zeus and Po-sei'don and Pluto divided the empire which they inherited from their father. Now in the days of Cronos there was this law respecting the destiny of man, which has always existed and still continues in heaven, that he who has lived

all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he dies, to the islands of the blest, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil, but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, and even later in the reign of Zeus, the judgment was given on the very day on which the men were to die; the judges were alive, and the men were alive; and the consequence was that the judgments were not well given. Then Pluto and the authorities from the islands of the blest came to Zeus, and said that the souls found their way to the wrong places. Zeus said: "I shall put a stop to this; the judgments are not well given, and the reason is that the judged have their clothes on, for they are alive; and there are many having evil souls who are appareled in fair bodies, or wrapt round in wealth and rank, and when the day of judgment arrives many witnesses come forward and witness on their behalf, that they have lived righteously. The judges are awed by them, and they themselves too have their clothes on when judging, their eyes and ears and their whole bodies are interposed as a veil before their own souls. This all stands in the way; there are the clothes of the judges and the clothes of the judged. What is to be done? I will tell you: In the first place, I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death, which they at present possess; that is a commission, the execution of which I have already intrusted to Pro-me'theus: in the second place, they shall be entirely stripped before they are judged, for they shall be judged when they are dead; and the judge too shall be naked, that is to say, dead; he with his naked soul shall pierce into the other naked soul as soon as each man dies, he knows not when, and is deprived of his kindred, and has left his brave attire in the world above, and then the judgment will be just. I knew all about this before you did, and therefore I have made my sons judges; two from Asia, Mi'nos and Rhad-a-man'thus, and one from Europe, Æ'a-cus. And these, when they are dead, shall judge in the meadow where three ways meet, and out of which two roads lead, one to the islands of the blessed, and the other to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge those who come from Asia, and Æacus those who come from Europe. And to Minos I shall give the primacy, and he shall hold a court of appeal, in case either of the two others are in doubt: in this way the judgment respecting the last journey of men will be as just as possible."

This is a tale, Callicles, which I have heard and believe, and from which I draw the following inferences: Death, if I am right, is in the first place the separation from one another of two things, soul and body; this, and nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their

several characteristics, which are much the same as in life ; the body has the same nature and ways and affections, all clearly discernible ; for example, he who by nature or training or both was a tall man while he was alive, will remain as he was, after he is dead ; and the fat man will remain fat ; and so on : and the dead man, who in life had a fancy to have flowing hair, will have flowing hair. And if he was marked with the whip and had the prints of the scourge, or of wounds in him when he was alive, you might see the same in the dead body ; and if his limbs were broken or misshapen when he was alive the same appearance would be visible in the dead. And in a word, whatever was the habit of the body during life would be distinguishable after death, either perfectly, or in a great measure and for a time. And I should infer that this is equally true of the soul, Callicles ; when a man is stripped of the body, all the natural or acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view. And when they come to the judge, as those from Asia came to Rhadamanthus, he places them near him and inspects them quite impartially, not knowing whose the soul is : perhaps he may lay hands on the soul of the great king, or of some other king or potentate, who has no soundness in him, but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries, and of wrongs which have been plastered into him by each action, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, full of deformity and disproportion, which is caused by license and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and dispatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves.

And, as I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of this kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is, nor who his parents are ; he knows only that he has got hold of a villain ; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his recompense. Or, again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth ; he may have been a private man or not ; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other men in his life-time ; him Rhadamanthus sends to the islands of the blest. Æacus does the same ; and they both have sceptres, and judge ; and Minos is seated, looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him—

“ Holding a sceptre of gold, and giving laws to the dead,”

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can, and, when the time comes, to die. And, to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And, in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. And I retort your reproach of me, and say, that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you ; you will go before the judge, the son of Æ-gi'na, and when you are in the hands of justice you will gape and your head will swim round, just as mine would in the courts of this world, and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you every sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale which you condemn. And there might be reason in your condemning such tales, if by searching we could find out any thing better or truer : but now you see that you and Polus and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying, that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life ; and that when any one has been wrong in any thing, he is to be chastised, and that the next best thing to a man being just is that he should become just, and be chastised and punished ; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others ; of the few as of the many : and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done, always with a view to justice.

Follow me then, and I will lead you where you will be happy in life and after death, as your own argument shows. And never mind if some one depises you as a fool, and insults you, if he has a mind ; let him strike you, by Zeus, and do you be of good cheer and do not mind the insulting blow, for you will never come to any harm in the practice of virtue, if you are a really good and true man. When we have practiced virtue in common, we will betake ourselves to politics, if that seems desirable, or we will advise about whatever else may seem good to us, for we shall be better able to judge then. In our present condition we ought not to give ourselves airs, for even on the most important subjects we are always changing our minds ; and what state of education does

that imply? Let us, then, take this discourse as our guide, which signifies to us that the best way of life is to practice justice and every virtue in life and death. This way let us go, and in this exhort all men to follow, not in that way in which you trust and in which you exhort me to follow you; for that way, Callicles, is nothing worth.

We open the *Parmenides* and take at random a short section out of the conversation, to let our readers see for themselves what we have been meaning by our remarks on the barrenness of much that is encountered in Plato. The subject discussed is the idea of unity. *Parmenides* must needs have a respondent. "Shall I propose the youngest?" he asks. But we proceed now in the words of Plato; warning, meantime, the reader not curious to see how void of any thing to reward curiosity may be page after page of hard logic-chopping, that this next passage of quotation may safely be skipped. *Parmenides* speaks:

Shall I propose the youngest? He will be the most likely to say what he thinks, and not raise difficulties; and his answers will give me time to breathe. I am the one whom you mean, *Parmenides*, said *Aristoteles*; for I am the youngest, and at your service. Ask, and I will answer. *Parmenides* proceeded: If one is, he said, the one cannot be many? *Aris*. Impossible. *Par*. Then the one cannot have parts, and cannot be a whole? *Aris*. How is that? *Par*. Why, the part would surely be the part of a whole? *Aris*. Yes. *Par*. And that of which no part is wanting, would be a whole? *Aris*. Certainly. *Par*. Then, in either case, one would be made up of parts; both as being a whole, and also as having parts? *Aris*. Certainly. *Par*. And in either case, the one would be many, and not one? *Aris*. True. *Par*. But surely one ought to be not many, but one? *Aris*. Surely. *Par*. Then, if one is to remain one, it will not be a whole, and will not have parts? *Aris*. No. *Par*. And if one has no parts, it will have neither beginning, middle, nor end; for these would be parts of one? *Aris*. Right. *Par*. But then, again, a beginning and an end are the limits of every thing? *Aris*. Certainly. *Par*. Then the one, neither having beginning nor end, is unlimited? *Aris*. Yes, unlimited. *Par*. And therefore formless, as not being able to partake either of round or straight. *Aris*. How is that? *Par*. Why, the round is that of which all the extreme points are equidistant from the centre? *Aris*. Yes. *Par*. And the straight is that of

which the middle intercepts the extremes? *Aris.* True. *Par.* Then the one would have parts, and would be many, whether it partook of a straight or of a round form? *Aris.* Assuredly. *Par.* But having no parts, one will be neither straight nor round? *Aris.* Right. *Par.* Then, being of such a nature, one cannot be in any place, for it cannot be either in another or in itself. *Aris.* How is that? *Par.* Because, if one be in another, it will be encircled in that other in which it is contained, and will touch it in many places; but that which is one and indivisible, and does not partake of a circular nature, cannot be touched by a circle in many places. *Aris.* Certainly not. *Par.* And one being in itself, will also contain itself, and cannot be other than one, if in itself; for nothing can be in any thing which does not contain it. *Aris.* Impossible. *Par.* But, then, is not that which contains other than that which is contained? for the same whole cannot at once be affected actively and passively; and one will thus be no longer one, but two? *Aris.* True. *Par.* Then one cannot be anywhere, either in itself or in another? *Aris.* No.

In the *Parmenides*, there are not less than sixty stretched-out pages of uninterrupted hair-splitting—uninterrupted, mark, we say—not distinguishable in point of fruit or juice from what our readers have now seen.

And now for the farewell to Socrates, a man undoubtedly to us moderns the most engaging figure of the ancient Grecian world. From among the five chief pieces that relate to Socrates dying, or about to die, we make choice for our purpose of the *Crito* and the *Phædo*.

The *Apology* purports to be the speech of Socrates to his judges, pronounced partly before the conviction, but partly also after, and then ostensibly in mitigation or commutation of his sentence to death. The *Apology* was spoken in vain. Socrates was condemned to drink the hemlock. While he waits in prison till he may lawfully die—for a certain sacred ship must first return from Delos—he is visited there by his friend *Crito*, with a proposal that he make an escape. The dialogue entitled *Crito* gives us the conversation that ensued between the two. We have no means of knowing whether the incident of this visit and proposal really occurred or not.

But nothing can harm the serene and immortal beauty of the representation. By permission we use for our extracts from the *Crito* a little volume entitled "*Socrates*," from the hand of an accomplished American translator, Miss Mason. Our previous extracts have been supplied by Mr. Jowett's incomparable version of Plato's works entire. Here is the opening of the dialogue :

Socrates. Why have you come at this time of day, Crito? Is it not still quite early?

Crito. It is early indeed.

S. About what time is it?

C. Day is just beginning to dawn.

S. I wonder that the keeper of the prison was willing to answer your knock.

C. He is used to me now, Socrates, I have been here so often; and besides, he has received some kindness at my hands.

S. Have you just come, or have you been here some time?

C. Some little time.

S. Then why did you not wake me up at once, instead of sitting by in silence?

C. By Zeus, O Socrates, I for my part should not have wished to be awakened to such a state of sleeplessness and sorrow. But I have for some time been looking at you with wonder to see you sleep so serenely; and I purposely did not awaken you, that you might pass the remainder of your time as peacefully as possible. Often before in the course of your life have I esteemed you fortunate in having such a nature, but never so much as now, in this present misfortune, seeing how easily and calmly you bear it.

S. But do you not see, Crito, that it would be quite inconsistent in one of my age to be disturbed at having to die now?

C. But when others, Socrates, of the same age are overtaken by like misfortunes, their age does not prevent their being distressed at the fate before them.

S. That is true. But why have you come so early?

C. To bring bad news, Socrates; though not for you, it seems. But for myself and for all your friends it is indeed bitter and grievous; and I, above all others, shall find it most hard to bear.

S. What is it? Has the ship come from Delos, on whose arrival I am to die?

C. She has not actually arrived, but I suppose she will be here to-day, to judge from tidings brought by certain persons who have just come from Sunium and report that they left her there. It is evident, from what they say, that she will be here to-day, and thus to-morrow, Socrates, your life must needs end.

S. But this, Crito, is for the best. If it please the gods, so be it. I do not think, however, that the ship will arrive to-day.

C. Whence do you infer this?

S. I will tell you. I am to die on the morrow of the day on which the ship arrives?

C. So say they who order these things, you know.

S. Well, then, I do not think she will arrive on this coming day, but on the following one. I infer this from a certain dream which I had this very night, only a little while ago. It was by some lucky chance that you did not awaken me earlier.

C. What was your dream?

S. It seemed to me that a woman in white raiment, graceful and fair to look upon, came toward me, and, calling me by name, said:

"On the third day, Socrates, thou shalt reach the coast of fertile Phthia."

C. What a strange dream, Socrates!

S. But clear withal, Crito, it seems to me.

C. Only too clear. But, O beloved Socrates, be persuaded by me while there is yet time, and save yourself.

There follows hereupon a considerable stretch of conversation between Socrates and Crito, in which Crito urges every inducement (including offer of money and personal help), with the condemned man, to seek safety in escape, and Socrates gently but firmly puts every inducement aside. Socrates at length says:

S. Consider it thus. Suppose, as we were on the point of running away, or whatever else you may call it, the laws and the state should come and say: "Tell us, Socrates, what is this that you think of doing? Are you not, by the deed which you are about to undertake, thinking to destroy, so far as in you lies, the laws and the whole state? For you do not deem it possible, do you, that that state can survive and not be overthrown in which the decisions of the courts do not prevail, but are by private individuals set aside and brought to naught?" How shall we reply, Crito, to this, and to other like questions? Any one, above

all an orator, might have much to say in behalf of the law we are breaking, which commands that judgments once decreed shall be decisive. Or shall we make answer that the state has injured us and not given righteous judgment? Shall we say this, or what shall we say?

C. This, by Zeus, O Socrates.

S. What then, if the law answer: "And is this what was agreed between us, Socrates, or was it not rather that you should abide by the judgments decreed by the state? . . .

"In this very trial you were at liberty, if you had wished, to propose the penalty of exile, so that what you are now attempting to do against the will of the city, you could then have done with her consent. You boasted at that time that if you had to die you would not be distressed, for you preferred, as you said, death to exile. But now you feel no shame at the recollection of your own words, nor have you any reverence for us, the laws, since you are trying to destroy us, and are acting as would the meanest slave, trying to run away in defiance of the covenants and agreements according to which you had pledged yourself to be governed as a citizen. . . .

"Thus you will confirm the opinion of your judges, so that your sentence will appear to have been justly awarded. For whosoever is a corrupter of the laws is very sure to appear also as a corrupter of young and thoughtless men. . . . What language will you use, O Socrates? Will you affirm, as you have done here, that virtue and justice and institutions and laws are the things most precious to men. . . . All those discourses concerning justice and other virtue—what is to become of them? Or is it perhaps on account of your children that you wish to live, so that you may bring them up and educate them? But what then? Will you take them to Thessaly, and there bring them up and educate them, making them aliens to their country, that this also they may have to thank you for? Or perhaps you think that they will be better cared for and educated here in Athens for your being alive, even if you are not living with them. Your friends, you say, will look after them. But do you suppose that, while they will do this if you depart for Thessaly, they will not if you depart for Hades? Assuredly, if they who call themselves your friends are good for any thing, you must believe that they will.

"But, Socrates, be persuaded by us who have brought you up, and do not place your children or your life or any thing else above the right; that, when you have arrived in Hades, you may have all these things to urge in your defense before those who reign there. For neither in this life does it appear better or more just or more holy for you or for any one belonging to you thus to act, nor when you shall have arrived in the other

world will it be to your advantage. As it is now, if you depart hence, you go as one wronged, not by us, the laws, but by men; but if you take to flight, thus disgracefully rendering back injustice and injury by breaking the covenants and agreements which you yourself made with us, and working evil against those whom least of all you ought to injure—your own self as well as your friends, your country, and ourselves—we shall be angry with you here while you are yet alive, and our brothers, the laws in Hades, will not receive you kindly, knowing that you sought, so far as in you lay, to destroy us. So do not, we beg you, let Crito persuade you to follow his advice rather than ours.”

These, you must know, my dear friend Crito, are the words which I seem to hear, even as the Corybantes imagine that they hear the sound of the flutes; and their echo resounding within me makes me unable to hear aught beside. Know, therefore, that if you say any thing contrary to this, you will but speak in vain. Nevertheless, if you think that any thing will be gained thereby, say on.

C. No, Socrates, I have nothing more to say.

S. Then so let it rest, Crito; and let us follow in this way, since in this way it is that God leads.

With excellent taste and judgment Plato tells the story of the end in a conversation made to take place after the lapse of an interval of time from the actual occurrence of the incidents related. The name of the dialogue in which this is done is the *Phædo*.

The distance of time interposed has the effect to subdue and soften the outlines of the action. The baldness and harshness that might otherwise have been felt are quite enchanted away from the scene. Nothing is left to infuse one element of sharp or crude into the exquisite sweet pathos of the marvelous story. What wonder Cicero could never read the story without tears? Scarce to be wondered at, if, on reading the *Phædo*, Socrates's disciple Cleom'brotus did indeed, as is related of him, cast himself into the sea in a fit of vain remorse that he was so wanting to the master in his extremity as not to take the trouble of being present with him at the closing scene. The contrast and the resemblance warrant the celebrated remark of the French infidel, Rousseau:

"Socrates died like a philosopher, Jesus Christ died like a God."

But we must not talk further about what our readers have yet to see. And how shall we show them the *Phædo* in its just light, without letting them see it all? But this, of course, is out of the question. The scenery, the reliefs, the transitions, the exchanges of question and reply, the slow and gradual growth of the atmosphere that envelops all and sets life as into a picture—these things we have to lose, and, losing these, we run the risk of losing the *Phædo*. The gracious play of affectionate irony that beautifies the "coming bulk of death"—this disappears, and what a difference! The groping of hands that feel after immortality in the darkness—what shall compensate for that effect withdrawn? But there is no help for us, and—lest we grieve long enough to take up the room that might have been so used as to forestall occasion of grieving—here is the conclusion to the most pleasing and touching of all Plato's dialogues, the *Phædo*. We once more let Miss Mason do our translating; Socrates speaks:

"You, too, Simmias and Cebes, and all the rest of you, must each one day take this journey; 'but now,' as a tragic poet would say, 'me the voice of fate is calling,' and it is well-nigh time that I should think of the bath; for it seems better for me to bathe before drinking the poison, and not give the women the trouble of washing my body."

When he had thus spoken, Crito said: "Very well, Socrates; but what charge have you to give me or our friends here, about your children or any thing else, which we may most gratify you by fulfilling?"

"Only what I have always said, Crito," answered he, "nothing new; that if you will take heed to yourselves, you will, whatever you do, render me and mine and your own selves a service, even if you do not make any promises now. But if you do not take heed to yourselves, and will not try to follow in the path which I have now and heretofore pointed out, you will bring nothing to pass, no matter how many or how solemn promises you make."

"We will indeed try our best," said he; "but how do you wish us to bury you?"

"Just as you please," he answered, "if you only get hold of me, and

do not let me escape you." And quietly laughing and glancing at us, he said :

"I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that this Socrates who is now talking with you and laying down each one of these propositions is my very self ; for his mind is full of the thought that I am he whom he is to see in a little while as a corpse ; and so he asks how he shall bury me. Thus, that long argument of mine, the object of which was to show that after I have drunk the poison I shall be among you no longer, but shall go away to certain joys prepared for the blessed, seems to him but idle talk, uttered only to keep up your spirits as well as my own." . . .

Thus saying he got up and went into another room to bathe, and Crito followed him ; but us he requested to stay behind. We remained, therefore, talking over with one another and inquiring into what had been said ; ever and again coming back to the misfortune which had befallen us ; for we looked upon ourselves as doomed to go through the rest of life like orphans, bereft of a father.

After he had bathed, his children were brought to him—for he had three sons, two very young, and one who was older—and the women of his household also arrived. And having talked with them, in the presence of Crito, and given them all his directions, he bade them depart, and himself returned to us. It was now near sunset, for he had spent a long time in the inner room. He came then and sat down with us, but he did not speak much after this. And the servant of the Eleven came and standing by him said : "I shall not have to reproach you, O Socrates, as I have others, with being enraged and cursing me when I announce to them, by order of the magistrates, that they must drink the poison ; but during this time of your imprisonment I have learned to know you as the noblest and gentlest and best man of all that have ever come here, and so I am sure now that you will not be angry with me ; for you know the real authors of this, and will blame them alone. And now—for you know what it is I have come to announce—farewell, and try to bear as best you may the inevitable." And upon this, bursting into tears, he turned and went away ; and Socrates, looking after him, said :

"May it fare well with you also ! We will do what you have bidden." And to us he added : "How courteous the man is ! The whole time I have been here he has been constantly coming to see me, and has frequently talked to me, and shown himself to be the kindest of men ; and see how feelingly he weeps for me now ! But come, Crito, we must obey him. So let the poison be brought, if it is already mixed ; if not, let the man mix it."

And Crito said: "But, Socrates, the sun, I think, is still upon the mountains, and has not yet gone down. Others, I know, have not taken the poison till very late, and have feasted and drunk right heartily, some even enjoying the company of their intimates, long after receiving the order. So do not hasten, for there is yet time."

But Socrates said: "It is very natural, Crito, that those of whom you speak should do this, for they think to gain thereby; but it is just as natural that I should not do so, for I do not think that, by drinking the poison a little later, I should gain any thing more than a laugh at my own expense, for being greedy of life and 'stingy when nothing is left.' So go and do as I desire."

At these words Crito motioned to the servant standing by, who then went out, and after some time came back with the man who was to give the poison, which he brought mixed in a cup. And Socrates, seeing the man, said:

"Well, my friend, I must ask you, since you have had experience in these matters, what I ought to do?"

"Nothing," said he, "but walk about after drinking until you feel a heaviness in your legs, and then, if you lie down, the poison will take effect of itself."

With this, he handed the cup to Socrates, who took it right cheerfully, O Echecrates [E-kek'ra-tēs], without tremor, or change of color or countenance, and, looking at the man from under his brows with that intent gaze peculiar to himself, said: "What say you to pouring a libation from this cup to one of the gods? Is it allowed or not?"

"We prepare, Socrates," answered he, "only just so much as we think is the right quantity to drink."

"I understand," said he; "but prayer to the gods is surely allowed, and must be made, that it may fare well with me on my journey yonder. For this, then, I pray, and so be it!"

Thus speaking, he put the cup to his lips, and right easily and blithely drank it off. Now most of us had until then been able to keep back our tears; but when we saw him drinking, and then that he had finished the draught, we could do so no longer. In spite of myself, my tears burst forth in floods, so that I covered my face and wept aloud, not for him assuredly, but for my own fate in being deprived of such a friend. Now Crito, even before I gave way, had not been able to restrain his tears, and so had moved away. But A-pol-lo-do'rus all along had not ceased to weep; and now, when he burst into loud sobs, there was not one of those present who was not overcome by his tears and distress, except Socrates himself. But he asked: "What are you doing, you strange

people? My chief reason for sending away the women was, that we might be spared such discordance as this; for I have heard that a man ought to die in solemn stillness. So pray be composed, and restrain yourselves!"

On hearing this, we were ashamed, and forced back our tears. And he walked about until he said that he began to feel a heaviness in his legs, and then he lay down on his back, as he had been told to do. Thereupon the man who had given the poison, taking hold of him, examined from time to time his feet and legs, and then, pressing one foot hard, asked if he felt it, to which he answered, No; and after that, again his legs, and then still higher, showing us the while that he was getting cold and stiff. Then Socrates himself did the same, and said that by the time the poison had reached his heart he should be gone. And now he was cold nearly up to his middle, when, uncovering his face, for he had covered it up, he said—and these were his last words—"Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Pay the debt, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done, Socrates," said he. "But think if you have nothing else to say."

There was no answer to this question; but after a moment Socrates stirred, and when the man uncovered him we saw that his face was set. Crito, on seeing this, closed his mouth and eyes. Such was the end, O Echecrates, of our friend, a man whom we may well call, of all men known to us of our day, the best, and besides the wisest and the most just.

What a gentle ending—told how gently, but with what power of pathos gently told—to that matchless pagan life! For such a case, shall we not at least "faintly trust the larger hope?"

Platonism had a remarkable revival in Neo-Platonism (New Platonism) long after the great teacher's death. This was when Alexandria had become the transferred chief seat of Greek letters. Neo-Platonism exercised a powerful influence for many centuries on Christian theology. That influence is, perhaps, not yet spent. About a century ago, Thomas Taylor, known in literary history as "the Platonist," presented to the world the example of an Englishman, born so to speak out of due time and out of due place, swearing into the words of Plato.

That Zeus, if he had spoken Greek, would have spoken it

like Plato, was the sentence of antiquity. Praise could not further go. Though some might be inclined to place Demosthenes before him, Plato will, no doubt, always remain in general consent the greatest prose writer of ancient Greece.

VII.

ÆSCHYLUS.

WITH Æschylus we enter upon a representation of Greek tragic poetry.

The first thing important in preparation for a right estimate of Greek tragedy is to disabuse the mind of a certain very natural false prepossession. We English-speakers, we students of Shakespeare, have, of course, formed our ideas of what tragedy is from the examples familiar to us of Shakespeare's art in this line of literary production. Nothing more instinctive than that we should look to find a body of literature in Greek that has the same name, tragedy, having also the same character. Nothing more instinctive, and nothing more fallacious. Greek tragedy and English tragedy are two very distinct affairs. They both have their conventions, but their conventions are widely different. If you judge the Greek tragedy by the standard of the English, you will think very ill of the Greek. Conversely, if you judge the English tragedy by the standard of the Greek, you will think very ill of the English. But you will, in either case, commit a critical blunder and think very wrongly.

Regard Greek tragedy as an attempt to represent real life on the stage, and you will be right in pronouncing Greek tragedy very rude literary art, art entirely unworthy of the praise it has received. But Greek tragedy was no such attempt. Its material was not reality, and its aim was not to produce a life-like representation. We may state the differ-

ence between ancient tragedy and modern in a single antithetical sentence : Modern tragedy presents real life idealized; ancient tragedy presented an ideal life realized. The subjects of Greek tragedy were myths in which nobody believed—that is, in which nobody believed as every body believes in the things of real life. The staple myths of Greek tragedy concerned heroes that were demigods. There was a certain tacit, quasi-religious—a conventional—acceptance of these myths, an acceptance of them sufficient to render them a suitable basis on which to impress whatever lesson of wisdom the tragic poet might wish to teach.

For Greek tragedy was a great institute of teaching. Its motive to teach was quite in the ascendant over its motive to amuse. Whereas modern dramatic art seeks first to entertain, and then, if at all, to instruct and profit, the ancient tragedy reversed this order and was first didactic, and, after that, for the sake of didactics, diverting. Unless you understand this about Greek tragedy, you will be staggered in reading *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. You will wonder that these writers could ever have won the renown they enjoy. Remember, then, that whereas the modern tragedy aims to represent life, somewhat ideally, as life really is, and even makes its boast of not trying to enforce any moral, of being content with itself as art without seeking to make itself aught as ethics, of leaving the whole business of didactics to the sermon and the essay—Greek tragedy, on the other hand, had it for its chief purpose to teach. It represented action only, or mainly, for the sake of so teaching the more impressively. Milton, in the *Paradise Regained*, hits the truth exactly :

Thence what the lofty, grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambick, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate and chance and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.

It is worthy of being noted, by the way, that thus the Greek example fails the modern devotees of art at a very important point. Those who maintain the doctrine of art for art's sake, are fond of drawing precedent from ancient Greece. 'Art,' they are in the habit of saying, 'is spoiled when it tries to preach. Look at Greece. How Greece delighted in beauty! Greece was wise enough to let beauty have its place, and stand alone sufficient to itself. Do not blame,' so say these critics, 'do not blame Shakespeare for being simply an artist. Suffer him to represent life, and do not insist on his pointing a moral.' But the Greek tragedians did just this forbidden thing. And who can be supposed to understand, better than did the ancient Greeks, the full rights of art as against the claims of ethics?

The Greek tragedies were represented by daylight in the open air, before assemblages that numbered their tens of thousands of spectators. The blue sky was roof to the immense amphitheatre, rocks, woods, and mountains, and temples of the gods, were the inclosing walls. The glorious sun was the common light of all their seeing. These circumstances rendered such illusion as is sought in the modern spectacle a thing quite out of the question for the antique stage. There was, indeed, anciently no attempt to produce the effect of such illusion. The actors wore masks on their faces and buskins on their feet. Besides this, they wore a kind of wig designed to make them look taller, and dressed with padding designed to make them look larger, than life. Such an accoutrement forbade any true acting. There was no play of feature visible to spectators, and there could be no free movement and gesture of the body. The whole spectacle partook of the character of something statuesque, something half superhuman. It was a series as if of tableaux—the figures fixed, immobile, marmoreal. The design was, indeed, to impose a kind of awe on the imagination, to subdue, to render docile—this, rather than to present a life-like scene.

Æschylus, born 525 B. C., was the true originator of Greek tragedy. He found the stage occupied by a chorus of singers, whose lyric chant was the chief feature of the dramatic occasion. Apart from the chorus there was but one actor. This one actor diversified the monotony of the performance with a narrative monologue ; or perhaps there was a dialogue carried on between him and the leader of the chorus. Æschylus introduced a second actor, and thereby transformed what was essentially lyric into dramatic—for now the choral part became secondary from having previously been principal ; created in fact the tragedy. Changes were afterward incorporated, but tragedy remained for the Greeks substantially what Æschylus made it. The number of actors apart from the chorus was always very small. The history of classic Greek tragedy covered an exceedingly short space of time. The three masters, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were in part mutual contemporaries. And these three are all the Greek tragedians that survive to us in their works.

Each one of the three was a fecund genius. Æschylus produced, it is said, no less than seventy tragedies. But Sophocles lived a long life productive to a late moment, and one hundred and thirteen tragedies are credited to him. Euripides was, in fruitfulness, exactly a mean between the two ; he wrote ninety-two tragedies. But let not our readers be over hasty in counting themselves rich. Only seven tragedies of Æschylus, and only seven of Sophocles, are now extant. From Euripides we have seventeen.

Æschylus was born in an Attic village near Athens. He was of a noble family, and his character corresponded ; for he was in spirit, high, haughty, and conservative. He fought at Marathon, and, with a brother of his, bore off a prize adjudged by his countrymen for valor. At Salamis, too, ten years later, he took part against the Persians. One of his tragedies, *The Persians*, treats the downfall of Xerxes. This

piece, by the way, is unique in Greek tragedy for finding the personages of its plot, not in myth, but in history. In compensation, there is an element of ghostly supernatural introduced—the spirit of Darius rising from the dead to teach the Persian grandees that so the gods chastise the insolence of Xerxes. In the interval between Marathon and Salamis, Æschylus wrote tragedies, and several times was crowned victor in the competitions arranged by the Athenians to take place among their rival tragic poets. But falling toward the last into disfavor with his fellow-citizens—as they in turn fell into disfavor with him—he retired to Syracuse, where, at the magnificent and munificent court of Hiero, he was content to pass the closing years of his life.

Æschylus was a kind of Michael Angelo, in the largeness, in the ruggedness, and in the audacity, of his genius—in the loftiness and pride of his character as well. Colossal, Titanic—are such adjectives as one wishes to use in describing Æschylus. He was the most aspiringly sublime of all the ancient poets. And yet he said of himself, in a self-disdaining way—which had, perhaps, more of pride than of meekness in it—that he had given in his tragedies only “fragments picked up from the mighty feasts of Homer.” And true it is, that all Greek tragedy, including the share in it of Æschylus, dealt largely with the cycle of myths that centre about the Homeric tale of Troy.

In choosing from among the greatest of the extant works of Æschylus, we hesitate in almost hopeless balance between the Pro-mé'theus Bound and the Agamemnon, for presentation to our readers. Let us arbitrarily say the Prometheus Bound.

Prometheus was a mythical being of superhuman rank, who stole fire from heaven and brought it to men. For this offense against Zeus, he was condemned to be chained alive to a rocky cliff in the Cau'ca-sus. Prometheus himself is, of course, the chief personage in the action. The drama begins

with the scene of the chaining. Conversation first takes place between He-phæ's'tus (Vulcan) and two allegoric characters, Strength and Force, while these three rivet the captive divinity to the rock. This accomplished, Prometheus is visited in his solitude by a troop of nymphs, with whom he holds prolonged discourse. He expresses himself with unconquerable pride against Zeus, claiming to possess a secret not known to the monarch himself of Olympus, on which, nevertheless, the stability of that monarch's kingdom depends. While the haughty sufferer is in the height of his defiance of Zeus, the Thunderer sends a tempest, in the midst of which Prometheus disappears and the tragedy ends. Such, in brief, is the action of the poem.

The *Prometheus Unbound* is a lost work of Æschylus. Shelley has ventured after a certain sort to supply its place with a creation of his own. Of this modern attempt at completing of a great antique torso, we may, in due time, say something, but now forthwith to presentation of the torso itself.

The *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus attracted the learning and the genius of Mrs. Browning to give it form in English verse. We shall chiefly use Mrs. Browning's translation here. It is a noble piece of work, admirable for scholarship in Greek, and as English literature marred only by those technical faults of execution which Mrs. Browning, with all her resplendent gifts, never, except in her rarest felicities of mood, was fortunate enough wholly to escape. The original poem, like all the Greek tragedies, was written chiefly in iambics. Iambic blank verse, Mrs. Browning's choice for her task, is accordingly a fit mould of English translation. The parts, however, of the chorus, with certain lyric passages besides, are given by Æschylus (and like is the usage of all the Greek tragedians) in various other metres. Such exceptional portions of the tragedy Mrs. Browning appropriately renders in correspondingly varied English style,

with added garnish of rhyme. The entire length of the tragedy is eleven hundred and fourteen Greek lines. Mrs. Browning's version makes about fourteen hundred lines in English.

The first scene opens with Strength speaking :

Strength. We reach the utmost limit of the earth,
The Scythian track, the desert without man,
And now, Hephæstus, thou must needs fulfill
The mandate of our Father, and with links
Indissoluble of adamantine chains,
Fasten against this beetling precipice
This guilty god. Because he filched away
Thine own bright flower, the glory of plastic fire,
And gifted mortals with it—such a sin
It doth behoove he expiate to the gods,
Learning to accept the empery of Zeus
And leave off his old trick of loving man.

Strength is a burly, fierce fellow. But Hephæstus shows some feeling :

Hephæstus. O Strength and Force, for you, our Zeus's will
Presents a deed for doing, no more !—but I,
I lack your daring, up this storm-rent chasm
To fix with violent hands a kindred god—
Howbeit necessity compels me so
That I must dare it—and our Zeus commands
With a most inevitable word. [*To Prometheus.*] Ho, thou !
High-thoughted son of Themis who is sage !

Thou art adjudged to guard this joyless rock,
Erect, unslumbering, bending not the knee,
And many a cry and unavailing moan
To utter on the air. For Zeus is stern,
And new-made kings are cruel.

Force has nothing whatever to say. But Strength and Hephæstus keep up a colloquy while the work goes on. Hephæstus sighs :

I would some other hand
Were here to work it

Whereto,

All work hath its pain
Except to rule the gods,

replies Strength, generalizing philosophically. He adds:

There is none free
Except King Zeus.

A few more similar exchanges of remark occur between the two, Strength meanwhile keeping a strict eye to the business in hand. Hephæstus is disposed to regard the task as now done, when Strength exclaims:

Still faster grapple him—
Wedge him in deeper—leave no inch to stir!
He's terrible for finding a way out
From the irremediable.

Hephæstus apparently tries to relieve the tension by putting on an indifferent air of compliance; but Strength is not to be cajoled:

Strength. Now, straight through the chest,
Take him and bite him with the clenching tooth
Of the adamantine wedge, and rivet him.

This is too much for Hephæstus, who bursts out—this time to Prometheus:

Alas, Prometheus, what thou sufferest here
I sorrow over.

Strength is not yet done with his relentless hounding on of Hephæstus to his task. But at length even Strength is satisfied. Prometheus is left to his solitude and chains and pains, with a fierce farewell speech from Strength, conceived as follows:

Methinks the Dæmons gave thee a wrong name,
Prometheus, which means Providence—because
Thou dost thyself need providence to see
Thy roll and ruin from the top of doom.

Prometheus, forsaken, soliloquizes :

O holy Æther, and swift wingéd Winds,
 And river-wells, and laughter innumeros
 Of yon sea-waves ! Earth, mother of us all,
 And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you—
 Behold me a god, what I endure from gods !
 Behold, with throe on throe,
 How, wasted by this woe,
 I wrestle down the myriad years of time !
 Behold, how fast around me,
 The new King of the happy ones sublime
 Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me !

 Alas me ! what a murmur and motion I hear
 As of birds flying near !
 And the air undersings
 The light stroke of their wings—
 And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

What Prometheus heard was the approach of the winged sea-nymphs. These constitute a chorus.

The sea-nymphs and Prometheus chant responsively to each other through several pages of lofty lyrical dialogue. The sea-nymphs sympathize with the suffering god, and say hard things of Zeus. Prometheus on his part lets out dark hints of something that he knows, deeply concerning the interests of his conqueror and torturer. The sea-nymphs are tantalized. They beg Prometheus to tell them all about the matter. Prometheus seems to yield, and, beginning with retrospect, proceeds, interrupted from time to time by the nymphs, to the following purpose :

When gods began with wrath,
 And war rose up between their starry brows,
 Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne
 That Zeus might king it there, and some in haste
 With opposite oaths that they would have no Zeus
 To rule the gods forever—I, who brought
 The counsel I thought meetest, could not move

The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,
What time, disdaining in their rugged souls
My subtle machinations, they assumed
It was an easy thing for force to take
The mastery of fate.

Tartarus,

With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,
Because I gave that counsel, covers up
The antique Chronos and his siding hosts,
And, by that counsel helped, the king of gods
Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs!
For kingship wears a cancer at the heart—
Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask,
What crime it is for which he tortures me—
That shall be clear before you. When at first
He filled his father's throne, he instantly
Made various gifts of glory to the gods,
And dealt the empire out. Alone of men,
Of miserable men, he took no count,
But yearned to sweep their track off from the world,
And plant a newer race there. Not a god
Resisted such desire, except myself!
I dared it! I drew mortals back to light,
From meditated ruin deep as hell!
For which wrong, I am bent down in these pangs
Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold—
And I, who pitied man, am thought myself
Unworthy of pity—while I render out
Deep rhythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand
That strikes me thus!—a sight to shame your Zeus!

Chorus.

And didst thou sin

No more than so?

Prometheus.

I did restrain besides

My mortals from premeditating death.—

Cho. How didst thou medicine the plague-fear of death?

Pro. I set blind hopes to inhabit in their house.

Cho. By that gift, thou didst help thy mortals well.

Pro. I gave them also,—fire

Cho.

And have they now,

Those creatures of a day, the red-eyed fire?

Pro. They have! and shall learn by it many arts.

Cho. And, truly, for such sins Zeus tortures thee.

And will remit no anguish? Is there set
No limit before thee to thine agony?

Pro. No other! only what seems good to Him.

.
But mourn not ye for griefs
I bear to-day!—hear rather, dropping down
To the plain, how other woes creep on to me,
And learn the consummation of my doom.
Beseech you, nymphs, beseech you, grieve for me
Who now am grieving!—for Grief walks the earth,
And sits down at the foot of each by turns.

The sentiment with which the foregoing extract closes is highly characteristic of the grave and solemn genius of Æschylus. O-ce'an-us (Ocean-god) now arrives, and joins the company of sympathizers with Prometheus. Prometheus, greeting him, flings out high words against Zeus. Oceanus is worldly-wise, and he counsels the captive thriftily. He proposes a plan of intervention with Zeus **on** behalf of the sufferer:

Prometheus, I behold—and I would fain
Exhort thee, though already subtle enough,
To a better wisdom. Titan, know thyself,
And take new softness to thy manners since
A new king rules the gods.

.
Beseech thee, use me then
For counsel! do not spurn against the pricks—
Seeing that who reigns, reigns by cruelty
Instead of right. And now, I go from hence,
And will endeavor if a power of mine
Can break thy fetters through. For thee—be calm,
And smooth thy words from passion. Knowest thou not
Of perfect knowledge, thou who knowest too much,
That where the tongue wags, ruin never lags?

But Prometheus says: 'No, there is no hope. Zeus is not to be entreated. You will only bring trouble on yourself.'

The speech of Prometheus is, however, too magnificent not to be spread out somewhat at large. In it he gives glimpses, in powerful description, of that ancient war of the 'Giants against Zeus, which resulted in overthrow and punishment to the rebel Titans. Of these, Atlas was one—"my brother Atlas," Prometheus calls him. Atlas was condemned to bear up the heaven and the earth upon his shoulders. Hundred-headed Typhon the fell was another rebel overthrown. He was sentenced to heave and toss uneasily under *Ætna*. But here is Titan *Æschylus* himself upon the Titans, fitly presented in the truly Titanic translation of Mrs. Browning. Prometheus says to *Oceanus* :

Take rest,
And keep thyself from evil. If I grieve,
I do not therefore wish to multiply
The griefs of others. Verily, not so !
For still my brother's doom doth vex my soul—
My brother Atlas, standing in the west,
Shouldering the column of the heaven and earth,
A difficult burden ! I have also seen,
And pitied as I saw, the earth-born one,
The inhabitant of old Cilician caves,
The great war-monster of the hundred heads
(All taken and bowed beneath the violent Hand),
Typhon the fierce, who did resist the gods,
And, hissing slaughter from his dreadful jaws,
Flash out ferocious glory from his eyes,
As if to storm the throne of Zeus ! Whereat,
The sleepless arrow of Zeus flew straight at him—
The headlong bolt of thunder breathing flame,
And struck him downward from his eminence
Of exultation ! Through the very soul
It struck him, and his strength was withered up
To ashes, thunder-blasted. Now, he lies
A helpless trunk supinely, at full length
Beside the strait of ocean, spurred into
By roots of *Ætna*—high upon whose tops
Hephæstus sits and strikes the flashing ore.
From thence the rivers of fire shall burst away

Hereafter, and devour with savage jaws
 The equal plains of fruitful Sicily,
 Such passion he shall boil back in hot darts
 Of an insatiate fury and sough of flame,
 Fallen Typhon—howsoever struck and charred
 By Zeus's bolted thunder! But for thee,
 Thou art not so unlearned as to need
 My teaching—let thy knowledge save thyself.
 I quaff the full cup of a present doom,
 And wait till Zeus hath quenched his will in wrath.

Oceanus. Prometheus, art thou ignorant of this,
 That words do medicine anger?

Prometheus. If the word
 With seasonable softness touch the soul,
 And, where the parts are ulcerous, sear them not
 By any rudeness.

The "words do medicine anger," of Æschylus, recalls that of Milton:

Apt words have power to suage
 The tumors of a troubled mind.

Oceanus, undissuaded by Prometheus, speeds him off to see what he may be able to effect for the captive. The nymphs intervene with strophe and antistrophe of soothing sympathy, one group of the chorus answering another, and then Prometheus resumes his part:

Beseech you, think not I am silent thus
 Through pride or scorn! I only gnaw my heart
 With meditation, seeing myself so wronged.
 For so—their honors to these new-made gods,
 What other gave but I, and dealt them out
 With distribution? Ay—but here I am dumb!
 For here, I should repeat your knowledge to you,
 If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds
 I did for mortals!—how, being fools before,
 I made them wise and true in aim of soul.
 And let me tell you—not as taunting men,
 But teaching you the intention of my gifts,
 How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,

And hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams,
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wicketed sides, nor any woodcraft knew,
But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
In hollow caves unsunned. There, came to them
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of Letters, and besides,
The artificer of all things, Memory,
That sweet Muse-mother. I was first to yoke
The servile beasts in couples; carrying
An heirdom of man's burdens on their backs.
I joined to chariots, steeds, that love the bit
They champ at—the chief pomp of golden ease!
And none but I originated ships,
The seaman's chariots, wandering on the brine
With linen wings. And I—O, miserable!—
Who did devise for mortals all these arts,
Have no device left now to save myself
From the woe I suffer.

The chorus are wise sympathizers. They let grief have its way. By the simple echoing back, in chime with him, of what Prometheus says, they console him better than by any intrusion of advice they could:

Most unseemly woe
Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense,
Bewildered! Like a bad leech falling sick
Thou art faint of soul, and canst not find the drugs
Required to save thyself.

This unlocks Prometheus's heart still wider, and draws from him additional proud pathetic claim of service rendered by himself to mankind. The nymphs in chorus wish themselves security against the dreadful wrath of Zeus.

But here enters a strange new personage into the action. It is no other than hapless I'o, a mortal maiden, loved by Zeus, and for that reason tormented of Heré, Zeus's wife. Heré has revengefully changed Io into a heifer, and she now drives her victim ever from land to land helpless and mad under the sting of a gadfly. Io, suffering and forlorn under her own shameful transformation, is arrested by the encounter in Prometheus of grief greater than her own. She begs to know from him why he is in that hard case, and having been told briefly asks further what still awaits herself.

Prometheus not having yet told her all that lay before her, Io was immeasurably distressed to hear even such part of her predestined woes. To her, asking why she had not better at once dash herself down the rocks and make an end, Prometheus says, 'For me is no release from ills in death. I must suffer till Zeus cease to reign.' 'And will Zeus ever cease to reign?' eagerly asks Io; 'How?' 'Through one, at a remove of thirteen generations, born of you,' replies Prometheus; and this is the connection in fate between the two which has justified the introduction of Io into the drama. Only tantalized with this unsatisfying glimpse of the future, Io begs to know more. Prometheus offers her an option. She shall either hear the full measure of her own appointed sorrows, or she shall hear how he himself, Prometheus, is at length to be released. The chorus interposes with, 'Tell to her the one and to me the other.' And Prometheus complies. He is highly explicit in his itinerary of poor Io's future wanderings; but when he comes to the matter of his own deliverance he is oracularly obscure. His deliverer will be a personage designated only by a pronoun—it will be a certain HE. That is the sense of the passage.

Io hereupon falls into a fresh paroxysm of her anguish, and with a frenzied outcry in lyrical numbers dashes out of the scene. The chorus, in strophe, antistrophe, and epode, chant

their sentiments in view of what they have seen and heard.
We give only Io's anguished lament uttered as she disappears:

Io. Eleleu, eleleu !
 How the spasm and the pain
 And the fire on the brain
 Strike, burning me through !
How the sting of the curse, all aflame as it flew,
 Pricks me onward again !
How my heart, in its terror, is spurning my breast,
And my eyes, like the wheels of a chariot, roll round !
I am whirled from my course, to the east, to the west,
In the whirlwind of phrensy all madly inwound—
And my mouth is unbridled for anguish and hate,
And my words beat in vain, in wild storms of unrest,
 On the sea of my desolate fate.

What follows is a fine bit of audacity from Prometheus in menacing defiance of Zeus. Mrs. Browning rises equal to the sublimity of her original—as Prometheus dares and flouts the thunder of the Thunderer in this high fashion :

 Now, therefore, let him sit
And brave the imminent doom, and fix his fate
On his supernal noises, hurtling on
With restless hand, the bolt that breathes out fire—
For these things shall not help him, none of them,
Nor hinder his perdition when he falls
To shame, and lower than patience. Such a foe
He doth himself prepare against himself,
A wonder of unconquerable Hate,
An organizer of sublimer fire
Than glares in lightnings, and of grander sound
Than aught the thunder rolls, outthundering it,
With power to shatter in Poseidon's fist
The trident-spear, which, while it plagues the sea,
Doth shake the shores around it. Ay, and Zeus,
Precipitated thus, shall learn at length
The difference betwixt rule and servitude.

The chorus, true to the character of choruses—ever wise, though sometimes commonplace (but is not real wisdom

generally commonplace ?)—counsels self-restraint to Prometheus. Prometheus is only goaded to fiercer scorn thereby. He bursts out as follows :

Reverence thou,
Adore thou, flatter thou, whomever reigns,
Whenever reigning ! but for me, your Zeus
Is less than nothing. Let him act and reign
His brief hour out according to his will—
He will not, therefore, rule the gods too long.
But, lo ! I see that courier-god of Zeus,
That new-made menial of the new-crowned king.
He doubtless comes to announce to us something new.

Hermes, messenger of Zeus, comes requiring, from the king of gods and men, that Prometheus speak plainly out his boasted secret. Prometheus answers proudly, and concludes :

Do I seem
To tremble and quail before your modern gods ?
Far be it from me ! For thyself, depart,
Re-tread thy steps in haste. To all thou hast asked,
I answer nothing.

Altercation ensues between Hermes and Prometheus, Prometheus speaking with a rebellious loftiness and pride worthy of Milton's Satan. Here, indeed, is as much true parallel for the first books of the *Paradise Lost* as any thing in literature could furnish. We add a further specimen. Prometheus says to Hermes :

No torture from his hand
Nor any machination in the world
Shall force mine utterance, ere he loose, himself,
These cankerous fetters from me ! For the rest,
Let him now hurl his blanching lightnings down,
And with his white-winged snows and mutterings deep
Of subterranean thunders, mix all things,
Confound them in disorder. None of this
Shall bend my sturdy will, and make me speak
The name of his dethroner who shall come.

Hermes is exasperatingly calm and advisory. But he threatens withal :

Absolute will disjointed
From perfect mind is worse than weak. Behold,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee. For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where a hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm ;—and when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun while Zeus's wingéd hound,
The strong carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee, self-called to a daily feast,
And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver. Do not look
For any end moreover to this curse,
Or ere some god appear, to accept thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell
And gloomy abysses around Tartarus.

The chorus chimes in with Hermes in the customary strain of choric worldly-wisdom :

Our Hermes suits his reasons to the times ;
At least I think so—since he bids thee drop
Self-will for prudent counsel. Yield to him !
When the wise err, their wisdom makes their shame.

Prometheus abides stout and defiant :

Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and whitening,
Flash, coiling me round,
While the æther goes surging 'neath thunder and scourging
Of wild winds unbound !
Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
The earth rooted below,
And the brine of the ocean, in rapid emotion,
Be it driven in the face

The sentiment naturally inspired in the sympathetic breast by the spectacle of enduring and defying Prometheus is very well expressed by the Ettrick Shepherd in that strange compound of the noble and the base, the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Christopher North. The quaint Scottish dialect adds a pleasant piquancy to the expression: "Ane amaist fears to pity him, lest we wrang fortitude sae majestical."

In conclusion, it may be said generally of Æschylus, that his chief fault was, as the French would express it, the fault of his chief virtue. Grandeur, sublimity, was the great characteristic of his genius. But he was sometimes grandiose when he meant to be grand, sometimes simply swelling when he meant to be sublime. Here was the point in him found open to caricature, when Lucian in his *Prometheus* (or *Caucasus*) travestied the great master, in his characteristic, irreverent, but irresistibly amusing style. That Lucian could not make Æschylus wholly ridiculous is proof enough that Æschylus had an indestructible element in him of genuineness.

VIII.

SOPHOCLES.

THE proud and perhaps scornful spirit of Æschylus had to brook the mortification of being supplanted in fashion and favor by a younger rival. Sophocles came up, a smiling youth, and, with what to us half seems an easy and unconscious grace, took off for himself the crown of supremacy in tragic verse that had been wont to sit on the brow of Æschylus. Sophocles lived long to enjoy his triumphs, frequently but not quite uninterruptedly repeated throughout a productive career almost as remarkably protracted as was that of the painter Titian—two pictures by whom are displayed in Venice side by side, one done in the twentieth, and the other

in the ninetieth, year of the artist's age. Sophocles, an old man, was accused of doting, by litigants who through this charge would invalidate before the law some transaction of his prejudicial to their interest. The poet triumphantly confuted his accusers by reciting a new choric ode of his (presently to be shown our readers) in praise of the beauties of Colonus. The authenticated incidents of his life are not many, and the few are not important. He was richly and variously gifted—with personal charm, with happy temperament, with popular favor, with good fortune of almost every sort, as, beyond all these things, with an exquisite taste and a beautiful genius. "He has died well, having suffered no evil," was a poet's sentence on Sophocles, pronounced not long after his decease. Aristophanes, who could not be bitter enough toward Euripides, represents Sophocles abiding in the under world, aloof from strife, "gentle there, even as he was gentle here." It would seem, however, that the virtue of Sophocles was a Greek virtue, that is—alas, to be obliged to say it!—a virtue not intolerant of unchaste life.

Fortunately for the fame of this great poet, he survives in seven of his masterpieces. Among these, however—masterpieces all—it is, on the whole, not difficult to make our present choice. We must make our readers acquainted with the *Œd'i-pus Ty-ran'us*, or *Œdipus the King*. This tragedy is considered, by perhaps the majority of qualified critics, to be not only the best work of Sophocles, but the "bright consummate flower" of all Greek tragedy.

We begin with the argument prefixed to the play by Prof. Lewis Campbell, whose translation we shall chiefly use:

"La'i-us, the descendant of Cadmus, and king of Thebes (or Thebè), had been told by an oracle that, if a son were born to him by his wife Jocasta, the boy would be his father's death.

"Under such auspices *Œdipus* was born, and to elude the prophecy was exposed by his parents on Mount *Cith-æ'-ron*.

But he was saved by a compassionate shepherd and became the adopted son of Pol'y-bus, king of Corinth. When he grew up he was troubled by a rumor that he was not his father's son. He went to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and was told—not of his origin but of his destiny—that he should be guilty of parricide and incest.

“He was too horror-stricken to return to Corinth, and as he traveled the other way, he met Laius going from Thebes to Delphi. The travelers quarreled, and the son killed his father, but knew not whom he had slain. He went onward till he came near Thebes, where the Sphinx was making havoc of the noblest citizens. Œdipus solved her riddle and overcame her, and as Laius did not return, was rewarded with the regal sceptre,—and with the hand of the queen.

“He reigned nobly and prosperously, and lived happily with Jocasta, by whom he had four children.

“But after some years a plague descended on the people, and Apollo, on being inquired of, answered that it was for Laius's death. The act of regicide must be avenged. Œdipus undertakes the task of discovering the murderer,—and in the same act discovers his own birth, and the fulfilment of both the former oracles.

“Jocasta hangs herself, and Œdipus, in his despair, puts out his eyes.”

It is the object of Sophocles to present at first the protagonist of his play, King Œdipus, in the character of a man supremely prosperous and happy. The prosperity and the happiness are, however, not real. This the spectators of the play, familiar beforehand with the story of Œdipus, perfectly understand. Their interest in the spectacle is not the interest of persons awaiting with curiosity an unforeseen development of plot. It is rather the interest of observers who, themselves in the secret of the future, contemplate the conduct of persons involved in a destiny of which they, the observed, are unaware,

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We may omit the opening scene, in which the sympathies of the spectators are by the poet skillfully engaged on behalf of King Œdipus unconsciously in the toils of fate. In response to the appeals of his people he issues his royal mandate against the unknown murderer of Laius, as follows (the spectators shudder with pity and horror, considering how, in the terms of this edict, unconsciously the king is denouncing himself):

Whoever is the author of the deed,
I here prohibit all within this realm
Whereof I wield the sovereignty and sway,
To admit him to their doors or speak with him,
Or share with him in vow or sacrifice
Or lustral rite. All men shall thrust him forth,
Our dark pollution, so to me revealed
By this day's oracle from Pytho's cell.
Thus firm is mine allegiance to the God
And your dead sovereign in this holy war.

And now the king, blindfold to fate, imprecates—in form as upon another—upon himself, a fearful curse:

Now on the murderer, whether he lurk
In lonely guilt, or with a numerous band,
I here pronounce this curse: let his crushed life
Perish forlorn in hopeless misery.
Next, I pray Heaven, should he or they be housed
With my own knowledge in my home, that I
May suffer all I imprecate on them.

A colloquy ensues between Œdipus and the chorus, most artfully contrived by Sophocles to increase the tension of the situation. A certain blind prophet, Tei'-re'si-as by name—Milton mentions him for parallel with himself in the *Paradise Lost*—is to be invoked. This prophet is reluctant to appear, knowing in himself what a burden he bears of doom for the king. He comes at last, and the situation grows gradually more intense throughout the conversation that follows between the king and the seer. The king speaks first in the

character of a gracious sovereign paying just tribute, which ought to be appreciated, to a venerable prophet. The stubborn reticence of the prophet—reticence inspired, the spectator understood how, but the king did not know or guess—at last irritated Œdipus. The baffled monarch begins to divine the reason for the strange behavior of Teiresias—but to divine it utterly wrong. He suspects his brother-in-law, Creon, of designs against himself. Creon, Œdipus thinks, has set Teiresias on to engender among the people distrust of their king. But the dialogue is too important not to be shown somewhat at large :

Œd. O thou whose universal thought surveys
All knowlege and all mysteries, in heaven
And on the earth beneath, thy mind perceives,
Teiresias, though thine outward eye be dark,
What plague is wasting Thebe, who in thee,
Great sir, finds her one saviour, her sole guide.

We cast ourselves on thee : and beautiful
It is to use the power one hath for good.

Tei. Ah ! terrible is knowledge to the man
Whom knowledge profits not. This well I knew,
But had forgotten. Else had I ne'er come hither.

Œd. Why dost thou bring a mind so full of gloom ?

Tei. Let me go home. Thy part and mine to-day
Will best be borne, if thou obey me there.

Œd. Rebellious and ungrateful ! to deprive
The state that reared thee of thine utterance now.

Tei. Thy speech, I see, is crossing thine intent ;
And I would shield me from the like mishap.

Œd. Nay, if thou knowest, turn thee not away :
Lo, all these suppliants are entreating thee !

Tei. Yea, for ye all are blind. Never will I
Utter the sound that shall reveal thine evil.

Œd. So, then, thou hast the knowledge of the crime
And wilt not tell, but rather wouldst betray
This people, and destroy thy fatherland !

Tei. You press me to no purpose. I'll not pain
Thee, nor myself. Thou wilt hear nought from me.

- Æd.* How? Miscreant! thy stubbornness would rouse
Wrath in a breast of stone. Wilt thou still keep
That silent, hard, impenetrable mien?
- Tei.* You censure me for my harsh mood. Your own
Dwells unsuspected with you. Me you blame!
- Æd.* Who can be mild and gentle, when thou speakest
Such words to mock this people?
- Tei.* It will come :
Although I bury it in silence here.
- Æd.* Must not the king be told of what will come?
- Tei.* No word from me. At this, an if thou wilt,
Rage to the height of passionate vehemence.
- Æd.* Ay, and my passion shall declare my thought.
'Tis clear to me as daylight, thou hast been
The arch-plotter of this deed ; yea, thou hast done
All but the actual blow. Hadst thou thy sight,
I would pronounce thee the sole murderer.
- Tei.* Ay, sayst thou so?—I charge thee to abide
By that thou hast proclaimed ; and from this hour
Speak not to any Theban nor to me.
Thou art the vile polluter of the land.
- Æd.* O void of shame! What wickedness is this?
What power will give thee refuge for such guilt?
- Tei.* The might of truth is scatheless. I am free.
- Æd.* Whence gottest thou this truth? Not from thine art.
- Tei.* From thee, whose rage impelled my backward tongue.
- Æd.* Say it once more, that I may know the drift.
- Tei.* Was it so dark? Or wouldst thou tempt my voice?
- Æd.* I cannot say 'twas clear. Speak it again.
- Tei.* I say thou art the murderer whom thou seekest.
- Æd.* Again that baleful word! But thou shalt rue.
- Tei.* Shall I speak something more, to feed thy wrath?
- Æd.* All is but idleness. Say what thou wilt.
- Tei.* I tell thee thou art living unawares
In shameful commerce with thy near'st of blood,
Ignorant of the abyss wherein thou liest.
- Æd.* Mean'st thou to triumph in offending still?
- Tei.* Yes, if the might of truth be any thing.
- Æd.* It is, for other men, but not for thee,
Blind as thou art in eyes and ears and mind.
- Tei.* O miserable reproach, which all who now
Behold thee, soon shall thunder forth on thee!

Æd. Nursed in unbroken night, thou canst not harm,
Or me, or any man who seeth the day.

Tei. No, not from me proceeds thy fall ; the God,
Who cares for this, is able to perform it.

Æd. Came this device from Creon or thyself ?

Tei. Not Creon : thou art thy sole enemy.

Æd. O wealth and sovereign power and high success
Attained through wisdom and admired of men,
What boundless jealousies environ you !

But for thy reverend look
Thou hadst atoned thy trespass on the spot !

The chorus intervene with the soft answer which turns away wrath :

Ch. Your friends would humbly deprecate the wrath
That sounds both in your speech, my lord, and his.
That is not what we need, but to discern
How best to solve the heavenly oracle.

Teiresias has time, during this short intervention from the chorus, to collect himself. He resumes speech to *Ædipus*, and enigmatically, with stern truth, threatens the impending doom :

Tei. Though thou art sovereign here, the right of speech
Is my prerogative no less. Not thee
I serve, but Phœbus. He protects my life.
Small need of Creon's arm to shelter me !
Now, then : my blindness is thy theme :—thou hast
Thine eyes, nor seest where thou art sunk in woe,
What halls thou dost inhabit, or with whom :
Knowest not from whence thou art—nay, to thy kin,
Buried in death and here above the ground,
Unwittingly art a most grievous foe.
And when thy father's and thy mother's curse
With fearful tread shall drive thee from the land,
On both sides lashing thee,—thine eye so clear
Seeing but darkness in that day,—O, then,
What region will not shudder at thy cry ?
What echo of Cithæron will be mute,

When thou perceiv'st, what bride-song in thy hall
 Wafted thy gallant bark with flattering gale
 To anchor,—where? And other store of ill
 Thou seest not, that shall show thee as thou art,
 Merged with thy children in one horror of birth.
 Then slander noble Creon, and revile
 My sacred utterance! No life on earth
 More wretchedly shall be crushed out, than thine.

Represented as remaining, in spite of what the prophet has said, still unaware of being himself the murderer sought, *Cedipus* burst out in a fierce *Begone!* to *Teiresias*. *Teiresias*, going, turns and aims this parting Parthian arrow at the king :

Tei. I go, but I will speak. Why should I fear
 Thy frown? Thou ne'er canst ruin me. The word
 Wherefore I came is this. The man you seek
 With threatening proclamation of the guilt
 Of *Laius's* blood, that man is here to-day,
 An alien sojourner supposed from far,
 But by and by he shall be certified
 A true-born Theban; nor will such event
 Bring him great joy; for, blind from having sight
 And beggared from high fortune, with a staff
 In stranger lands he shall feel forth his way;
 Shown living with the children of his loins,
 Their brother and their sire, and to the womb
 That bare him, husband-son, and, to his father,
 Parricide and co-rival. Now go in,
 Ponder my words; and if thou find them false,
 Then say my power is naught in prophecy.

The chorus now comes in with one of those lyrics of sentiment and reflection which give voice to the supposed feelings of an ideal spectator present in the action itself to see what is done and to hear what is said. The occurrence of a lyric strain from the chorus seems after a sort to divide the tragedy into acts or scenes. We give this choric song. It will be observed that the chorus maintains here the conven-

tional character of choruses in being as neutral as possible, and conservative:

CHORUS.

Whom hath the voice from Pytho's rocky throne
Loudly declared to have done
Horrors unnamable with blood-stained hand?
With speed of storm-swift car
'Tis time he fled afar
With mighty footsteps hurrying from the land,
For, armed with lightning brand,
The son of Zeus assails him with fierce bounds,
Hunting with Death's inevitable hounds.

Late from divine Parnassus' snow-tipped height
This utterance sprang to light,
To track by every path the man unknown.
Through woodland caverns deep
And o'er the rocky steep
Like vanquish'd bull he roams the wild alone,
With none to share his moan,
Shunning that prophet-voice's central * sound,
Which ever lives, and haunts him, hovering round.

The reverend Seer hath stirred me with strange awe,
Gainsay I cannot, nor yet think him true.
I know not how to speak. My fluttering heart
In wild expectancy sees nothing clear.
Things past and future with the present doubt
Are shrouded in one mist. What quarrel lay
'Twixt Cadmus' issue and Corinthus' heir
Was never shown me, from old times till now,
By one on whose sure word I might rely
In running counter to the king's fair fame,
Wreaking for Laius his mysterious death.

Zeus and Apollo scan the ways of men
With perfect vision. But of mortals here,
Why should the prophet have more gifts than I?
What certain proof is told? A man through wit
May pass another's wisdom in the race.

* Proceeding from Delphi, the centre of the earth.

But never, till I see the word fulfilled,
Will I confirm their clamor against the king.
In open day the female monster came :
Then perfect witness made his wisdom clear.
Thebé has tried him and delights in him,
Wherefore my heart shall still believe him good.

Creon enters at this point to protest, publicly, against the criminations of himself indulged in by the king. The chorus, with solemn non-committal platitudes, avoids, and seeks to pacify, Creon's indignation. In reply to Creon's first protesting speech against Œdipus, the chorus volunteers a charitable suggestion on the king's behalf, which gives occasion to a highly characteristic exchange between Creon and the chorus, of question on the one side, and evasive answer on the other :

- Ch.* Perchance 'twas but the sudden flash of wrath,
Not the deliberate judgment of the soul.
Cr. Whence came the fancy—that Teiresias spake
False prophecies, set on to this by me ?
Ch. Such was the word ; I know not how advised.
Cr. And were the eyes and spirit not distraught,
When the tongue uttered this to ruin me ?
Ch. I cannot say. To what my betters do
I am blind. But see, the king comes forth again.

The stormy altercation that ensues when Œdipus re-enters, between him and his indignant brother-in-law Creon, with the sage interjection from the chorus, of remarks designed as buffers to soften the shock between the angry brothers-in-law—all this we omit.

Jocasta, wife and queen, enters. She upbraids, with much impartiality, both her husband and her brother, who feel obliged each to vindicate himself. The chorus, divided up into five different groups, contribute interruptions in the usual vein of calm and commonplace choric wisdom. The purport of that which all, Jocasta and the groups of chorus, propound is, that the two estranged kinsmen be reconciled.

(Edipus urges that they are bent on dooming him to death or banishment, whereupon the fifth group of chorus breaks forth in this lyric protest and adjuration :

Ch. 5. No, by the Sun I swear,
Vaunt-courier of the host of heaven.
For may I die the last of deaths,
Unblest of God or friend,
If e'er such thought were mine.
But O ! this pining land
Afflicts my hapless soul,
To think that to her past and present woe
She must add this, which springs from your debate.

The foregoing invocation, or conjuration, from the chorus, of Helios would, it must be borne in mind by our readers, be far more impressive to spectators of the play who—as was the case at tragic exhibitions in ancient Athens—could follow the uplifted faces of the actors, while, with hands also pointing thither, they looked toward the open sky and beheld there the glorious sun himself, visible to all, shining down from his majestic station—far more impressive, we say, than can well be imagined by those who have only seen stage representations indoors by the garish artificial light of the modern theatre.

Creon, after a few more exchanges of altercation with Ædipus, withdraws, and the chorus, in groups again, first, second, third, fourth, fifth, intervene with sage counsel to the king and his queen, Jocasta. They beg Ædipus to explain to Jocasta the situation between himself and Creon, which he in brief accordingly does. Jocasta thereupon seeks to re-assure the mind of Ædipus, disturbed by the sinister soothsaying of Teiresias—as follows :

Hearken to me, and set your heart at rest
On that you speak of, whilst I make you see
No mortal thing is touched by prophecy.
Of that I'll give thee proof concise and clear.

Word came to Laius once, I will not say
 From Phœbus' self, but from his ministers,
 The king should be destroyed by his own son,
 If son were born to him from me. What followed?
 Laius was slain, by robbers from abroad,
 Saith Rumor, in a cross-way: but the child
 Grew not three days, ere by my husband's hand
 His feet were locked, and he was cast and left
 By messengers on the waste mountain wold.
 So Phœbus neither brought upon the boy
 His father's murder, nor on Laius
 The thing he greatly feared, death by his son.
 Such issue came of prophesying words,
 Therefore regard them not. God can himself
 With ease bring forth what for his ends he needs.

Jocasta's encouraging discourages. Quite unawares she wakes unwelcome memories in the breast of Œdipus. Conceive how an Athenian audience, sharing the dreadful secret of destiny still veiled to Œdipus, would hang in a luxury of anticipative horror, heightened and softened with sympathy, on the conversation that now follows between the king and the queen—a conversation prepared for with such skill by the poet. This conversation we give in full; for the whole scene, brought to its just completion by the solemn chant of the chorus at the end, is one of the finest dramatic passages in Sophocles. Œdipus, remember, has a dreadful misgiving as he listens to the story told by Jocasta:

- Œd.* What strange emotions overcloud my soul,
 Stirred to her depths on hearing this thy tale!
Joc. What sudden change is this? What is thy thought?
Œd. Did I not hear thee say, King Laius
 Was at a cross-road overpowered and slain?
Joc. So ran the talk that yet is current here.
Œd. Where was the scene of this unhappy blow?
Joc. Phocis the land is named: the parted ways
 Lead from one point to Daulia and to Delphi.
Œd. And since the event how much of time is passed?

- Jo.* 'Twas just ere you appeared with prospering speed
And took the kingdom, that the tidings came.
- Æd.* What are thy purposes against me, Zeus?
- Jo.* Why thus intent on such a thought, O king?
- Æd.* Nay, ask me not, But tell me first what height
Had Laius, and what share of manly bloom?
- Jo.* Tall, with dark locks just sprinkled o'er with gray:
In shape and bearing much resembling thee.
- Æd.* O heavy fate? How all unknowingly
I laid that dreadful curse on my own head!
- Jo.* How?
I tremble as I gaze on thee, O king!
- Æd.* The fear appalls me that the seer can see.
Tell one thing more, to make me doubly sure.
- Jo.* I am loth to speak, but, when you ask, I will.
- Æd.* Had he scant following, or, as princes use,
Full numbers of a well-appointed train?
- Jo.* There were but five in all: a herald one:
And Laius traveled in the only car.
- Æd.* Woe! woe! 'Tis clear as daylight. Who was he
That brought you this sad message, O my queen?
- Jo.* A home-slave, who alone returned alive.
- Æd.* And is he now at hand within the house?
- Jo.* No, truly. When he came from yonder scene,
And found thee reigning after Laius' death,
He touched my hand, and plied an urgent prayer
That I would send him to o'erlook the flocks
And rural pastures, so to live as far
As might be from the very thought of Thebes.
And he obtained from me his suit. No slave
Had richlier merited such boon than he.
- Æd.* Can he be brought again immediately?
- Jo.* Of course he can. But why desire it so?
- Æd.* Words have by me been spoken, O my queen,
Which furnish too much cause for that desire.
- Jo.* Then come he shall. But I may surely claim
To hear what in thy state goes heavily.
- Æd.* Thou shalt not lose thy rights in such an hour,
When I am harrowed thus with doubt and fear.
To whom more worthy should I tell my grief?
My father was Corinthian Polybus,

My mother Dorian Merope—I lived
A prince among that people till a chance
Encountered me, worth wonder, but, though strange,
Not worth the anxious thoughts it waked in me.
For at a feasting once over the wine
One deep in liquor called to me aloud,
Hail, thou false foundling of a foster-sire !
That day with pain I held my passion down,
But straightway on the morrow I went near
And questioned both my parents, who were fierce
In wrath at him whose lips had let this fall.
For their part I was satisfied, but still
It galled me, for the rumor would not die.

Unknown to both my parents then I went
To Pytho, where, as touching my desire,
Phœbus denied me ; but brake forth instead
With other oracles of misery
And horrible misfortune, how that I
Must know my mother's shame, and cause to appear
A birth intolerable to human view,
And do to death the author of my life.
I fled forth at the word, and, measuring now
Corinthia's region by the stars of heaven,
Went roaming, where I never might behold
Those shameful prophecies fulfilled on me.
So traveling on, I came even to the place
Where, as thou tell'st the King of Thebé fell.
And, O my wife, I will hide naught from thee.
When I drew near the cross-road of your tale,
A herald, and a man upon a car,
Like your description, there encountered me.
And he who went before, and he himself
The gray-beard, sought to thrust me from the path.
Then in mine angry mood I sharply struck
The driver-man that turned me from the way ;
Which when the elder saw, he watched for me
As I passed by, and from the chariot-seat
Smote full upon my head with the fork'd goad ;
But paid no equal price, for, by a blow
From this right hand, smit with my staff, he fell
Instantly rolled out of the car supine.

I slew them every one. Now if that stranger
 Had aught in common with King Laius,
 What wretch on earth was e'er so lost as I?
 Whom have the Heavens so followed with their hate?
 No house of Theban or of foreigner
 Must any more receive me, none henceforth
 Must speak to me, but push me from the door!
 I, I have laid this curse on mine own head?
 Yea, and this arm that slew him now enfolds
 His queen. O cruel stain! Am I not vile?
 Polluted utterly! Yes, I must flee,
 And, lost to Thebé, nevermore behold
 My friends, nor tread my country, lest I meet
 In marriage mine own mother, and bring low
 His head that gave me life and reared my youth,
 My father, Polybus. Ah! right were he
 Who should declare some god of cruel mood
 Had sent this trouble upon my soul! Ye powers,
 Worshiped in holiness, ne'er may I see
 That day, but perish from the sight of men,
 Ere sins like these are branded on my name!

Ch. Thy fear is ours, O king: yet lose not hope,
 Till thou hast heard him who beheld the deed.

Æd. Ay, that is all I still have left of hope,
 To bide the coming of the shepherd man.

Jo. What eager thought attends his presence here?

Æd. I'll tell thee. Should his speech accord with thine
 My life stands clear from this calamity.

Jo. What word of mine agreed not with the scene?

Æd. You said he spake of robbers in a band
 As having slain him. Now if he shall still
 Persist in the same number I am free.
 One man and many cannot be the same.
 But should he tell of one lone traveler,
 Then, unavoidably, this falls on me.

Jo. So 'twas given out by him, be sure of that.
 He cannot take it back. Not I alone
 But all the people heard him speak it so.
 And should he swerve in aught from his first tale,
 He ne'er will show the murder of the king
 Rightly accordant with the oracle.

- For Phœbus said expressly he should fall
 Through him whom I brought forth. But that poor babe
 Ne'er slew his sire, but perished long before.
 Wherefore henceforth I will pursue my way
 Regardless of all words of prophecy.
- Æd.* Wisely resolved. But still send one to bring
 The laborer-swain, and not be slack in this.
- Jō.* I will, and promptly. Pass we now within!
 My whole desire is but to work thy will.

The chorus which immediately follows is as famous, and justly as famous, as any in ancient Greek tragedy. We give it in Mr. Robert Whitelaw's version :

O may my constant feet not fail, [*Strophe 1.*]
 Walking in paths of righteousness
 Sinless in word and deed—
 True to those eternal laws
 That scale forever the high steep
 Of heaven's pure ether, whence they sprang :
 For only in Olympus is their home,
 Nor mortal wisdom gave them birth,
 And, howso'er men may forget,
 They will not sleep ;
 For the might of the god within them grows not old.
 Rooted in pride the tyrant grows ; [*Antistrophe 1.*]
 But pride that with its own too-much
 Is rashly surfeited,
 Heeding not the prudent mean,
 Down the inevitable gulf
 From its high pinnacle is hurled,
 Where use of feet or foothold there is none.
 But, O kind gods, the noble strength,
 That struggles for the state's behoof,
 Unbend not yet :
 In the gods have I put my trust—I will not fear.
 But whoso walks disdainfully, [*Strophe 2.*]
 In act or word,
 And fears not justice, nor reveres
 The thronéd gods,
 Him let misfortune slay

For his ill-starred wantoning,
Should he heap unrighteous gains,
Nor from unhallowed paths withhold his feet,
Or reach rash hands to pluck forbidden fruit.
Who shall do this, and boast
That yet his soul is proof
Against the arrows of offended Heaven?
If honor crown such deeds as these,
Not song, but silence, then for me!
To earth's dread centre, unprofaned [*Antistrophe 2.*]
By mortal touch,
No more with awe will I repair,
Nor Abae's shrine,
Nor the Olympian plain,
If the truth stands not confessed,
Pointed at by all the world.
O Zeus supreme, if rightly thou art called—
Lord over all—let not these things escape
Thee and thy timeless sway!
For now men set at naught
Apollo's word, and cry, "Behold, it fails!"
His praise is darkened with a doubt;
And faith is sapped, and Heaven defied.

Jocasta, in her distress of mind, goes to worship at the nearest religious altar. But a messenger arrives from Corinth with news of the death of King Polybus, the reputed father of Œdipus. Jocasta is overjoyed. She hurries off an attendant to summon Œdipus. Œdipus, hearing the news, exclaims:

Ah! my Jocasta, who again will heed
The Pythian hearth oracular, and birds
Screaming in air, blind guides! that would have made
My father's death my deed; but he is gone,
Hidden underneath the ground, while I stand here
Harmless and weaponless:—unless, perchance,
My absence killed him,—so he may have died
Through me. But be that as it may, the grave
That covers Polybus from sight, hath closed
One voice of prophecy, worth nothing now.

We are to imagine the keenly anguished pleasure with which Greek spectators would receive this temporary relief to Œdipus—knowing as they do within themselves that it is a mere suspension of the inevitable catastrophe, an exquisitely tantalizing prolongation, provided for them by the poet, of the tense emotion proper to the tragic spectacle of a man vainly and unconsciously struggling, or anon ceasing to struggle, like a captured fly, in the cruel spider's-web of fate. But Œdipus shudders with a chill of fear amid the very glow of his joy. His Corinthian mother, widow of King Polybus, survives, and he dreads the fulfillment of the oracle respecting his crime of incest with her. To remove this fear, the messenger from Corinth explains that Œdipus was not true son to Polybus and his Corinthian queen—that he was to them merely an adopted son. Whose true son, then, was he? But this the Corinthian messenger cannot reveal. Another man must be called, he, namely, who placed Œdipus, a babe, in this informant's hands. But now let the dialogue, thus in part anticipated, proceed in the words of Sophocles:

Œd. Another gave me, then? You did not find me?

Mess. Another herdsman passed thee on to me.

Œd. Can you describe him? Tell us what you know.

Mess. He was called one of Laius' people, sure.

Œd. Of Laius once the sovereign of this land?

Mess. Yea, surely, he was the shepherd of his flock.

Œd. And is he still alive for me to see?

Mess. You Thebans are most likely to know that.

Œd. Speak, any one of you in presence here,
Can you point out the swain he tells us of,
In town or country having known of him?
The time for this discovery is full come.

Ch. Methinks it is no other than the peasant
Whom thou didst seek before to see: but this
Could best be told by Queen Jocasta there.

Œd. We lately sought that one should come, my queen.
Know'st thou, is this of whom he speaks the same?

Jo. What matter who? Regard not, nor desire
Even vainly to remember aught he saith.

Æd. When I have found such tokens of my birth,
I must disclose it.

Jo. As you love your life,
By heaven I beg you, search no further here!
The sickness in my bosom is enough.

Æd. Nay, never fear. Were I proved thrice a slave
And waif of bondwomen, you still are noble.

Jo. Yet hearken, I implore you: do not so.

Æd. I cannot hear you. I must know this through.

Jo. With clear perception I advise the best.

Æd. This "best advice" is ever mine annoy.

Jo. Wretched one, never may you know your birth!

Æd. Will some one go and fetch the herdman hither?
Leave her to revel in her lordly line!

Jo. O horrible! O lost one! This alone
I speak to thee, and no word more forever. [*Exit.*]

Ch. *Ædipus*, wherefore is *Jocasta* gone,
Driven madly by wild grief? I needs must fear
Lest from this silence she make sorrow spring.

Æd. Leave her to raise what storm she will. But I
Will persevere to know mine origin,
Though from an humble seed. Her woman's pride
Is shamed, it may be, by my lowliness.
But I, whilst I account myself the son
Of prospering Fortune, ne'er will be disgraced.
For She is my true mother: and the months
Coheirs with me of the same father, Time,
Have marked my lowness and mine exaltation.
So born, so nurtured, I can fear no change,
That I need shrink to search this to the end.

[*Ædipus* remains, and gazes toward the country, while the chorus sing.]

This choric song we omit.

Enters the Theban shepherd expected by the king. The Corinthian messenger and the just-arrived shepherd are mutually confronted and asked to identify each other. The old Theban hesitates, but the Corinthian refreshes his memory.

The messenger from Corinth, pointing to Œdipus, then says :

- Mess.* Friend, yonder is the infant whom we knew.
Theb. Sh. Confusion seize thee, and thy evil tongue !
Æd. Check not his speech, I pray thee, 'for thy words
 Call more than his for chastisement, old sir.
Theb. Sh. O my dread lord, wherein do I offend ?
Æd. Thou wilt not answer him about the child.
Theb. Sh. He knows not what he speaks. His end is vain.
Æd. So ! Thou'lt not tell to please us, but the lash
 Will make thee tell.
Theb. Sh. By all that's merciful
 Scourge not this aged frame !
Æd. Pinion him straight !
Theb. Sh. Unhappy ! wherefore ? what is't you would know ?
Æd. Gave you the child he asks of to this man ?
Theb. Sh. I gave it him. Would I had died that hour !
Æd. Speak rightly, or your wish will soon come true.
Theb. Sh. My ruin comes the sooner, if I speak.
Æd. You mean to keep us in suspense, I see.
Theb. Sh. Not so. I said long since, " I gave the child."
Æd. Whence ? Was't your own, or from another's hand ?
Theb. Sh. 'Twas not mine own ; another gave it me.
Æd. What Theban gave it, from what home in Thebes ?
Theb. Sh. O, I implore thee, master, ask no more !
Æd. You perish, if I have to ask again.
Theb. Sh. The child was of the stock of Laius.
Æd. Slave-born, or rightly of the royal line ?
Theb. Sh. Ah, me ! Now comes the horror to my tongue !
Æd. And to mine ear. But thou shalt tell it me !
Theb. Sh. He was described as Laius' son : but she,
 Thy queen, within the palace, best should know.
Æd. How ? Did she give it thee ?
Theb. Sh. My lord, she did.
Æd. With what commission ?
Theb. Sh. I was to destroy him.
Æd. How could a mother's heart be steeled to this ?
Theb. Sh. With fear of evil prophecies.
Æd. What were they ?
Theb. Sh. 'Twas said the child should be his father's death.

Æd. What then possessed thee to give up the child
To this old man ?

Theb. Sh. Pity, my sovereign lord !
Supposing he would take him far away
Unto the land whence he was come. But he
Preserved him to great sorrow. For if thou
Art he this man hath said, be well assured
Thou bear'st a heavy doom.

Æd. O horrible !
Horrible ! All is known, as sunlight clear !
O may I nevermore behold the day,
Since proved accursèd in my parentage,
In those I live with, and in him I slew !

The solemn chorus of Theban elders take up now their music, and chant, in mournful recitative, the lesson of what they have seen, as follows :

CHORUS.

O tribes of living men,
How nothing-worth I count you while ye stand !
For who of all the train
Draws more of happiness into his hand
Than to seem bright, and, seeming, fade in gloom ?
O, Ædipus, by thine all-hapless doom
Too clearly 'tis expressed
Naught in mortality is blest.
Thou that surpassing all in skill
With perfect aim didst kill
The crook-clawed minstrel as a tower
Saving my land from death's dark power,
And winning for thyself the name
Of Thebé's king, and noblest fame,
Thou, thou, art fallen at last
To misery unsurpassed.
Who, in life's dark reverse,
Like thee hath felt the curse
Of destiny, the assault of boundless pain ?
O Ædipus renowned,
Who in one haven found
Harbor for son and sire

When led with nuptial fire !
 Ah ! how could'st thou so long remain
 The furrower of thy father's field,
 Borne patiently and unrevealed ?
 Crimes from thyself concealed
 All-searching time hath opened to the day,
 And shown thee with clear ray,
 Long while, in hideous bond, spouse, father, child.
 O Laius' fatal son,
 Would I had ne'er thee known !
 My heart cries loud for thee
 In tones of agony,
 And frenzied exclamation wild.
 For, to speak sooth, thou didst restore my life,
 And gav'st my soul sweet respite after strife.

Something meantime—that is, during the choric chant—has been passing behind the scenes. A second messenger comes forward to announce the suicide of the queen. Œdipus himself, raging through the palace, found her hanging by the neck apparently already dead. He undid the noose, but from this point let Sophocles, through the messenger, tell the tale :

'Twas terrible
 To see what followed—for he tore away
 The brooch-pins that had fastened her attire,
 And, lifting, smote his eyeballs to the root,
 Saying, Henceforth they should not see the evil
 Suffered or done by him in the past time,
 But evermore in darkness now should scan
 The features he ought never to have seen,
 And not discern the souls he longed to know.
 Thus crying aloud, not once but oftentimes
 He dashed the points into his eyes; and soon
 The bleeding pupils moistened all his beard,
 Nor stinted the dark flood, but all at once
 The ruddy hail poured down in plenteous shower.
 Thus from two springs, from man and wife together,
 Burst the joint evil that is now o'erflowing.
 And the old happiness in that past day

Was truly happy, but the present hour
Hath groaning, death, disaster, shame, all ill
Without exemption, that hath e'er been named.

"A hateful sight, yet one thou needs must pity," is the form of announcement with which the second messenger, having closed his story, ushers now the blinded Œdipus upon the stage. The chorus exclaim at sight of him, with mingled pity and horror. Œdipus himself bursts out (we use for this next extract the extraordinarily fine rendering of Mr. Whitelaw):

O thou thick cloud of darkness,
That on my life hast settled
Abominable, unutterable,
Indomitable,
By pitiless winds swept hitherward on me ;
Alas !
And yet again, alas, and woe is me !
Such maddening pain
Of those sharp daggers at my eyes,
Blent with remembrance of my misery,
Pierces my inmost soul.

The chorus reply with non-committal sympathy (Mr. Whitelaw for translator this once again):

No marvel if, in such extremity,
Thy grief is twofold, as thy suffering is.

Œdipus, nevertheless, is touched with even such a token of kindness, and answers gratefully. To the inquiry what power impelled him to put out his own eyes, "Apollo, O my friends, Apollo," is his answer. It is but lukewarm friendliness that the chorus show the king, in the dialogue which follows. Poor Œdipus, however, in his low estate, is fain to be thankful for scant measure of human sympathy now.

The crisis of the tragic interest past, it is, henceforward to the close of the poem, the poet's problem to let down the high-wrought emotions of the spectators, by smooth and easy

cadence, to a calm mood of suitable ethic or religious awe. With what skill the tension is gradually relaxed! Bad art it would have been in Sophocles either to close at the climax or to permit a sudden violent descent.

The just limits of our space forbid us to display all this at full. We plunge into the prolonged lamentations of *Ædipus*, at the point where he refers to his children :

Thou Creon, shalt provide. As for my sons,
I pray thee burden not thyself with them.
They ne'er will lack subsistence—they are men.
But my poor maidens, hapless and forlorn,
Who never had a meal apart from mine,
But ever shared my table, yea, for them
Take heedful care ; and grant me, though but once,
Yea, I beseech thee, with these hands to feel,
Thou noble heart ! the forms I love so well.
And weep with them our common misery.
O, if my arms were round them, I might seem
To have them as of old when I could see.—
What ? Am I fooled once more, or do I hear
My dear ones weeping ? And hath Creon sent,
Pitying my sorrows, mine own children to me
Whom most I love ? Can this be truth I utter ?

Creon. Yea, I have done it. For I knew the joy
Thou ever hadst in this, thy comfort now.

Æd. Fair be thy fortune, and, for this last deed,
May Heaven protect thee better far than me !
Where are ye, O my children ? Come, draw near
To these my hands of brother blood with you,
Hands that have made so piteous to your sight
The spectacle of his once brilliant eyes,
Who all in blindness, with no thought of ill,
Became your father at that fount of life,
Where he himself had being ! O ! for you
I weep, not seeing you, when I take thought
Of all the bitter passages of fate
That must attend you among men. For where
Can ye find fellowship, what civic throng
Shall ye resort unto, what festival,

From whence, instead of sights or sounds enjoyed,
 Ye will not come in tears unto your home?
 And when ye reach the marriageable bloom,
 My daughters, who will be the man to cast
 His lot with the unfortunate, and take
 All those reproaches on his name, which press
 So sorely on my parents and on you?

And who will marry you? No man, my daughters;
 But ye must wither, childless and unwed.

But look with pity upon their youth, thus left
 Forlorn of all protection save from thee.
 Noble one, seal this promise with thy hand!
 For you, my children, were ye of an age
 To ponder speech, I would have counseled you
 Full carefully. Now I would have you pray
 To dwell where 'tis convenient, that your life
 May find more blessing than your father knew.

Cr. Thou hast had enough of weeping. Close thee in thy
 chamber walls.

Æd. I must yield, though sore against me.

Cr. Yea, for strong occasion calls.

Æd. Know'st thou on what terms I yield it?

Cr. Tell me, let us hear and know.

Æd. That ye send me from the country.

Cr. God alone can let thee go.

Æd. But the gods long since abhor me.

Cr. Thou wilt sooner gain that boon.

Æd. Then consent.

Cr. 'Tis not my wont to venture promises too soon.

Æd. Lead me now within the palace.

Cr. Come, but leave thy children.

Æd. Nay!

Tear not these from my embraces!

Cr. Think not all things to command.

Æd. Of the good thou hadst beforetime much hath fled from
 thy hand.

CHORUS.

Dwellers in our native Thebe, fix on *Ædipus* your eyes,
 Who resolved the dark enigma, noblest champion and most wise.

Glorious, like a sun he mounted, envied of the popular throng ;
Now he sinks in seas of anguish, plunged the lashing waves among.
Therefore, with the old-world sages, waiting for the final day,
I will call no mortal happy, while he holds his house of clay,
Till without one pang of sorrow, all his hours have passed away.

Sophocles himself almost fulfilled, in the happy closing of his long career, the hard requirement that his chorus, "with the old-world sages," here repeats.

IX.

EURIPIDES.

THE third member of the great tragical triumvirate of Greece was Euripides. The great tragical triumvirate, we say—but it ought not to be forgotten that, besides Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who alone survive to us in their productions, there flourished in Athens, at the same time with these, other tragedians then scarcely less famous than they.

Euripides was born, an Athenian (480 B. C.), in the year, perhaps on the day, of the battle of Salamis. He had a long career; but, though born some years after, he died a few months before, his generous, more prosperous, but not more popular rival—Sophocles. It was one of those graceful acts which so well became the genius and the character of the latter, that he signalized his sorrow over the death of his peer, by causing the actors in his own next play to appear in mourning for the loss of Euripides. Aristophanes, on the contrary, persecuted Euripides, even in his grave.

Of one play of Euripides we are fortunate in possessing a version from no less a master than Mr. Robert Browning. It happily chances, too, that this play is precisely the one which, of all the extant works of Euripides, we should in any case have wished to present to our readers. It is the *Alcestis*.

Mr. Browning's *Alcestis* must be looked for under the title of "*Balaustion's Adventure*." *Balaustion* (wild pomegranate flower) is the pet name, invented by Mr. Browning, of a Greek girl, also invented by Mr. Browning, who, at the time of the Sicilian Expedition, escaped from the island of Rhodes (on the point then of revolting from Athens to Sparta) and fled in a small vessel—she and with her a number of like-minded companions bent on making their way to the *Peiræus*. They were pursued by pirates, and, mistaking Sicily for Crete, rowed hard to land near Syracuse, where, detected as Athenian in sympathy by a song with which they had cheered themselves in rowing, they were met with a repulse, which, however, changed to a welcome, when it was found out that *Balaustion* could recite a play of Euripides. The *Alcestis* was the play. Such is the plot of Mr. Browning's poem. The plot has a foundation in fact, or, at least, in tradition. It is said that Athenian captives in Syracuse that knew snatches of Euripides could earn for themselves substantial advantages by reciting these for the gratification of their kindred Greek-speaking masters.

The story of the *Alcestis* of Euripides is very simple. *Alcestis* was wife and queen to *Admetus*, king of *Pheræ*, in *Thessaly*. *Admetus* was, by grace from *Apollo*, granted the privilege of not dying, on condition of his being able to find some one who would agree to die in his stead when his turn should come. *Alcestis* became the required substitute and died, but was brought back to life by *Heracles*, and restored to her husband.

The play opens with a prologue from *Apollo*, who, after explaining the situation for the enlightenment of spectators (compare the prologue to Milton's *Mask of Comus*), has a fruitless colloquy with *Death*, come now for his prey, *Alcestis* having reached the day of her doom. With this colloquy we begin our citations from the play. A curious passage it is. Some critics pronounce it very fine, and some critics pronounce it very foolish.

Jealous Death suspects Apollo of intention to interfere a second time with his rights. Apollo says he has no idea of using with Death any plea but justice. Whereupon Death significantly slanting at Apollo's customary weapon :

Death. What need of bow, were justice arms enough ?

Apollo. Ever it is my wont to bear the bow.

De. Ay, and with bow, not justice, help this house.

Ap. I help it, since a friend's woe weighs me, too.

De. And now wilt force from me this second corpse ?

Ap. By force I took no corpse at first from thee.

De. How, then, is he above ground—not beneath ?

Ap. He gave his wife, instead of him, thy prey.

De. And prey, this time at least, I bear below !

Ap. Go, take her ! for I doubt persuading thee—

De. To kill the doomed one ? What my function else ?

Ap. No ! Rather to despatch the true mature.

De. Truly I take thy meaning—see thy drift !

Ap. Is there a way, then, she may reach old age ?

De. No way ! I glad me in my honors, too !

Ap. But, young or old, thou tak'st one life—no more

De. Younger they die, greater my praise redounds !

Ap. If she die old—the sumptuous funeral !

De. Thou layest down a law the rich would like !

Ap. How so ? Did wit lurk there and 'scape thy sense ?

De. Who could buy substitutes would die old men.

Ap. It seems thou wilt not grant me, then, this grace ?

De. This grace I will not grant ; thou know'st my ways !

Ap. Ways harsh to men, hateful to gods, at least !

De. All things thou canst not have : my rights for me !

Apollo retorts with a vague prophecy that Heracles will soon be at hand to rob Death after all of his prey. Death rejoins once again with a savage show of his grinning teeth, as Apollo withdraws. Apollo gone, a chorus of sympathizers assemble at the palace door, to learn about the progress of events within. Knowing what impends, they inquire, draw inferences, and bewail, by turns. Is Alcestis dead ? But there is no sound of lamenting to be heard. Can the corpse

have been already carried forth? No signs appear that this has happened.

Presently the full chorus join in symphony accentuated, we are to suppose, with rhythmic movement in dance. We omit this passage. A palace-maid comes out, who describes to the chorus the beautiful behavior of Alcestis about to die, as follows :

Hear what she did indoors, and wonder then !
For, when she felt the crowning day was come,
She washed with river waters her white skin,
And, taking from the cedar closets forth
Vesture and ornament, bedecked herself
Nobly, and stood before the hearth, and prayed :
“ Mistress, because I now depart the world,
Falling before thee the last time, I ask—
Be mother to my orphans ! wed the one
To a kind wife, and make the other's mate
Some princely person : nor, as I who bore
My children perish, suffer that they, too,
Die all untimely, but live, happy pair,
Their full glad life out in the fatherland ! ”
And every altar through Admetos' house
She visited and crowned and prayed before,
Stripping the myrtle-foliage from the boughs
Without a tear, without a groan—no change
At all to that skin's nature, fair to see,
Caused by the imminent evil. But this done,
Reaching her chamber, falling on her bed,
There, truly, burst she into tears, and spoke :

But, when of many tears she had her fill,
She flings from off the couch, goes headlong forth,
Yet—forth the chamber—still keeps turning back,
And casts her on the couch again once more.
Her children, clinging to their mother's robe,
Wept meanwhile : but she took them in her arms,
And, as a dying woman might, embraced
Now one and now the other : 'neath the roof,
All of the household servants wept as well,
Moved to compassion for their mistress ; she

Extended her right hand to all and each,
 And there was no one of such low degree
 She spoke not to nor had an answer from.
 Such are the evils in Admetos' house.
 Dying—why, he had died ; but, living, gains
 Such grief as this he never will forget !

There is more description from the palace attendant of what was passing within, accompanied or interchanged with more choral lamentation. Mr. Browning, while a sad procession issues from the palace, avails himself of the occasion to introduce a considerable passage of interpretation and interpolation highly characteristic of his very peculiar genius. This we omit of course—not because it is devoid of interest, but for the twofold reason that it would be somewhat obscure to those not already versed in Browning, and that it does not belong to Euripides. Now appears dying Alcestis with her husband, her son, and the chorus. Poor Alcestis, with that Greek love of light, would see the sun once more. The dialogue that ensues, if dialogue it should be called, say, rather, the monologue-apostrophe of Alcestis interrupted by exclamations from Admetus which she, in her rapt state, at first does not heed—this passage, whatever it is to be styled, deserves to be given. Mr. Browning at this point breaks in so much with matter not of Euripides that we forsake him for the moment to take up here the version of Mr. Potter :

Alcestis. Thou sun, and thou fair light of day ! ye clouds
 That in quick eddies whirl along the sky !

Admetus. Sees thee and me most wretched, yet in naught
 Offending 'gainst the gods that thou shouldst die.

Alc. O earth, ye tower'd roofs, thou bridal bed,
 Raised in Iolcos, my paternal seat !

Adm. O thou poor sufferer, raise thee, leave me not ;
 Intreat the powerful gods to pity thee.

Alc. I see the two-oar'd boat, the Stygian barge ;
 And he that wafts the dead grasps in his hand
 His pole, and calls me : " Why dost thou delay ?

Haste thee ; thou lingerest ; all is ready here !"

Charon, impatient, speeds me to be gone.

Adm. A melancholy voyage this to me.

O thou unhappy, what a fate is ours !

Alc. He drags me, some one drags me to the gates

That close upon the dead ; dost thou not see

How stern he frowns beneath his gloomy brows,

The impetuous Pluto ? What wouldst thou with me ?

Off, let me go. Ah, what a dreary path,

Wretched, most wretched, must I downward tread !

Adm. To thy friends mournful, most to me, and these

Thy children, who with me this sorrow share.

Alc. No longer hold me up, hold me no longer ;

Here lay me down : I have not strength to stand ;

Death is hard by : dark night creeps o'er my eyes.

My children, O, my children, now no more,

Your mother is no more : farewell ; may you,

More happy, see the golden light of heaven !

Adm. Ah, what a mournful word is this ! to me

Than any death more painful : by the gods

Forsake me not ; shouldst thou be taken from me,

I were no more ; in thee I live ; thy love,

Thy sweet society, my soul reveres.

We may now return to Mr. Browning for the speech in which Alcestis, becoming conscious once more of Admetus, adjures him to be true to her own memory, and, for their joint sake, to their children :

Alkestis. Admetos, how things go with me thou seest,

I wish to tell thee, ere I die, what things

I will should follow. I—to honor thee,

Secure for thee, by my own soul's exchange,

Continued looking on the daylight here—

Die for thee—yet, if so I pleased, might live.

Do me in turn a favor—favor, since

Certainly I shall never claim my due,

For nothing is more precious than a life :

But a fit favor, as thyself wilt say.

Loving our children here no less than I,

If head and heart be sound in thee at least.
 Uphold them, make them masters of my house,
 Nor wed and give a step-dame to the pair,
 Who, being a worse wife than I, through spite
 Will raise her hand against both thine and mine;
 Never do this at least, I pray to thee!

Farewell, be happy! And to thee, indeed,
 Husband, the boast remains permissible,
 Thou hadst a wife was worthy! and to you
 Children, as good a mother gave you birth.

The chorus cheerfully undertake for Admetus that he will perform his wife's wishes. Admetus also answers up for himself. He mixes, it will be seen, a bitter dash of the unfilial with the overflowing sweet of his conjugal:

Admetos. Fear not, and, since I had thee living, dead
 Alone wilt thou be called my wife: no fear
 That some Thessalian ever styles herself
 Bride, hails this man for husband in thy place!

And I shall bear for thee no year-long grief,
 But grief that lasts while my own days last, love—
 Love, for my hate is she who bore me, now,
 And him I hate, my father: loving ones,
 Truly, in word, not deed! But thou didst pay
 All dearest to thee down, and buy my life,
 Saving me so! Is there not cause enough
 That I, who part with such companionship
 In thee, should make my moan?

But were the tongue and tune of Orpheus mine,
 So that to Koré crying, or her lord,
 In hymns, from Hades I might rescue thee,
 Down would I go, and neither Plouton's dog
 Nor Charon, he whose oar sends souls across,
 Should stay me till again I made thee stand
 Living, within the light! But, failing this,
 There, where thou art, await me when I die,
 Make ready our abode, my house-mate still!

For in the self-same cedar, me with thee,
Will I provide that these our friends shall place,
My side lay close by thy side ! Never, corpse
Although I be, would I division bear
From thee, my faithful one of all the world !

Alkestis. O, children ! now yourselves have heard these things—
Your father saying he will never wed
Another woman to be over you,
Nor yet dishonor me !

Admetos. And now at least
I say it, and I will accomplish too !

Alk. Then, for such promise of accomplishment,
Take from my hand these children !

Adm. Thus I take—
Dear gift from the dear hand !

Alk. Do thou become
Mother, now, to these children in my place !

Adm. Great the necessity I should be so,
At least to these bereaved of thee !

Alk. Child—child !

Just when I needed most to live, below
Am I departing from you both !

Adm. Ah me !

And what shall I do then left lonely thus ?

Alk. Time will appease thee : who is dead is naught.

Adm. Take me with thee : take, by the gods below !

Alk. We are sufficient, we who die for thee.

Adm. O, Powers ! ye widow me of what a wife !

Alk. And truly the dimmed eye draws earthward now !

Adm. Wife, if thou leav'st me, I am lost indeed !

Alk. She once was—now is nothing, thou may'st say.

Adm. Raise thy face, nor forsake thy children thus !

Alk. Ah, willingly indeed I leave them not !

But—fare ye well, my children !

Adm. Look on them—
Look !

Alk. I am nothingness.

Adm. What dost thou ! Leav'st—

Alk. Farewell !

The most pathetic of the tragedians, Aristotle considers Euripides to be. Here, exercising good art, the poet prolongs the pathos of the scene of death with additional exclamations

from Admetus, from the children, and from the chorus of bystanders. Admetus bids his Thessalian subjects share his grief with him. They must clip their own locks, and shear their horses' manes. Twelve months they must refrain from cheerful music:

The chorus hereupon chant, moving in mystic dance the while, as follows (for this lyric strain we use Mr. Potter's rhymed version) :

STROPHE I.

Immortal bliss be thine,
 Daughter of Pelias, in the realms below ;
 Immortal pleasures round thee flow,
 Though never there the sun's bright beams shall shine.
 Be the black-brow'd Pluto told,
 And the Stygian boatman old,
 Whose rude hands grasp the oar, the rudder guide,
 The dead conveying o'er the tide,
 Let him be told, so rich a freight before
 His light skiff never bore :
 Tell him, that o'er the joyless lakes
 The noblest of her sex her dreary passage takes.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Thy praise the bards shall tell,
 When to their hymning voice the echo rings ;
 Or when they sweep the solemn strings,
 And wake to rapture the seven-chorded shell ;
 Or in Sparta's jocund bowers
 Circling when the vernal hours
 Bring the Carnean feast ; while through the night
 Full-orb'd the high moon rolls her light ;
 Or where rich Athens, proudly elevate,
 Shows her magnific state ;
 Their voice thy glorious death shall raise,
 And swell the enraptured strain to celebrate thy praise.

STROPHE II.

O, that I had the power,
 Could I but bring thee from the shades of night
 Again to view this golden light,

To leave that boat, to leave that dreary shore,
Where Cocytus, deep and wide,
Rolls along his sullen tide !
For thou, O best of women, thou alone
For thy lord's life daredst give thy own.
Light lie the earth upon that gentle breast,
And be thou ever bless'd !
But should he choose to wed again,
Mine and thy children's hearts would hold him in disdain.

ANTISTROPHE II.

When, to avert his doom,
His mother in the earth refused to lie ;
Nor would his ancient father die
To save his son from an untimely tomb ;
Though the hand of time had spread
Hoar hairs o'er each aged head ;
In youth's fresh bloom, in beauty's radiant glow,
The darksome way thou daredst to go,
And for thy youthful lord's to give thy life.
Be mine so true a wife,
Though rare the lot : then should I prove
The indissoluble bond of faithfulness and love.

In the foregoing version of this Euripidean chorus, our readers have the opportunity of studying the symmetry, or correspondence in measure, between line and line, in strophe and antistrophe of the elaborate Greek choral ode.

The sorrowful monotony of the play now suffers a sudden, almost staggering, interruption. Heracles (Hercules) bursts in with a gruff and bluff heartiness of unconscious discord, which Mr. Browning well reproduces. He conceives this demigod as a great, wholesome-hearted, generous champion of mankind, feeding enormously, but not gluttonously, simply to repair the waste of his prodigious exertions on behalf of the suffering. He thus, through his Greek girl Balaustion puts a fine poetic gloss upon what otherwise would seem gross conduct on Heracles's part.

We must shorten the story of how Admetus concealed from Heracles the true situation of affairs and got him to stay as guest, under the impression that only a stranger woman of the house had died. Admetus did not quite lie outright to his guest-friend. Who is the man that has died? inquires Heracles. Not a man—a woman, evades Admetus. Alien, then, or born kin of thine? pursues Heracles. Alien, parries Admetus, though still related to my house. Bystanders and domestics are surprised to see Admetus insist at such cost on being hospitable to the stranger. However, the complaisant chorus laud the hospitality of the house in a strain which, fortunately, we are able to show our readers under a noble form given to it by one who signs only the initials “T. E. W.” to this choice fragment of translation, published first as a contribution to the “College Magazine,” Dublin, October, 1857:

Hail, house of the open door,
To the guest and the wanderer free !
The lord of the lyre himself of yore
Deigned to inhabit thee.
In thy halls disguised in his shepherd's weeds
He endured for a while to stay,
Through the upland rocks •
To the feeding flocks
Piping his pastoral lay.
And the spotted lynx was tame
With the joy of the mighty spell ;
And a tawny troop, the lions came
From the leafy Othrys' dell ;
And where the tall pines waved their locks,
Still as thy lute would play,
Light tripped the fawn
O'er the level lawn
Entranced by the genial lay.
The house where the lord Admetus bides
Is blest for the Pythian's sake—
Fast by the shores that skirt the tides
Of the pleasant Boebian lake ;

His fallows and fields the Molossians bound
 Toward the stalls of the Steeds of Day,
 And to airy sweep
 Of Ægean steep
 All Pelion owns his sway.
 He will welcome his guest with a moistened lid,
 Though the halls be opened wide :
 And affection's tear will start unbid
 For her that hath lately died.
 For the noble heart to its sorrows yields ;
 But wise is the good man's breast,
 And my faith I plight
 He will act aright
 By the dead and the stranger guest.

Admetus invites the sympathizing chorus to salute his dead wife as she is borne to the tomb. But Euripides provides for us a fresh surprise. It is a scene between Admetus and his father Pheres. A most unseemly altercation takes place between father and son over the very bier of the dead. Mere selfishness has seldom appeared more unrelievedly repulsive than in this scene it appears as exemplified in Admetus. The whole representation seems to us to waver on a razor-edge between the serious and comic. We condense a specimen. Pheres enters with a train of servants bringing funeral gifts for the deceased Alcestis. He speaks :

Pheres. Take this tribute of adornment, deep
 In the earth let it descend along with her !
 Behooves we treat the body with respect
 Of one who died, at least, to save thy life,
 Kept me from being childless, nor allowed
 That I, bereft of thee, should peak and pine
 In melancholy age.

.
 I maintain, if mortals must
 Marry, this sort of marriage is the sole
 Permitted those among them who are wise !

Admetos. Neither to this interment called by me
 Comest thou, nor thy presence I account

Among the covetable proofs of love.
 As for thy tribute of adornment,—no !
 Ne'er shall she don it, ne'er in debt to thee
 Be buried ! What is thine, that keep thou still :
 Then it behooved thee to commiserate
 When I was perishing : but thou, who stood'st
 Foot-free o' the snare, wast acquiescent then
 That I, the young, should die, not thou, the old,
 Wilt thou lament this corpse thyself hast slain ?
 Thou wast not, then, true father to this flesh,
 Nor she, who makes profession of my birth,
 And styles herself my mother.

And yet a fair strife had been thine to strive,
 Dying for thine own child ; and brief for thee
 In any case, the rest of time to live ;
 While I had lived, and she, our rest of time,
 Nor I been left to groan in solitude.

How vainly do these aged pray for death,
 Abuse the slow drag of senility !
 But should death step up, nobody inclines
 To die, nor age is now the weight it was !

Chorus.

Pause !

Enough the present sorrow ! Nor, O son,
 Whet thus against thyself thy father's soul !

Pheres.

Never did I receive it as a law
 Hereditary, no, nor Greek at all,
 That sires in place of sons were bound to die.

Long I account the time to pass below,
 And brief my span of days ; yet sweet the same.

Shrewdly hast thou contrived how not to die
 For evermore now ; 'tis but still persuade
 The wife for the time being—take thy place !
 What, and thy friends who would not do the like
 These dost thou carp at, craven thus thyself ?
 Crouch and be silent, craven ! Comprehend
 That, if thou lovest so that life of thine,

Why every body loves his own life, too ;
 So, good words henceforth ! If thou speak us ill,
 Many and true an ill thing shalt thou hear !

Cho. Too much evil spoke
 On both sides !

But the unspeakable wrangle runs on page after page, for all the sound admonition of the chorus. Admetus at last bids the funeral train proceed.

The scene returns to Heracles in the house. The free manner of the guest displeased the servant detailed to wait upon him. This testy old fellow soliloquizes to the guest's disadvantage as follows (we abridge) :

Here am I helping make at home
 A guest, some fellow ripe for wickedness,
 Robber or pirate, while she goes her way
 Out of her house : and neither was it mine
 To follow in procession, nor stretch forth
 Hand, wave my lady dear a last farewell,
 Lamenting who to me and all of us
 Domestics was a mother : myriad harms
 She used to ward away from every one,
 And mollify her husband's ireful mood.
 I ask, then, do I justly hate or no
 This guest, this interloper on our grief ?

There follows, in Mr. Browning's poem, a long passage of the English poet's own, very nobly idealizing and transfiguring Heracles. All this changed Heracles is found, by a creative poetic eye, between the lines of Euripides—who himself simply makes Heracles speak out with rough good-humor to the vinegar-visaged attendant, thus :

Her. Thou, there !
 Why look'st so solemn and so thought-absorbed ?
 To guests, a servant should not sour-faced be,
 But do the honors with a mind urbane.

Give ear to me, then ! For all flesh to die
 Is nature's due ; nor is there any one

Of mortals with assurance he shall last
 The coming morrow : for, what's born of chance
 Invisibly proceeds the way it will,
 Not to be learned, no fortune-teller's prize.
 This, therefore, having heard and known through me,
 Gladden thyself ! Drink ! Count the day-by-day
 Existence thine, and all the other—chance !

Wilt not thou, then,—discarding overmuch
 Mournfulness, do away with this shut door,
 Come drink along with me, be-garlanded
 This fashion ? Do so—and—I well know what—
 From this stern mood, this shrunk-up state of mind,
 The pit-pat fall o' the flagon-juice down throat
 Soon will dislodge thee from bad harborage !

It soon comes out, for the enlightenment of Heracles, that it was Alcestis herself who had died. Heracles suffers a violent revulsion from gay to sad. He exclaims :

Her. But I divined it ! seeing, as I did,
 His eye that ran with tears, his close-clipt hair,
 His countenance !

And do I revel yet
 With wreath on head ? But—thou to hold thy peace,
 Nor tell me what a woe oppressed my friend !
 Where is he gone to bury her ? Where am I
 To go and find her ?

Heracles takes his resolution. He will go to the tomb and rescue Alcestis yet. Here are his words :

Her. O much-enduring heart and hand of mine !

I will go lie in wait for Death, black-stoled
 King of the corpses ! I shall find him, sure,
 Drinking beside the tomb, o' the sacrifice :
 And if I lie in ambuscade, and leap
 Out of my lair, and seize—encircle him
 Till one hand join the other round about—
 There lives not who shall pull him out from me,

Rib-mauled, before he let the woman go !
But even say I miss the booty—say,
Death comes not to the bolted blood—why then
Down go I, to the unsunned dwelling-place
O' Koré and the king there—make demand,
Confident I shall bring Alkestis back,
So as to put her in the hands of him
My host, that housed me, never drove me off :
Though stricken with sore sorrow, hid the stroke,
Being a noble heart and honoring me !

Meantime the procession returns from the grave. With admirable amplification of pathetic speech and circumstance Euripides displays the grief suffered by Admetus revisiting his "chambers emptied of delight." The chorus intervene with their exasperating commonplace of consolation. They end by chanting a high strain in celebration of the inexorableness of Necessity. This we give in the rhymed version of Potter :

STROPHE I.

My venturous foot delights
To tread the Muses' arduous heights :
Their hallow'd haunts I love to explore,
And listen to their lore :
Yet never could my searching mind
Aught, like Necessity, resistless find :
No herb, of sovereign power to save,
Whose virtues Orpheus joy'd to trace,
And wrote them in the rolls of Thrace ;
Nor all that Phoebus gave,
Instructing the Asclepian train,
When various ills the human frame assail,
To heal the wound, to soothe the pain,
'Gainst her stern force avail.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Of all the powers divine
Alone none dares approach her shrine :
To her no hallow'd image stands,
No altar she commands ;

In vain the victim's blood would flow ;
 She never deigns to hear the suppliant now.
 Never to me may'st thou appear,
 Dread goddess, with severer mien,
 That oft, in life's past tranquil scene,
 Thou hast been known to wear.
 By thee Jove works his stern behest :
 Thy force subdues ev'n Scythia's stubborn steel ;
 Nor ever does thy rugged breast
 The touch of pity feel.

STROPHE II.

And now, with ruin pleased,
 On thee, O king, her hands have seized,
 And bound thee in her iron chain :
 Yet her fell force sustain ;
 For, from the gloomy realms of night
 No tears recall the dead to life's sweet light ;
 No virtue, though to heaven allied,
 Saves from the inevitable doom :
 Heroes and sons of gods have died,
 And sunk into the tomb.
 Dear, while our eyes her presence bless'd ;
 Dear, in the gloomy mansions of the dead :
 Most generous she, the noblest, best,
 Who graced thy nuptial bed.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Thy wife's sepulchral mound
 Deem not as common worthless ground,
 That swells their breathless bodies o'er,
 Who die, and are no more.
 No : be it honor'd as a shrine
 Raised high, and hallow'd to some power divine.
 The traveler, as he passes by,
 Shall thither bend his devious way ;
 With reverence gaze, and with a sigh
 Smite on his breast, and say,
 " She died of old to save her lord ;
 Now bless'd among the bless'd. Hail, power revered ;
 To us thy wonted grace afford ? "
 Such vows shall be preferr'd.

But see, Admetus, to thy house I ween,
Alcmena's son bends his returning steps.

By this time Heracles has come back with a genuine surprise prepared for Admetus. But there is considerable suspense of the agreeable shock. This provides for a prolonged enjoyment, on the part of spectators, who watch the scene between Heracles and Admetus with the delicious interest of persons admitted to the secret of a gracious plot in process of unfolding before their eyes. First, Heracles upbraids Admetus for not having been frank with him about the death of Alcestis. He then mysteriously adverts to the woman he has brought with him. In a contest just waged by him, he had won her for prize. Would Admetus be good enough to take charge of her while he (Heracles) should be absent on his next adventure? But Admetus demurs. He urges various reasons why it were not meet. Glancing at the woman's form, he exclaims at her resemblance to Alcestis. Then to Heracles he says, entreating:

Admetos.

Ah, me !

Take—by the gods !—this woman from my sight,
Lest thou undo me, the undone before !
Since I seem—seeing her—as if I saw
My own wife ! And confusions cloud my heart,
And from my eyes the springs break forth ! Ah me,
Unhappy !—How I taste, for the first time,
My misery in all its bitterness !

The chorus venture to advise in favor of taking the woman. The interchange following of short, generally one-line, remarks between Heracles and Admetus must be given our readers. This brisk back-and-forth is a favorite form of dialogue with the Greek tragedians. Readers may see it imitated in Milton's *Mask of Comus*. Also, in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*—which is almost Greek tragedy itself reproduced, alike in form and in power, though, by the Hebrew spirit of the author and of the subject, the English poem is unavoid-

ably qualified and heightened with a characteristic difference. The "Atalanta in Calydon" of Mr. Swinburne is another modern antique worthy to be studied and—herein unlike many of this gifted but not scrupulous poet's productions—morally not unfit to be studied. Now the dialogue of approach to the final disclosure. We choose for this the rendering of Potter, which reproduces better the effect of the single lines in the original Greek :

Hercules. O that from Jove I had the power to bring
Back from the mansions of the dead thy wife
To heaven's fair light, that grace achieving for thee !

Admetus. I know thy friendly will : but how can this
Be done ? The dead return not to this light !

Her. Check, then, thy swelling griefs ; with reason rule them.

Adm. How easy to advise, but hard to bear !

Her. What would it profit shouldst thou always groan ?

Adm. I know it ; but I am in love with grief.

Her. Love to the dead calls forth the ceaseless tear.

Adm. O, I am wretched more than words can speak.

Her. A good wife hast thou lost : who can gainsay it ?

Adm. Never can life be pleasant to me more.

Her. Thy sorrow now is new ; time will abate it.

Adm. Time, say'st thou ? Yes, the time that brings me death.

Her. Some young and lovely bride will bid it cease.

Adm. No more ; what sayest thou ? Never would I think—

Her. Wilt thou still lead a lonely, widow'd life ?

Adm. Never shall other woman share my bed.

Her. And think'st thou this will aught avail the dead ?

Adm. This honor is her due where'er she be.

Her. This hath my praise, though near allied to frenzy.

Adm. Praise me or not, I ne'er will wed again.

Her. I praise thee that thou art faithful to thy wife.

Adm. Though dead, if I betray her, may I die !

Her. Well, take this noble lady to thy house.

Adm. No, by thy father Jove let me entreat thee.

Her. Not to do this would be the greatest wrong.

Adm. To do it would with anguish rend my heart.

Her. Let me prevail ; this grace may find its meed.

Adm. O that thou never hadst received this prize !

- Her.* Yet in my victory thou art victor with me.
Adm. 'Tis nobly said ! yet let this woman go.
Her. If she must go, she shall ; but must she go ?
Adm. She must, if I incur not thy displeasure.
Her. There is a cause that prompts my earnestness.
Adm. Thou hast prevail'd, but much against my will.
Her. The time will come when thou wilt thank me for it.
Adm. Well, if I must receive her, lead her in.
Her. Charge servants with her ! No, that must not be.
Adm. Lead her thyself then, if thy will incline thee.
Her. No, to thy hand alone will I commit her.
Adm. I touch her not ; but she hath leave to enter.
Her. I shall intrust her only to thy hand.
Adm. Thou dost constrain me, king, against my will.
Her. Venture to stretch thy hand, and touch the stranger's.
Adm. I touch her as I would the headless Gorgon.
Her. Hast thou her hand ?
Adm. I have.
Her. Then hold her safe ;
 Hereafter thou wilt say the son of Jove
 Hath been a generous guest. View now her face :
 See if she bears resemblance to thy wife ;
 And thus made happy, bid farewell to grief.
Adm. O gods, what shall I say ? 'Tis marvelous,
 Exceeding hope. See I my wife indeed,
 Or doth some god distract me with false joy ?
Her. In very deed dost thou behold thy wife.
Adm. See that it be no phantom from beneath.
Her. Make not thy friend one that evokes the shades.
Adm. And do I see my wife, whom I entomb'd ?
Her. I marvel not that thou art diffident.
Adm. I touch her ; may I speak to her as living ?
Her. Speak to her, thou hast all thy heart could wish.
Adm. Dearest of women, do I see again
 That face, that person ? This exceeds all hope.
 I never thought that I should see thee more.
Her. Thou hast her ; may no god be envious to thee !
Adm. O be thou bless'd, thou generous son of Jove !
 Thy fathers might protect thee ! Thou alone
 Hast raised her to me : from the realms below
 How hast thou brought her to the light of life ?

- Her.* I fought with him that lords it o'er the shades.
Adm. Where with the gloomy tyrant didst thou fight?
Her. I lay in wait, and seized him at the tomb.
Adm. But wherefore doth my wife thus speechless stand?
Her. It is not yet permitted that thou hear
Her voice addressing thee, till from the gods
That rule beneath she be unsanctified
With hallow'd rites, and the third morn return.
But lead her in ; and, as thou art just in all
Besides, Admetus, see thou reverence strangers.
Farewell : I go to achieve the destined toil
For the imperial son of Sthenelus.
Adm. Abide with us, and share my friendly hearth.
Her. That time will come again : this demands speed.
Adm. Success attend thee : safe mayest thou return
Now to my citizens I give in charge,
And to each chief, that for this bless'd event
They institute the dance, let the steer bleed,
And the rich altars, as they pay their vows,
Breathe incense to the gods ; for now I rise
To better life, and grateful own the blessing.

The chorus have the last word and moralize the action,
thus :

- Cho.* With various hand the gods dispense our fates :
Now showering various blessings, which our hopes
Dared not aspire to ; now controlling ills
We deem'd inevitable : thus the god,
To these hath given an end exceeding thought.
Such is the fortune of this happy day.

There is a wide, and even violent, difference of opinion among good authorities on the merits of Euripides. Some critics consider him essentially melodramatic in quality, rather than truly tragic. But, in the face of whatever criticism, he has constantly persisted a popular poet.

X.

ARISTOPHANES.

ARISTOPHANES stands alone as representative to us of Greek comedy. There were many other comic poets in Greece ; but Aristophanes enjoys the fortune of surviving in a number (eleven) of his productions, while all his peers and rivals have vanished from human memory in every thing but perhaps a name surrounded with its vain tradition of pristine renown.

We could hardly let this volume appear without a chapter inscribed by title to Aristophanes. But we shall feel it necessary to make this our monument to his genius hardly more than a cenotaph in his honor. A handful, nay, a pinch, of dust is all that will here be collected to suggest the literary remains of Aristophanes. Comedy is in its nature one of the most fugacious of all literary forms. Incredible archæological learning and pains have been expended in the endeavor to revive the knowledge of history and of manners needful to the intelligent appreciation of Aristophanes. But the truth is, that the spirit of the Aristophanic comedy was an excessively volatile spirit. Long ago it escaped hopelessly, hopelessly evanished, into the illimitable air. Nobody will ever gather it thence again and restore it to the body of literature which once it made quick with a sparkle of vivacity as brilliant as it was evanescent, but which it, fleeing away, left for the most part irredeemably stale, flat, and unprofitable.

The feature that strikes one most is probably the enormous indulgence of the grotesque and fantastic that Aristophanes displays. Verisimilitude, probability, is violated with the utmost conceivable license. Indeed, it seems to be a law of the Aristophanic comedy to let fancy run absolutely riot. There is something of the spirit of the carnival pres-

ent in it all. The broadest farce, the most Titanic sport, invention the most capricious, personal abuse without limit, coarseness, incredible coarseness, abound. The coarseness is a coarseness so utterly devoid of scruple that, insinuation and indirection quite dispensed with, indecency flaunts itself naked, not only without shame, but without consciousness, or rather with a staggering air of actual piety—as if lewdness were religion. Every imaginable excess reigns here and revels.

The idea just suggested of piety present in Athenian comedy to sanction and sanctify lewdness, must not be taken to be rhetorical hyperbole. It is literal fact. The comedies of Athens were always presented as a part of the great Dionysiac festivals occurring at Athens three times each year. The wild extravagances in conduct that made up these festivals of Bacchus were not things winked at by public sentiment, but things enjoined by public sentiment and encouraged. They became, indeed, portion and parcel of the national religion. It was an illustration of what Paul says of the heathen world: "As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind to do those things which are not convenient." Conceive the confusion of moral ideas implied in such a state of things! Vice not simply practiced, but practiced as virtue! Orgies of uncleanness celebrated for worship of God! The awful admonitory words of Jesus recur, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

Of course it is impossible to illustrate with example the nastiness of Aristophanes. And paradoxical though it be thought, we shall have in candor to say that the nastiness is less an offense to the moral, than it is to the æsthetic, sense of the modern reader. There is no allurement to sin in it. It is too frank—too little insidious for that. Mr. Swinburne, at his worst, is far more evil than at his worst is Aristophanes. Accepted modern operas too there are, more truly im-

moral in influence than are the scandalizingly free and roys-tering comedies of ancient Athens.

Creon was the favorite butt of Aristophanes the political satirist. Of Aristophanes the critic and the wit in literature and philosophy, the most illustrious targets were Euripides and Socrates. The comedy of *The Frogs* makes game of Euripides, while Socrates is set up as a laughing-stock in the comedy of *The Clouds*. The *Knights* is the piece which chiefly pays the comedian's compliments to Creon. The perfectly frank, and perfectly transparent, though anonymous, abuse with which Aristophanes treats his ideal demagogue, may be judged from the following extract. The chorus speaks or chants (John Hookham Frere is our translator) :

Close around him, and confound him, the confounder of us all ;
Pelt him, pummel him, and maul him ; rummage, ransack, overhaul him,
Overbear him, and outbawl him ; bear him down, and bring him under.
Bellow like a burst of thunder, Robber ! harpy ! sink of plunder !
Rogue and villain ! rogue and cheat ! rogue and villain, I repeat !
Oftener than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain cheated.
Close around him, left and right : spit upon him, spurn and smite :
Spit upon him as you see ; spurn and spit at him like me.

In *The Clouds* Socrates is made to do duty as a representative sophist, and the sophists are the object of the comedian's ridicule. Much speculation has been indulged in as to the reason why Aristophanes should have put Socrates into this part, since Socrates was, in fact, always opposing the sophists. For ourselves, we suspect that exactly this was Aristophanes's reason for the liberty he took with his friend Socrates. It would have an irresistibly comic effect to invert well-understood relations in this broadly obvious way. The absurdity of giving on the stage the familiar and naturally almost comic face and figure of Socrates to the representative sophist—a character with whom that philosopher was understood to be incessantly at war—this would be a joke level to the capacity of the least enlightened Athenian. Then, in

Socrates thus represented, to jumble confusedly together the function of the sophist—namely, undertaking to prove the negative or the affirmative at choice of any proposition whatever, with the function of the true philosopher—namely, seeking truth and wisdom—such, we submit, was the comic design of Aristophanes in this play of *The Clouds*. Besides, it must be admitted that there really was, at times, if the report of his friendly pupil Plato is to be trusted, enough of the true sophist in Socrates to add the equivalent necessary of verisimilitude to the comic representation.

The opening scene of *The Clouds* presents a bedroom in which a father and a son are sleeping. The father waking tries in vain to fall asleep again. Thoughts of pecuniary embarrassment disturb his mind. Bills are coming due that he knows not how to meet. His son, meantime, talks in his sleep of horses and races. The son is at length roused by the sire, and the two sally forth together. The old gentleman has an idea. His son shall go to the “thinking-shop” of Socrates the sophist, and there learn how, by rhetoric, to evade the payment of the paternal debts. But the graceless young rascal will not go. The father, at last, is fain to go himself. A student admits him into the house. After a little preliminary conversation, the visitor catches sight of a human figure suspended from the ceiling in a basket. Now a bit of Aristophanes in his own words:

Stranger. Who hangs dangling in the basket yonder?

Student. HIMSELF.

Str. And who’s himself?

Stud. Why, Socrates.

Str. Ho, Socrates! Call him, you fellow—call loud.

Stud. Call him yourself—I’ve got no time for calling.

(*Exit indoors.*)

Str. Ho, Socrates! Sweet, darling Socrates!

Soc. Why callest thou me, poor creature of a day?

Str. First tell me, pray, what are you doing up there?

Soc. I walk in air, and contemplate the sun.

- Str.* O, that's the way that you despise the gods—
 You get so near them on your perch there—eh ?
- Soc.* I never could have found out things divine
 Had I not hung my mind up thus and mixed
 My subtle intellect with its kindred air.
 Had I regarded such things from below
 I had learnt nothing. For the earth absorbs
 Into itself the moisture of the brain—
 It is the very same case with water-cresses.
- Str.* Dear me ! so water-cresses grow by thinking !

Socrates, having learned the errand of his visitor, chants a song of invitation to the Clouds to descend for the old gentleman's help. The descent of the Clouds is attended with a gentle roll of thunder. The Clouds sing together while they, probably still invisible, approach. Their song is a lyric much admired. Mr. Collins in his volume on Aristophanes ("Ancient Classics for English Readers") gives the following version of it :

(CHORUS OF CLOUDS *in the distance.*)

Eternal clouds !
 Rise we to mortal view,
 Embodied in bright shapes of dewy sheen,
 Leaving the depths serene
 Where our loud-sounding Father Ocean dwells,
 For the wood-crowned summits of the hills :
 Thence shall our glance command
 The beetling crags which sentinel the land,
 The teeming earth,
 The crops we bring to birth ;
 Thence shall we hear
 The music of the ever-flowing streams,
 The low, deep thunders of the booming sea.
 Lo, the bright Eye of Day unwearied beams !
 Shedding our veil of storms
 From our immortal forms,
 We scan with keen-eyed gaze this nether sphere.

Readers of Shelley will be reminded of his beautiful and powerful poem of "The Cloud." The Clouds, drawing

nearer, sing again, Socrates meantime lying prostrate with adoration, and the stranger convulsed with comic terror at the accompanying thunder. The Clouds "materialize" as fleecy-frocked maidens floating airily in, to the number of twenty-four. The old gentleman turns out to be a poor pupil, and does not get on. The son is finally prevailed upon to go in place of his father. The father introduces him to Socrates with pride :

He was so very clever always, naturally ;
When he was but so high, now, he'd build mud-houses,
Cut out a boat, make a cart of an old shoe,
And frogs out of pomegranate-stones—quite wonderful !

We are bound to say that in the passage following, descriptive of the discipline through which the young man goes, there is something to inspire one's respect. The Just Argument and the Unjust are personified and impersonated on the stage. It is a kind of Aristophanic version of the sophist Prod'i-cus's noble allegory of the "Choice of Heracles." The two Arguments dispute. The Just Argument holds language like this :

Cast in thy lot, O youth, with me, and choose the better paths—
So shalt thou hate the Forum's prate, and shun the lazy baths ;
Be shamed for what is truly shame, and blush when shame is said,
And rise up from thy seat in hall before the hoary head ;
Be duteous to thy parents, to no base act inclined,
But keep fair Honor's image deep within thine heart enshrined ;
And speak no rude, irreverent word against the father's years,
Whose strong hand led thine infant steps and dried thy childhood's
tears.

But the Unjust Argument answers and prevails. Here is a specimen of the Aristophanico-Socratic style in which the dialogue is carried forward :

Unjust A. Come, now, from what class do our lawyers spring ?
Just A. Well—from the blackguards.

- Unj. A.* I believe you. Tell me
Again, what are our tragic poets?
- Just A.* Blackguards.
- Unj. A.* Good; and our public orators?
- Just A.* Blackguards all.
- Unj. A.* D'ye see now, how absurd and utterly worthless
Your arguments have been? And now look round—
(*turning to the audience*)
Which class amongst our friends here seems most numerous?
- Just A.* I'm looking.
- Unj. A.* Well, now tell me what you see.
- Just A.* (*after gravely and attentively examining the rows of spectators*)
The blackguards have it, by a large majority.
There's one, I know—and yonder there's another—
And there, again, that fellow with long hair.

Of course such buffoonery would bring down the house. The Just Argument throws up the case. The son is now crammed for his contest with the father's creditors. He easily beats them all out of court. But the father's delight is seriously modified when his son makes an unexpected use of his new accomplishment. The hopeful youth thrashes his own father, and proceeds with easy volubility to justify himself in the act. The aggrieved parent seeks his revenge on Socrates and the Clouds. Taking with him his slaves, he carries the torch to the "thinking-shop." The incendiary old gentleman, perched on his ladder, to the students asking him what he is about there, replies :

Holding a subtle disputation with the rafters.

And Socrates himself, at length aroused by the noise, is, with a retort turned upon himself of his own explanation as to his situation in the hanging-basket, told by the sarcastic father :

I walk in air and contemplate the sun.

Aristophanes is eminently an author to be studied less for delight than for melancholy instruction on the state of morals and of manners prevalent in the most polished nation of the ancient pagan world.

XI.

PINDAR (SAPPHO, SIMONIDES).

HOMER is not more unquestionably first in fame among the epic poets of antiquity than among ancient lyric poets is Pindar.

Pindar was of Thebes in Bœotia, a country celebrated in proverb for the mental dullness of its inhabitants. This poet may fairly be judged to take away that reproach. He flourished during perhaps three quarters of a century, from about 522 B. C. He was of aristocratic blood, and he was aristocratic in feeling. Little is known of his life. There is a tradition, which one likes to believe trustworthy, that he had a Theban countrywoman, Co-rin'na, who fairly beat him in a poetical contest waged between the two when he was young. Afterward, so the legend goes on, he brought her a poem of his, sown thick with Theban mythology. She had herself advised this resource to the ambitious young poet; but, "You should sow with the hand, not with the sack," was her criticism on his over-profusion. Tennyson alludes in *The Princess* to "fair Corinna's triumph."

Pindar was the most fortunate of poets. Popular everywhere, he was also the pet of noblemen and princes. His poetry was all occasional, that is, written for occasions, and it was written to order for hire. The most of what remains consists of triumphal odes celebrating victories won in the great national games of Greece.

Pindar had the audacity of genius. He shrank from nothing arduous or dangerous that tempted him. He soared—but it was not with the wing of Ic'a-rus—into the region of the sun. His figures are bold to the verge of the inconceivable. This makes him a very difficult writer to translate. The English poet, Cowley, who made some odes that he called

Pindaric, said, about doing Pindar into English, that, to render him literally, would make the public cry out, It is one madman translating another.

Let us begin with a sample of Pindar's dithyrambics. These constitute a wild, stormy, tumultuous metre, in which we have only fragments remaining from the lyre of Pindar. Mr. H. N. Coleridge, nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge the poet, shall here be our translator. The fragment translated is an almost presumptuous ode of address to the Olympian divinities, inviting them to descend to the worship of men :

Down to our dance, gods !
Come down from Olympus—
Hither descend !

Glory o'er Athens and joyance bestowing,
O light, as ye wont, in the forum o'erflowing,
Where the crowds, and the chorus, and sacrifice blend !
Lo, they come ! Now the violet-coronals bring,
And pure honey dew-drops
Fresh gather'd in spring.

See me advancing
Under Jove's guidance
Singing divine !—

'Tis the ivy-clad Boy !—God Bromius we name him ;
With a cry and a shout Eriboas we claim him !
O ! begotten of mother of old Cadmus' line •
In the mighty embrace of omnipotent sire—
I come from afar off
To lead thy bright quire !

For the new palm-bud
Caught glance from the prophet
Of Nemea's strand ;

When the nectarous plants felt the spring-tide sweet-smelling,
What time the young hours oped the ports of their dwelling !
Now the violet blooms are chance-flung on the land,
And the rose and the rose-leaf are wreath'd in the hair,
And voices and pipings
Ring loud in the air !

We next give, using Cary's version, Pindar's celebrated hymn to the Graces. A "soft Lydian air" the poem is:

O ye, ordained by lot to dwell
Where Cephisian waters well;
And hold your fair retreat
'Mid herd of coursers beautiful and fleet,
Renowned queens, that take your rest
In Orchomenus the blest,
Guarding with ever-wakeful eye
The Minyans' high-born progeny;—
To you my votive strains belong:
List, Graces, to your suppliant's song!
For all delightful things below,
All sweet, to you their being owe;
And at your hand their blessings share
The wise, the splendid, and the fair.

Nor without the holy Graces,
The gods, in those supernal places,
Their dances or their banquets rule:
Dispensers they of all above,
Throughout the glorious court of Jove;
Where each has placed her sacred stool
By the golden-bow'd Apollo,
Whom in his harpings clear they follow;
And the high majestic state
Of their eternal Father venerate.

* Daughters of heaven;—Aglaia, thou,
Darting splendors from thy brow;
With musical Euphrosyne,—
Be present. Nor less call I thee,
Tuneful Thalia, to look down
On the joyous rout, and own
Me their bard, who lead along,
For Asopichus the throng
Tripping light to Lydian song;
And Minya for thy sake proclaim
Conqueress in the Olympic game.

Waft, Echo, now thy wing divine
To the black dome of Proserpine;

And marking Cleodamus there,
Tell the glad tidings ;—how his son,
For him, hath crown'd his youthful hair
With plumes in Pisa's valley won.

With the dallying, long-lingering spirit of the foregoing strain, is sharply contrasted the swift sweep of the following lyric description of Bel-ler'o-phon's adventure with the celestial winged steed Peg'a-sus. This passage occurs in the course of a triumphal ode. Pindar's habitual method was to associate some suitable bit of mythology with his subject. In this way he secured variety of material for his various occasions. In the present case silence concerning the final fate of Bellerophon was dictated to the poet by his object. We use Cary again as translator :

Straight to the wingèd steed rushed on,
With sturdy step, Bellerophon ;
And seizing, to his cheek applied
The charm that sooth'd his swelling pride.
Them soon the azure depths enfold
Of ether waste and cold ;
Whence leveling his aim,
The Amazonian crew,
And Chimæra breathing flame,
And the Solymi he slew.
His final doom in silence past
Shall be by me conceal'd.
The ancient stalls of Jove at last
The courser, in Olympus, held.

The first Pythian ode is one of the series inscribed to Pindar's royal patron, Hi'e-ro of Syracuse, who had condescended to be a victor in a chariot-race. But in truth to contend in the Pythian games was rather a presumption than a condescension, even on the part of a king. It is impossible to exaggerate the enthusiasm with which the games of Greece were resorted to by competitors and spectators. To be crowned conqueror in one of the contests, not only was

glorious for the conqueror himself, but the state or city to which the conqueror belonged was deemed to be glorified in the glory of her citizen. The present ode is long and elaborate. Cary :

O thou, whom Phoebus and the quire
Of violet-tressèd Muses own,
Their joint treasure, golden Lyre,
Ruling step with warbled tone,
Prelude sweet to festive pleasures ;
Minstrels hail thy sprightly measures
Soon as shook from quivering strings,
Leading the choral bands, thy loud preamble rings.
In the mazes, steep'd, expire
Bolts of ever-flowing fire.
Jove's eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
Possess'd by thy enchanting numbers
On either side, his rapid wing,
Drops, entranc'd the feather'd king ;
Black vapor o'er his curvèd head,
Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed ;
Upheaving his moist back he lies
Held down with thrilling harmonies.
Mars the rough lance has laid apart,
And yields to song his stormy heart.
No god but of his mood disarm'd,
Is with thy tuneful weapons charm'd ;
Soon as Latona's sapient son
And deep-zon'd Muses have their lays begun.
But whomsoever Jove
Hath look'd on without love,
Are anguish'd when they hear the voiceful sound ;
Whether on land they be,
Or in the raging sea ;
With him, outstretch'd on dread Tartarian bound,
Hundred-headed Typhon ; erst
In famed Cilicia's cavern nurst ;
Foe of the gods ; whose shaggy breast,
By Cuma's sea-beat mound, is prest ;
Pent by plains of Sicily,
And that snow'd pillar heavenly high,

Ætna, nurse of ceaseless frost ;
From whose cavern'd depths aspire,
In purest folds upwreathing, tost,
Fountains of approachless fire.
By day, a flood of smoldering smoke,
With sullen gleam, the torrents pour ;
But in darkness, many a rock,
Crimson flame, along the shore,
Hurl to the deep with deafning roar.
From that Worm, aloft are thrown
The wells of Vulcan, full of fear ;
A marvel strange to look upon ;
And, for the passing mariner,
As marvelous to hear ;
How Ætna's top with umbrage black,
And soil, do hold him bound ;
And by that pallet, all his back
Is scored with many a wound.

.
Intent this man to praise,
I trust to whirl my javelin, brazen-tipt,
Not out of limit, yet that all who raise
A rival arm, shall be by far outstript.

.
At close of glory's boastful day,
Sure as the mighty pass away,
To point their lives alone remain
Recording tale and poet's strain.
Fades not the worth of Croesus mild :
But Phalaris, with blood defil'd,
His brazen bull, his torturing flame,
Hand o'er alike to evil fame
In every clime. No tuneful string,
No voice, that makes the rafters ring,
Receive his name, in hall or bower,
When youth and joyance wing the hour.

First prize to mortals, good success ;
Next portion, good renown ;
Whomever both conspire to bless,
He wins the highest crown.

Mr. H. N. Coleridge's sentence on Pindar, which may be condensed into this, is perhaps not unjust :

"Such as he was, he stood, and he stands, aloft and aloof—unsurpassable—inimitable—incomparable . . . the absolute master of lyric song."

If we seem by our order of treatment to make Sappho a sort of pendant to Pindar, that is not to imply on her part either posteriority in time or inferiority in genius. Sappho, in fact, preceded Pindar by two generations, and her tradition is that of a poetical genius perhaps even surpassing him. A Tenth Muse, Plato calls her, and she remains to this day in general estimation among those entitled to adjudge her just rank, from the various trustworthy indications that survive, the foremost woman of genius in the world. The loss of her poems is probably one of the greatest losses that the literature of mankind ever suffered.

The one surviving complete piece of Sappho's is her Hymn to Aph-ro-di'te. This we give in a version from the hand of Mr. T. W. Higginson :

Beautiful-throned, immortal Aphrodite !
Daughter of Zeus, beguiler, I implore thee,
Weigh me not down with weariness and anguish,
O thou most holy !

Come to me now ! if ever thou in kindness
Harkenedst my words,—and often hast thou harkened,
Heeding, and coming from the mansion golden
Of thy great Father.

Yoking thy chariot borne by thy most lovely
Consecrated birds, with dusky-tinted pinions,
Wafting swift wings from utmost heights of heaven
Through the mid-ether :

Swiftly they vanished, leaving thee, O goddess,
Smiling, with face immortal in its beauty,
Asking why I grieved, and why in utter longing
I had dared call thee ;

Asking what I sought, thus hopeless in desiring,
'Wildered in brain, and spreading nets of passion
Alas, for whom? and saidst thou, "Who hast harmed thee?
O my poor Sappho!

"Though now he flies, ere long he shall pursue thee;
Fearing thy gifts, he too in turn shall bring them;
Loveless to-day, to-morrow he shall woo thee,
Though thou shouldst spurn him."

Thus seek me now, O holy Aphrodite!
Save me from anguish, give me all I ask for,
Gifts at thy hand; and thine shall be the glory,
Sacred protector!

Si-mon'i-des, too, was an earlier poet than Pindar, but he survives only in a few fragments, or else in very brief epigrams. He was, like Pindar, a hireling poet, in the sense of being at the service of such patrons as were willing to subsidize his muse. In other words, he was poet-laureate, not, like Lord Tennyson, on a royal yearly stipend, but, as the commercial phrase is, by the job. If we may trust Aristotle, he was, upon occasion, spirited as to the price for which he would work. Asked once to celebrate in verse the triumph of mules in a race, he refused, alleging for ground, that to sing of "half-asses" would disgrace his lyre. The inducement was increased, and Simonides, bethinking himself now that mules, if they were offspring of asses, were also offspring of horses, accepted the task proposed and burst out with magnificent well-paid-for poetical enthusiasm, "Daughters of tempest-footed steeds!" Your point of view is a great matter in the art of putting things. One must not lightly think too ill of the poet-laureate that may be hired. Wordsworth did not scruple to ennoble this poet by describing him as "pure Simonides."

The fame of Simonides rests chiefly on his epigrams. "Epigram," as thus used, must be understood to mean a short piece, probably of verse, designed for an inscription. Mil-

tiades is said to have erected a statue of the god Pan, in commemoration of this Arcadian divinity's supposed intervention on behalf of the Greeks against the Medo-Persians during the invasion under Darius. Mark the fitness, simplicity, density, fullness, with which the following epigram on the statue tells the whole story. The traits specified are very well reproduced in the translation :

Me, goat-foot Pan, the Arcad—the Medes' fear,
The Athenians' friend—Miltiades placed here.

The most celebrated, perhaps, of all the epigrams of Simonides is that on the Spartan Three Hundred who fell at Thermopylæ. It is thus fitly and felicitously rendered by Mr. Bowles :

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

These epigrammatic poems are not what one would call brilliant. Their merit is their severe simplicity. They grow upon one in power, according as they grow in familiarity. This is exactly what should be the case with them. They would not else be suited to their purpose.

With predecessors like Sappho and Simonides, Pindar must owe it as much to his fortune as to his merit, that he stands apart and alone in his superior fame. It is, perhaps, an instance of the survival less of the fittest, than of the most fortunate.

XII.

THEOCRITUS (BION, MOSCHUS).

THEOCRITUS is the great name in Greek idyllic poetry. With Theocritus are associated, in a kind of parasitic renown, two other Greek pastoral poets, Bion and Moschus. These two are chiefly celebrated as authors of elegies that not only are fine in themselves, but are noteworthy for being

originals of elegiac odes in English not surpassed in beauty and power by any minor poems in the language. We refer to Milton's *Lycidas* and Shelley's *Adonais*. The latter poems are modeled, not at all in servile imitation, but simply in elegant reminiscence and allusion, upon Bion's *Lament for Adonis*, and Moschus's still more famous *Lament for Bion*.

The two disciples and followers of Theocritus—Bion and Moschus—are less simple, less natural, less genuine, as well as less vigorous, than their master. We begin by presenting them in a few specimen extracts out of the two poems just mentioned from their hands. Of Bion and Moschus, the men, we know literally nothing—unless as to Bion, Moschus's elegy on his friend be taken to afford a trace, faint indeed, of biographic information. Here are a few stanzas from Bion's elegy, entitled *The Epitaph of Adonis*. The translator is Mr. J. M. Chapman :

I and the Loves Adonis dead deplore :
The beautiful Adonis is indeed
Departed, parted from us. Sleep no more
In purple, Cypris ! but in watchet weed,
All-wretched ! beat thy breast and all aread—
“ Adonis is no more.” The Loves and I
Lament him. O ! her grief to see him bleed,
Smitten by white tooth on his whiter thigh,
Out-breathing life's faint sigh upon the mountain high !

“ Alas for Cypris ! ” sigh the Loves, “ deprived
Of her fair spouse, she lost her beauty's pride ;
Cypris was lovely whilst Adonis lived,
But with Adonis all her beauty died.”
Mountains, and oaks, and streams, that broadly glide,
Or wail or weep for her ; in tearful rills
For her gush fountains from the mountain side ;
Redden the flowers from grief ; city and hills
With ditties sadly wild, lorn Cytherea fills.

Their curls are shorn : one breaks his bow ; another
His arrows and the quiver ; this unstrings,

And takes Adonis' sandal off ; his brother
 In golden urn the fountain water brings ;
 This bathes his thighs ; that fans him with his wings.
 The Loves, " Alas for Cypri ! " weeping say :
 Hymen hath quenched his torches ; shreds and flings
 The marriage wreath away ; and for the lay
 Of love is only heard the doleful " weal-away."

Now the lament for Bion by Moschus, in the excellent prose translation of Mr. Banks. The title is, *The Epitaph of Bion, a Loving Herdsman* :

Plaintively groan at my bidding, ye woodland dells, and thou Dorian water, and weep, rivers, the lovely Bion ; now wail at my bidding, ye plants, and now, groves, utter a wail ; now may ye flowers breathe forth your life in sad clusters ; blush now sorrowfully, ye roses, now, thou anemone ; now, hyacinth, speak thy letters, and with thy leaves lisp ' ai, ' ' ai, ' more than is thy wont : a noble minstrel is dead.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, begin the lament.

Ye nightingales, that wail in the thick foliage, tell the news to the Sicilian waters of Ar-e-thu'sa, that Bion the herdsman is dead, that with him both the song is dead, and perished is Doric minstrelsy.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, begin the lament.

Echo amid the rocks laments, because thou art mute, and mimics no more thy lips ; and at thy death the trees have cast off their fruit, and the flowers have all withered ; good milk hath not flowed from ewes ; nor honey from hives ; but it has perished in the wax wasted with grief ; for no longer is it meet, now that thy honey is lost, to gather that.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, begin the lament.

All along with thee, O herdsman, have perished the Muses' gifts, charming kisses of maidens, lips of boys : and around thy tomb weep sad-visaged Loves. Venus loves thee far more than the kiss, with which lately she kissed dying Adonis. This is a second grief to thee, most musical of rivers ! This, O Me'les, is a fresh grief ; to thy sorrow perished Homer aforetime, that sweet mouth of Cal-li'o-pe, and men say thou didst deplore thine illustrious son in streams of much weeping, and didst fill all the sea with thy voice : now again thou weepest another son, and pinest over a fresh woe. Both were beloved by the fountains ; the one indeed was wont to drink of the Peg-a-se'an spring ; the other,

to enjoy a draught of the Arethusa. And the one sang the fair daughter of Tyn'da-rus, and the mighty son of Thetis, and Men-e-la'us, son of A'treus : but the other would sing not of wars, nor tears, but Pan ; and would sound the praise of herdsmen, and feed the herd as he sang : and he was wont to fashion Pan's pipes, and to milk the sweet heifer, and to teach the lips of youths, and to cherish Eros in his bosom, and rouse a passion in Aphrodite.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, begin the lament.

Alas, alas, when once in a garden the mallows have died, or the green parsley, or blooming crisp dill, they live again after, and spring up another year. But we, the great, and brave, or wise of men, after we have once died, unheard of in hollow earth, sleep a right long and boundless slumber, from which none are roused. . . .

Yet were I able, like Or'pheus, having gone down to Tar'ta-rus, like Ulysses once, or as Al-ci'des in days of yore, I too would haply descend to the home of Pluto, that I might see thee, and, if thou singest to Pluto, that I might hear what thou singest. Nay, but in the presence of the damsel (Pro-ser'pine) warble some Sicilian strain, sing some pleasant pastoral. She too, being Sicilian, sported on the Ætnæan shores, and knew the Doric song : nor will thy strain be unhonored ; and as of old to Orpheus, sweetly singing to his lyre, she gave Eu-ryd'i-ce to return, so will she send thee, Bion, to thy hills. . . .

(For mythologic and other allusions, see Index.)

Of Theocritus personally we know almost as little as of Bion and Moschus. He is generally referred to Syracuse of Sicily, but we guess, with much confidence, that he must also have passed a part of his life in Alexandria. There is strong internal evidence that he knew something of Hebrew literature, that is, of the Bible. This would have been quite natural, since his time coincided with that of the making of the famous Septuagint Greek version of the Old Testament, executed at Alexandria under the auspices of Ptolemy Philadelphus. There are suggestions of Scripture imagery and phrase in a number of the Theocritan idylls. The date of Theocritus's birth is placed between 284 and 280 B. C.

As a specimen of Theocritus in his purely bucolic or pastoral vein, we select the first idyll. This is entitled The

Death of Daphnis. It is a dialogue between two shepherds, including a song from one of them, drawn out by invitation of the other, to the memory of Daphnis, a herdsman that has died. The poem belongs in the same company with those which we have already given from Bion and Moschus. This is the original of which those are echoes. (The possible original, of which this also is an echo, has been lost.)

We omit, for brevity's sake, the conversation between the shepherds introductory to that song itself on the death of Daphnis which gives its name to the idyll, and which really constitutes the substance of the poem. The lines of highly realistic conclusion, after the song, we give to show the poet's art in ending. The "sweet Maids" of the refrain are the Muses invoked for assistance to the singer. The death of Daphnis is a case of pining away under disappointment in love. We condense from Mr. C. S. Calverley's delightfully sympathetic translation :

THYRSIS [*sings*].

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

The voice of Thyrsis. Ætna's Thyrsis I.

Where were ye, Nymphs, O where, while Daphnis pined ?

In fair Penæus' or in Pindus' glens ?

For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,

Nor Ætna's cliff, nor Acis' sacred rill.

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him ;

The lion in the oak-copse mourned his death.

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

The kine and oxen stood around his feet,

The heifers and the calves wailed all for him.

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,

" Daphnis, who frets thee ? Lad, whom lov'st thou so ? "

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

Came Aphroditè, smiles on her sweet face,

False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake :

"So, Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love !
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee."

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

Then "Ruthless Aphroditè," Daphnis said,
"Accursed Aphroditè, foe to man !
Say'st thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set ?
Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe."

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

"Farewell, wolf, jackal, mountain-prisoned bear !
Ye'll see no more by grove or glade or glen
Your herdsman Daphnis ! Arethuse, farewell,
And the bright streams that pour down Thymbris' side.

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.

"I am that Daphnis, who lead here my kine,
Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves.

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.

"Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey-breathing, arch thy lip :
For surely I am torn from life by Love.

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.

"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong :
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain-owls outsing the nightingale.

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song."

So spake he, and he never spake again.
Fain Aphroditè would have raised his head ;
But all his thread was spun. So down the stream
Went Daphnis : closed the waters o'er a head
Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved.

Now give me goat and cup ; that I may milk
The one, and pour the other to the Muse.
Fare ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell !
I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to be.

GOATHERD.

Thyrsis, let honey and the honeycomb
Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Ægilus ;

For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song.
 Here is the cup : mark, friend, how sweet it smells :
 The Hours, thou'lt say, have washed it in their well.
 Hither, Cissætha ! Thou, go milk her ! Kids,
 Be steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram.

The piece, The Festival of Adonis, now to follow and to finish our presentation of Theocritus, is not a pastoral poem. On the contrary, it is pronouncedly a poem of the city. But it is eminently fit to be called an idyll, that is, a little picture. For a little picture it is—a picture true and vivid, as if painted by the sunbeam, as if, that is to say, a photograph—of a day's life, the life of a religious holiday, lived by two women of the common class, in the great Greek city of Alexandria, in the time of Theocritus. Here is the poem, in a prose rendering, by Mr. Matthew Arnold. But we give first the prefatory explanation supplied by the translator.

"The idyll is dramatic. Somewhere about two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, a couple of Syracusan women, staying at Alexandria, agreed, on the occasion of a great religious solemnity—the feast of Adonis—to go together to the palace of King Ptolemy Philadelphus, to see the image of Adonis, which the Queen Ar-sin'o-e, Ptolemy's wife, had had decorated with peculiar magnificence. A hymn, by a celebrated performer, was to be recited over the image. The names of the two women are Gorgo and Praxinoe; their maids, who are mentioned in the poem, are called Eu'no-e and Eu'ty-chis. Gorgo comes, by appointment, to Praxinoe's house to fetch her, and there the dialogue begins:"

Gorgo. Is Praxinoe at home?

Praxinoe. My dear Gorgo, at last ! Yes, here I am. Eunoe, find a chair,—get a cushion for it.

G. It will do beautifully as it is.

P. Do sit down.

G. O, this gadabout spirit ! I could hardly get to you, Praxinoe, through all the crowd and all the carriages. Nothing but heavy boots,

nothing but men in uniform. And what a journey it is! My dear child, you really live *too* far off.

P. It is all that insane husband of mine. He has chosen to come out here to the end of the world, and take a hole of a place,—for a house it is not,—on purpose that you and I might not be neighbors. He is always just the same;—any thing to quarrel with one! any thing for spite!

G. My dear, don't talk so of your husband before the little fellow. Just see how astonished he looks at you. Never mind, Zo-pyr'i-o, my pet, she is not talking about papa.

P. Good heavens! the child does really understand.

G. Pretty papa!

P. That pretty papa of his the other day (though I told him beforehand to mind what he was about), when I sent him to a shop to buy soap and rouge, brought me home salt instead;—stupid, great, big, interminable animal!

G. Mine is just the fellow to him. . . . But never mind now, get on your things, and let us be off to the palace to see the Adonis. I hear the queen's decorations are something splendid.

P. In grand people's houses every thing is grand. What things you have seen in Alexandria! What a deal you will have to tell to any body who has never been here!

G. Come, we ought to be going.

P. Every day is holiday to people who have nothing to do. Eunoe, pick up your work; and take care, lazy girl, how you leave it lying about again; the cats find it just the bed they like. Come, stir yourself, fetch me some water, quick! I wanted the water first, and the girl brings me the soap. Never mind; give it me. Not all that, extravagant! Now pour out the water:—stupid! why don't you take care of my dress? That will do. I have got my hands washed as it pleased God. Where is the key of the large wardrobe? Bring it here;—quick!

G. Praxinoe, you can't think how well that dress, made full, as you've got it, suits you. Tell me, how much did it cost?—the dress by itself, I mean.

P. Don't talk of it, Gorgo: more than eight guineas of good hard money. And about the work on it I have almost worn my life out.

G. Well, you couldn't have done better.

P. Thank you. Bring me my shawl, and put my hat properly on my head;—properly. No, child (*to her little boy*), I am not going to take you; there's a bogy on horseback, who bites. Cry as much as you like; I'm not going to have you lamed for life. Now we'll start. Nurse, take

the little one and amuse him ; call the dog in, and shut the street-door. (*They go out.*) Good heavens ! what a crowd of people ! How on earth are we ever to get through all this ? They are like ants : you can't count them. My dearest Gorgo, what will become of us ? here are the royal Horse Guards. My good man, don't ride over me ! Look at that bay horse rearing bolt upright ; what a vicious one ! Eunoe, you mad girl, do take care !—that horse will certainly be the death of the man on his back. How glad I am now that I left the child safe at home !

G. All right, Praxinoe, we are safe behind them ; and they have gone on to where they are stationed.

P. Well, yes, I begin to revive again. From the time I was a little girl I have had more horror of horses and snakes than of any thing in the world. Let us get on ; here's a great crowd coming this way upon us.

G. (*to an old woman*), Mother, are you from the palace ?

Old Woman. Yes, my dears.

G. Has one a tolerable chance of getting there ?

O. W. My pretty young lady, the Greeks got to Troy by dint of trying hard ; trying will do any thing in this world.

G. The old creature has delivered herself of an oracle and departed.

P. Women can tell you every thing about every thing, Jupiter's marriage with Juno not excepted.

G. Look, Praxinoe, what a squeeze at the palace-gates !

P. Tremendous ! Take hold of me, Gorgo, and you, Eunoe, take hold of Eutychis !—tight hold, or you'll be lost. Here we go in all together. Hold tight to us, Eunoe. O dear ! O dear ! Gorgo, there's my scarf torn right in two. For heaven's sake, my good man, as you hope to be saved, take care of my dress !

Stranger. I'll do what I can, but it doesn't depend upon me.

P. What heaps of people ! They push like a drove of pigs.

Str. Don't be frightened, ma'am, we are all right.

P. May you be all right, my dear sir, to the last day you live, for the care you have taken of us ! What a kind, considerate man ! There is Eunoe jammed in a squeeze. Push, you goose, push ! Capital ! We are all of us the right side of the door, as the bridegroom said when he had locked himself in with the bride.

G. Praxinoe, come this way. Do but look at that work, how delicate it is ! how exquisite ! Why, they might wear it in heaven.

P. Heavenly patroness of needlewomen, what hands were hired to do that work ? Who designed those beautiful patterns ? They seem to stand up and move about, as if they were real ;—as if they were living things, and not needlework. Well, man is a wonderful creature ! And

look, look, how charming he lies there on his silver couch, with just a soft down on his cheeks, that beloved Adonis,—Adonis, whom one loves even though he is dead !

Another Stranger. You wretched woman, do stop your incessant chatter ! Like turtles, you go on forever. They are enough to kill one with their broad lingo,—nothing but *a, a, a*.

G. Lord, where does the man come from ? What is it to you if we *are* chatter-boxes ? Order about your own servants ! Do you give orders to Syracusan women ? If you want to know, we came originally from Corinth, as Bellerophon did ; we speak Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorian women may be allowed to have a Dorian accent.

P. O, honey-sweet Proserpine, let us have no more masters than the one we've got ! We don't the least care for *you* ; pray don't trouble yourself for nothing.

G. Be quiet, Praxinoë ! That first-rate singer, the Argive woman's daughter, is going to sing the *Adonis* hymn. She is the same who was chosen to sing the dirge last year. We are sure to have something first-rate from *her*. She is going through her airs and graces ready to begin.

THE HYMN.

Mistress, who lovest the haunt of Golgi, and Idalium, and high-peaked E'ryx, Aphroditè that playest with gold ! how have the delicate-footed Hours, after twelve months, brought thy Adonis back to thee from the ever-flowing Ach'e-ron ! Tardiest of the immortals are the boon Hours, but all mankind wait their approach with longing, for they ever bring something with them. . . .

All fruits that the tree bears are laid before him, all treasures of the garden in silver baskets, and alabaster boxes, gold-inlaid, of Syrian unguent ; and all confectionary that cunning women make on their kneading-tray, kneading up every sort of flowers with white meal, and all that they make of sweet honey and delicate oil, and all winged and creeping things are here set before him. And there are built for him green bowers with wealth of tender anise, and little boy-loves flutter about over them, like young nightingales trying their new wings on the tree, from bough to bough. O the ebony, the gold, the eagle of white ivory that bears aloft his cup-bearer to Kronos-born Zeus ! And up there, see ! a second couch strewn for lovely Adonis, scarlet coverlids softer than sleep itself (so Mi-le'tus and the Samian wool-grower will say) ; Cypris has hers, and the rosy-armed Adonis has his, that eighteen or nineteen year-old bridegroom. His kisses will not wound, the hair on his lip is yet light.

Now, Cypris, good-night, we leave thee with thy bridegroom ; but to-morrow morning, with the earliest dew, we will one and all bear him forth to where the waves splash upon the sea-strand, and letting loose our locks, and letting fall our robes, with bosoms bare, we will set up this, our melodious strain :—

Beloved Adonis, alone of the demigods (so men say), thou art permitted to visit both us and Acheron ! This lot had neither Agamemnon, nor the mighty moon-struck hero, Ajax, nor Hector, the first-born of Hec'u-ba's twenty children, nor Pa-tro'clus, nor Pyrrhus, who came home from Troy, nor those yet earlier Lap'i-thæ and the sons of Deu-ca'li-on, nor the Pelasgians, the root of Argos and of Pelops' isle. Be gracious to us now, loved Adonis, and be favorable to us for the year to come ! Dear to us hast thou been at this coming, dear to us shalt thou be when thou comest again.

We are duly let down with these last words from Gorgo :

Praxinoë, certainly women are wonderful things. That lucky woman to know all that ! and luckier still to have such a splendid voice ! And now we must see about getting home. My husband has not had his dinner. That man is all vinegar, and nothing else ; and if you keep him waiting for his dinner he's dangerous to go near. Adieu, precious Adonis, and may you find us all well when you come next year !

The light-hearted, innocent-seeming play of spirits in a dialogue like the foregoing need deceive no reader. Sweet purity did not underlie Greek life ; nor was there with Theocritus high moral tone in the man to keep free the genius of the poet from faults of indecency in his verse. But grant him his paganism, and Theocritus's poetry is delightful.

XIII.

DEMOSTHENES (ÆSCHINES).

NOT more certainly is Homer first in fame among epic poets, and Pindar among poets of the lyre, as we have severally pronounced them, than is Demosthenes first in fame among masters of eloquence. By the side of Demosthenes,

paired with him in foil and contrast somewhat as with Cicero was Hortensius, as with Webster, Hayne, flourished the orator Æschines. Very evenly matched in oratoric excellence seem the two great orations, pitted against each other still, in their now silent but never-to-be-pacified contention and rivalry—the two acknowledged masterpieces, we mean, respectively of Æschines and of Demosthenes. It is even easy to imagine the chance that should have inverted their actual relative rank in fame. Had but Æschines happened to get the majority of votes instead of Demosthenes, how know we that the literature of subsequent appreciation and criticism would not, with apparent success, have exerted itself to show good reason why such an issue of the trial was according to the respective merits of the men and the orators? It is the commander who wins the battle, it is the orator who carries the day—in short, it is success, rather than desert of success—that men in general have the habit of crowning.

But we agree that Demosthenes was in truth the greater orator. To clinch the conclusion, there is that fine story of Æschines which every body knows. Æschines, failing to receive in his suit one fifth part of the votes, felt obliged to leave Athens. He took up at Rhodes the occupation of a teacher of oratory. He there read to his pupils the oration against himself of his rival and conqueror. When his pupils applauded, Æschines exclaimed, "But you should have heard the rascal deliver it himself!" The generosity of this trait in Æschines wins on us irresistibly in behalf of the man that displayed it.

Still Æschines does show at disadvantage in contrast with Demosthenes. There is in Demosthenes more moral height, more genuineness—certainly not more artifice, but more art; for Demosthenes was an orator by art. Stormy we call him, and stormy he was, but he stormed by rule and not by caprice. His passion was deep enough and strong enough and earnest enough to submit to be regulated. It was not

heady. It did not indulge itself. It obeyed necessary law—it served its chosen end.

The greatest orator in the world forms a nearly ideal example of what self-culture can do against serious obstacles from nature. Demosthenes was no doubt a man of magnificent mental gifts, but no less was he a man of magnificent will.

As if to make the example thus supplied in Demosthenes complete by contrast, it happened that against Demosthenes was matched in rivalry a man in whom every natural qualification of the orator existed and was carried to its height. *Æschines* was born an orator. He had a voice like the voice of a herald. Grace and majesty modulated his gesture. Words came to him like affectionate lieges trooping to a king. Yet the orator made outdid the orator born. Demosthenes was greater than *Æschines*.

But, mark, eloquence with Demosthenes was an art of getting his hearers' votes, not an art of getting his hearers' praise. You must not look for passages of "fine writing" in the speeches of Demosthenes. His speeches are practical, not poetical. There are no ambitious rhetorical climaxes in them which the audience could, by a round of applause, pay the orator for his trouble in building. You would as soon think of an American jury's applauding the lawyer that was addressing them as think of the Athenian assembly's applauding Demosthenes. The indignant orator would tell them, Spare your cheers while I am speaking, and give me your votes when I have done.

The speeches that remain of Demosthenes are of two sorts—private and public, or judicial and political; for Demosthenes was a lawyer as well as a statesman. As lawyer he wrote, for clients engaged in litigations, speeches which those clients were supposed to deliver for themselves before the court. These speeches he sought to make suit the condition, the circumstances, the character, of the men who were to use them. It would not be wise for us here to reproduce any

of the private orations of Demosthenes. Of Demosthenes's public orations, those against Philip of Macedon—existing in two series, one called Olynthiacs and another Philippics—and in addition to these, the Oration on the Crown, so-called, are the most celebrated. The oration last mentioned is, at least by popular fame, the masterpiece of Demosthenes.

Let us begin with an extract, brief it must be—the whole oration is brief—from what Mr. Grote pronounces “one of the most splendid harangues ever uttered,” namely, the third Olynthiac oration of Demosthenes.

This oration is so styled from its being about Olynthus, a city threatened by Philip, and seeking from the Athenians succor against him—succor that Demosthenes was anxious the Athenians should send. We condense from a point nearly midway of the oration:

Is there not a man among you, Athenians, who reflects by what steps Philip, from a beginning so inconsiderable, has mounted to this height of power? First, he took Am-philip'o-lis; then he became master of Pydna; then Pot-i-dæ'a fell; then Me-tho'ne; then came his inroad into Thessaly; after this, having disposed affairs at Phe'ræ, at Pag'a-sæ, at Magnesia, entirely as he pleased, he marched into Thrace. Here, while engaged in expelling some and establishing other princes, he fell sick. Again recovering, he never turned a moment from his course to ease and indulgence, but instantly attacked the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pæonians, against A-rym'bas, I pass all over. But I may be asked, Why this recital now? That you may know and see your own error, in ever neglecting some part of your affairs, as if beneath your regard, and that active spirit with which Philip pursues his designs; which ever fires him, and which never can permit him to rest satisfied with those things he has already accomplished. If, then, he determines firmly and invariably to pursue his conquests, and if we are obstinately resolved against every vigorous and effectual measure, think what consequences may we expect! . . .

To censure, some one may tell me, is easy and in the power of every man; but the true counselor should point out that conduct which the present exigence demands. Sensible as I am, Athenians, that when your expectations have in any instance been disappointed, your resentment frequently falls not on those who merit it, but on him who has

spoken last; yet I cannot, from a regard to my own safety, suppress what I deem of moment to lay before you. I say, then, this occasion calls for a twofold armament. First, we are to defend the cities of the Olynthians, and for this purpose to detach a body of forces; in the next place, in order to infest his kingdom, we are to send out our navy manned with other levies. If you neglect either of these, I fear your expedition will be fruitless. For if you content yourselves with infesting his dominions, this he will endure, until he is master of Olynthus; and then he can, with ease, repel the invasion; or, if you only send succors to the Olynthians, where he sees his own kingdom free from danger, he will apply with constancy and vigilance to the war, and at length weary out the besieged to a submission. Your levies, therefore, must be considerable enough to serve both purposes. These are my sentiments with respect to our armament.

This, too, demands your attention, Athenians! that you are now to determine whether it be most expedient to carry the war into his country, or to fight him here. If Olynthus be defended, Macedon will be the seat of war, you may harass his kingdom, and enjoy your own territories free from apprehensions. But should that nation be subdued by Philip, who will oppose his marching hither? Will the Thebans? Let it not be thought severe when I affirm that they will join readily in the invasion. Will the Phocians? a people scarcely able to defend their own country without your assistance. Will any others? But, sir, cries some one, he would make no such attempt. This would be the greatest of absurdities, not to execute those threats, when he has full power, which, now when they appear so idle and extravagant, he yet dares to utter. And I think you are not yet to learn how great would be the difference between our engaging him here, and there. Were we to be only thirty days abroad, and to draw all the necessities of the camp from our own lands, even were there no enemy to ravage them, the damage would, in my opinion, amount to more than the whole expense of the late war. Add then the presence of an enemy, and how greatly must the calamity be increased? but farther, add the infamy, and to those who judge rightly, no distress can be more grievous than the scandal of misconduct.

The translation (Leland's) is fairly good, but no rendering in English could possibly do justice to the incomparable original. Every sentence in Demosthenes lives as if it were animated with an independent life of its own. The balance

of member against member, the epigrammatic point, the condensation—as of liquid made solid under pressure—the nerve, the vigor, the movement, the inimitable art of arrangement, the carefully happy choice of words, the rhythm, the harmony, the growth, the culmination, the close—like the blow perhaps of a mace, or like the breaking of a breaker rolling in on the beach—all this is of Demosthenes, and Demosthenes is lost when you lose it, as lose it you must in translation.

“Philippic” is a word in common English use to denote a piece of violent invective. Emphatically such was indeed the spirit of Cicero’s speeches against Antony, called, in imitation of the Greek, *Philippics*. The different character of the *Philippics* of Demosthenes is very well seen in the foregoing specimen. There is in some of them more energy of personal abuse directed against Philip. But mere brute denunciation is by no means the staple of these remarkable speeches of Demosthenes. The one note on which all of them alike are keyed is, March against Philip! As to the particular measure of support, in this crisis, for Olynthus, Demosthenes was but moderately successful in persuading his countrymen. A few mercenary troops first were sent to the aid of the distressed city, and then at last—too late—a body of Athenian soldiers. Olynthus was destroyed, and there was no breakwater left between the rising Macedonian tide of conquest and Athens. Demosthenes still fought Philip, might and main. But that rising tide was too strong for him. It was helped by the stars in their courses. It swept over Athens, and Athens was free and great no more.

The Oration on the Crown is named from its object. Its object was the vindicating for himself by Demosthenes of his just title by merit to receive a civic crown, proposed for him, from the hands of his Athenian fellow-citizens. The proposal was made in a decree moved by the orator’s friend, Ctesiphon (Tess’). Æschines stood forward and opposed the measure. But he did not attack Demosthenes directly. He

indicted Ctesiphon for offering an illegal decree. The decree for crowning Demosthenes was, so Æschines charged, illegal in several respects. For one thing, the laws forbade crowning a public official who was still responsible to the state for submitting accounts of government money expended by him. For a second thing, there was an enactment against crowning any one, as it was now proposed to crown Demosthenes, in the theatre at the exhibition of the new tragedies. For a third thing, and this in reality the chief thing of all, it was unlawful to make false allegations in a decree proposed—as in the present case was done by Ctesiphon, in declaring Demosthenes a citizen worthy of a crown.

This opposition of Æschines was opposition, in a sense, after the fact. For the decree of Ctesiphon had been approved by the Council of Five Hundred, and then formally ratified and passed by the Assembly. It was a law. But before the law was carried into effect, that is, before Demosthenes was actually crowned, Æschines intervened with his indictment against Ctesiphon. This postponed the honoring of Demosthenes; for, pending the decision on the indictment, the ceremony of coronation must wait. And the Dionysiac festival was already too close at hand for a decision to be had before that occasion arrived.

The indictment against Ctesiphon, having served its first purpose in keeping the olive chaplet interwoven with gold from the brow of Demosthenes, was permitted by its author to sleep seven or eight years. Events, by the end of that time, were probably judged to have created a conjuncture favorable to the final crushing of Demosthenes. Victorious Philip had fallen by the hand of an assassin, and Alexander, succeeding prematurely to the throne, had disappointed the hopes and falsified the predictions of Demosthenes by exhibiting himself far more formidable than even his father. He had erased Thebes from the face of the earth—with a fine magnanimity, fated to be famous, ostentatiously leaving the Theban

poet Pindar's house untouched amid the general ruin. Athens fell abject at the feet of the young Macedonian conqueror, who demanded from her the surrender to himself of her chief orators, Demosthenes of course included. Alexander was persuaded out of this extreme severity—placable perhaps because larger affairs claimed his attention. He swept resistlessly into Asia, and established himself upon the throne of Darius. The Lacedæmonian king, Agis, made a rally against him in his absence, but was overwhelmed and slain. Greece prostrate thus under Alexander's heel, now was the hour and power of Æschines. He renewed the prosecution of Ctesiphon, and the duel of Æschines with Demosthenes was finally and fatally joined.

Fatally—but not after all for Demosthenes. It enhances inconceivably the marvel and the magnificence of Demosthenes's triumph, that he should have triumphed handicapped as he was, and against such frightful odds of adverse circumstance. For not only against odds of adverse circumstance, but heavily handicapped by his own past, Demosthenes went into this oratoric struggle for life or death with Æschines. Demosthenes had said foolish things and done weak things that could not be forgotten. He had denounced Philip as a drunken barbarian brute, and Philip had taken a princely revenge on the orator: For he behaved himself toward Athens in defeat with conspicuous magnanimity; he carefully sent back to the humiliated city her dead, and her soldiers made prisoners he released to her without ransom. Demosthenes had publicly called Alexander a boy and a madcap, and Demosthenes's madcap boy had straightway proceeded to put the world under his feet.

But Demosthenes's weakness in conduct was worse than his folly in speech. The brave orator had, so it was reported, proved a pusillanimous soldier. Demosthenes had intrepidly shaken his fist at Macedon from the bema, but he fled from his post like a coward in battle. The patriot, too,

who had so loftily spurned Macedonian gold—in the Assembly—had let Persian gold stick to his palm—in the closet. It probably was not a bribe accepted, but it undeniably was foreign money received. It gave Demosthenes's enemies a chance. History, alas! leaves us few flawless ideals in human character for our worship. Indeed, ONE only could say, Which of you convinceth me of sin? But there is in this case a certain unsatisfying compensation. What is deducted from Demosthenes the man is added to Demosthenes the orator. It was against all this disadvantage that Demosthenes was overwhelmingly adjudged to deserve his crown. What a master of men by speech was this last of the Athenians! But something of a manager, something of a politician, Demosthenes must also have been. The confident tone of his speech in self-vindication implies, we think, consciousness, on his part, of strong partisan support in the audience.

It will be more satisfactory to let our readers prepare themselves for appreciating Demosthenes's defence, by first learning something of Æschines's attack. The legal argument we shall omit from both speeches. Æschines, technically, had much the better of Demosthenes. The law was clear for the conviction of Ctesiphon. Nothing could have been more luminous or more cogent in reasoning than Æschines's presentation of the legal points in the case. Æschines sought to make Demosthenes in replying follow his own order in treatment of the topics discussed. The attempt was wise in Æschines, but for Demosthenes to do so would have been fatal. Demosthenes really had little to say in refutation of Æschines on the points of law involved. He did the only thing open to him that gave any promise of success. He made his hearers forget the law, by engaging them at once in discussions of measures, persons, and events.

The following passage, taken out of the midst of the speech of Æschines, will give our readers some idea of the stinging point with which this consummate orator could press his tre-

mendous advantage upon his antagonist. (It is necessary only to explain, that after the battle of Chæroneia, Demosthenes, notwithstanding his inglorious conduct on the field, was chosen to pronounce the set formal oration on the fallen.) Notice the frequent lively shifting of aim, in the orator's words, back and forth, between Demosthenes himself directly accosted in the second person and then again the listening assembly similarly addressed. The audience, by the way, was made up primarily of the Five Hundred composing the tribunal, and secondarily of a number to be counted perhaps by tens of thousands flocking from all parts of Greece to witness that great gladiatorial exhibition of oratory. Æschines draws an effective contrast between the spectacle presented when orphans by battle stood, according to ancient custom, in the theatre, solemnly introduced by the herald as children of the state—between this spectacle and that proposed by the decree of Ctesiphon, namely, Demosthenes, maker of orphans by battle, the coward, the miscreant, standing in the same theatre to be honored with a crown. We give the passage :

And here let us recall to mind those gallant men, whom he forced out to manifest destruction, without one sacred rite happily performed, one propitious omen to assure them of success ; and yet, when they had fallen in battle, presumed to ascend their monument with those coward feet that fled from their post, and pronounced his encomiums on their merit. But O thou, who, on every occasion of great and important action, hast proved of all mankind the most worthless, in the insolence of language the most astonishing, canst thou attempt, in the face of these thy fellow-citizens, to claim the honor of a crown, for the misfortunes in which thou hast plunged thy city? Or, should he claim it, can you restrain your indignation, and has the memory of your slaughtered countrymen perished with them? Indulge me for a moment, and imagine that you are now not in this tribunal, but in the theatre, imagine that you see the herald approaching, and the proclamation prescribed in this decree, on the point of being delivered, and then consider whether will the friends of the deceased shed more tears at the tragedies, at the pathetic stories of the great characters to be presented on the stage, or at the insensibility of their country? What inhabitant of Greece, what

human creature, who has imbibed the least share of liberal sentiments, must not feel the deepest sorrow, when he reflects on one transaction which he must have seen in the theatre, when he remembers, if he remembers nothing else, that on festivals like these, when the tragedies were to be presented (in those times when the state was well governed and directed by faithful ministers), a herald appeared, and introducing those orphans whose fathers had died in battle, now arrived at maturity, and dressed in complete armor, made a proclamation the most noble and the most effectual to excite the mind to glorious actions; that these youths, whose fathers lost their lives in fighting bravely for their country, the people had maintained to this their age of maturity; that now, having furnished them with complete suits of armor, they dismiss them, with prayers for their prosperity, to attend to their respective affairs, and invite them to aspire to the highest offices of the state!

Such were the proclamations in old times, but such are not now heard. And, were the herald to introduce the person who had made these children orphans, what could he say or what could he proclaim? Should he speak in the form prescribed in this decree, yet the odious truth would still force itself upon you, it would seem to strike your ears with a language different from that of the herald. It would tell you that the Athenian people crowned this man, who scarcely deserves the name of a man, on account of his virtue, though a wretch the most abandoned, and on account of his magnanimity, though a coward and deserter of his post. Do not, Athenians, I conjure you by all the powers of heaven, do not erect a trophy in your theatre, to perpetuate your own disgrace. Do not expose the weak conduct of your country, in the presence of the Greeks, do not recall all their grievous and desperate misfortunes to the minds of the wretched Thebans, who, when driven from their habitations by this man, were received within these walls, whose temples, whose children, whose sepulchral monuments, were destroyed by the corruption of Demosthenes and the Macedonian gold.

Here is *Æschines's* fling at Demosthenes for his unhappy sentence on Alexander:

He called Alexander a *Mar-gi'tes*, and had the presumption to assert that he would never stir from Macedon, for that he would be satisfied with parading through his capital, and there tearing up his victims in the search of happy omens. And this, said he, I declare, not from conjecture, but from a clear conviction of this great truth, that glory is not to be purchased but by blood. The wretch! whose veins have no blood,

who judged of Alexander, not from the temper of Alexander, but from his own dastardly soul.

What venom in that last exclamation! But Æschines is by no means mere mordant sarcasm. He has passages, if not of real, at least of well-simulated, moral sentiment and statesman-like gravity. Take the following paragraphs as instances:

And, now that I have mentioned crowns and public honors, while it yet rests upon my mind, let me recommend this precaution. It must be your part, Athenians, to put an end to this frequency of public honors, these precipitate grants of crowns, else they who obtain them will owe you no acknowledgment, nor shall the state receive the least advantage, for you never can make bad men better, and those of real merit must be cast into the utmost dejection. Of this truth I shall convince you by the most powerful arguments. Suppose a man should ask, at what time this state supported the most illustrious reputation, in the present days or in those of our ancestors? With one voice you would reply, "In the days of our ancestors." At what time did our citizens display the greatest merit? Then, or now? They were then eminent, now much less distinguished. At what time were rewards, crowns, proclamations, and public honors of every kind most frequent? Then, or now? Then they were rare and truly valuable, then the name of merit bore the highest lustre, but now it is tarnished and effaced, while your honors are conferred by course and custom, not with judgment and distinction.

It may possibly seem unaccountable, that rewards are now more frequent, yet that public affairs were then more flourishing, that our citizens are now less worthy, but were then of real eminence. This is a difficulty which I shall endeavor to obviate. Do you imagine, Athenians, that any man whatever would engage in the games held on our festivals, or in any others, where the victors receive a crown, in the exercises of wrestling, or in any of the several athletic contests, if the crown was to be conferred, not on the most worthy, but on the man of greatest interest? Surely no man would engage. But now as the reward of such their victory is rare, hardly to be obtained, truly honorable, and never to be forgotten; there are champions found, ready to submit to the severest preparatory discipline, and to encounter all the dangers of the contest. Imagine, then, that political merit is a kind of game, which you are appointed to direct, and consider that, if you grant the prizes to a few, and those the most worthy, and on such conditions as the laws

prescribe, you will have many champions in this contest of merit. But, if you gratify any man that pleases, or those who can secure the strongest interest, you will be the means of corrupting the very best natural dispositions. . . .

In a democratic state, every man has a sort of kingly power, founded on the laws, and on our public acts, but when he resigns these into the hands of another, he himself subverts his own sovereignty. And then the consciousness of that oath, by which his sentence was to have been directed, pursues him with remorse.

The very close of the speech of Æschines is sadly marked with bathos :

And now, bear witness for me, thou Earth ! thou Sun ! O Virtue and Intelligence ! and thou, O Erudition ! which teaches us the just distinction between vice and goodness, I have stood up, I have spoken in the cause of Justice. If I have supported my prosecution with a dignity befitting its importance, I have spoken as my wishes dictated, if too deficiently, as my abilities admitted. Let what has now been offered, and what your own thoughts must supply, be duly weighed, and pronounce such a sentence as justice and the interests of the state demand.

Demosthenes begins modestly, gravely, with winning appeal and deprecation in his tone. But his speech is very long, and we shall not be able to indicate fully the course of it. Let us strike into the midst—at this point, bearing on Æschines's conclusion (Mr. Kennedy our translator) :

But I must, it seems—though not naturally fond of railing, yet on account of the calumnies uttered by my opponent—in reply to so many falsehoods, just mention some leading particulars concerning him, and show who he is, and from whom descended, that so readily begins using hard words—and what language he carps at, after uttering such as any decent man would have shuddered to pronounce. Why, if my accuser had been Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, instead of a prater, a hack of the market, a pestilent scribbler, I don't think he would have spoken such things, or found such offensive terms, shouting, as in a tragedy, "O Earth ! O Sun ! O Virtue !" and the like ; and again appealing to Intelligence and Education, by which the honorable is distinguished from the base—all this you undoubtedly heard from his lips. Accursed one ! What have you or yours to do with virtue ? How should you discern what is honorable or otherwise ? How were you ever qualified ? What

right have you to talk about education? Those who really possess it would never say as much of themselves, but rather blush if another did; those who are destitute like you, but make pretensions to it from stupidity, annoy the hearers by their talk, without getting the reputation which they desire.

Demosthenes then goes into the life and character of Æschines. Whatever strength of instinctive repugnance Demosthenes really felt to indulging in personal abuse, his repugnance he certainly overcame with swimming success. Æschines is treated to a view of himself that he must have needed all his alleged effrontery to face without flinching. On the whole, it is rather depressing—the spectacle here exhibited of scurrilous personal epithets bandied between these two cultivated Athenians. The contrast in tone is enormous that separates these two speeches, from the two, for instance, in which Hayne and Webster fought each other in the Senate of the United States. True, the ancient cause debated was, in its essential nature, more personal than the modern. And Christianity is a diffusive moral influence very different from Olympianism. Yet, after just discriminations made, there still is left a great remainder of moral superiority in favor of the American orators, to be credited, we think, to their individual characters. At least this is true for the case of Webster.

From personal abuse of Æschines, Demosthenes makes an easy transition to a detail of Hellenic history—in which we could not hope greatly to interest our readers. One graphic narrative, however, of his—a famous passage of oratoric description—will be read by every body with pleasure. How the life of Athens is made to live again in the following vivid verbal photograph of the circumstances attending the arrival in the city of news that El'a-te'a, a vital strategic point in the war against Macedon, was taken by Philip!

It was evening. A person came with a message to the presidents, that Elatea was taken. They rose from supper immediately, drove off

the people from their market-stalls, and set fire to the wicker-frames ; others sent for the generals and called the trumpeter ; and the city was full of commotion. The next morning at day-break the presidents summoned the Council to their hall, and you went to the Assembly, and before they could introduce or prepare the question, the whole people were up in their seats. When the Council had entered, and the presidents had reported their intelligence and presented the courier, and he had made his statement, the crier asked—"Who wishes to speak?"—and no one came forward. The crier put the question repeatedly—still no man rose, though all the generals were present, and all the orators, and our country with her common voice called for some one to speak and save her—for when the crier raises his voice according to law, it may justly be deemed the common voice of our country. If those who desired the salvation of Athens were the proper parties to come forward, all of you and the other Athenians would have risen and mounted the platform ; for I am sure you all desired her salvation—if those of greatest wealth, the three hundred—if those who were both, friendly to the state and wealthy, the men who afterward gave such ample donations ; for patriotism and wealth produced the gift. But that occasion, that day, as it seems, called not only for a patriot and a wealthy man, but for one who had closely followed the proceedings from their commencement, and rightly calculated for what object and purpose Philip carried them on. A man who was ignorant of these matters, or had not long and carefully studied them, let him be ever so patriotic or wealthy, would neither see what measures were needful, nor be competent to advise you.

Well, then, I was the man called for upon that day. I came forward and addressed you. What I said, I beg you for two reasons attentively to hear—first, to be convinced, that of all your orators and statesmen, I alone deserted not the patriot's post in the hour of danger, but was found in the very moment of panic speaking and moving what your necessities required ; secondly, because at the expense of a little time you will gain large experience for the future in all your political concerns.

I said—

But what Demosthenes "said" on that former occasion, briefly and admirably summarized now, we omit—explaining simply that he counseled amity and league with Thebes against Philip. The effect and sequel of his speech in this behalf he thus strikingly displays :

This and more to the like effect I spoke, and left the platform. It was approved by all ; not a word was said against me. Nor did I make

the speech without moving, nor make the motion without undertaking the embassy, nor undertake the embassy without prevailing on the Thebans. From the beginning to the end I went through it all ; I gave myself entirely to your service, to meet the dangers which encompassed Athens.

Quintilian cites the sentence before the last preceding, as an example of climax, and Cicero imitates it in his oration for Milo. We are now within the suck of the rapids in which the oration of Demosthenes hastens on to take presently its sheer leap in the most magnificent cataract of eloquence in the world. Demosthenes gave his advice ; but the event was not happy, though the advice was wise. Philip conquered, for all the statesmanship and eloquence of Demosthenes. Æschines had in his speech insisted on the misfortune of the event ; Demosthenes now insists on the good faith and soundness of the advice. With fine indignation at Æschines, mute in counsel but blatant in blame, Demosthenes protests : " It was the duty of a good citizen, if he had any other plan, to disclose it at the time, not to find fault now." Then follows an extended passage which we shall not find it in our heart either to interrupt or to abridge, and which shall finish what we have here to give, by way of too little adequate exemplification, from Demosthenes.

A statesman and a pettifogger, while in no other respect are they alike, in this most widely differ. The one declares his opinion before the proceedings, and makes himself responsible to his followers, to fortune, to the times, to all men ; the other is silent when he ought to speak ; at any untoward event he grumbles. Now, as I said before, the time for a man who regarded the commonwealth, and for honest counsel, was then ; however I will go to this extent—if any one now can point out a better course, or indeed if any other was practicable but the one which I adopted, I confess that I was wrong. For if there be any measure now discovered, which (executed then) would have been to our advantage, I say it ought not to have escaped me. But if there is none, if there was none, if none can be suggested even at this day, what was a statesman to do ? Was he not to choose the best measures

within his reach and view? That did I, Æschines, when the crier asked, "Who wishes to speak?"—not, "Who wishes to complain about the past, or to guarantee the future?" Whilst you on those occasions sat mute in the Assembly, I came forward and spoke. However, as you omitted then, tell us now. Say, what scheme that I ought to have devised, what favorable opportunity was lost to the state by my neglect?—what alliance was there, what better plan, to which I should have directed the people?

But no! The past is with all the world given up; no one even proposes to deliberate about it; the future it is, or the present, which demands the action of a counselor. At the time, as it appeared, there were dangers impending, and dangers at hand. Mark the line of my policy at that crisis; don't rail at the event. The end of all things is what the Deity pleases; his line of policy it is that shows the judgment of the statesman. Do not, then, impute it as a crime to me that Philip chanced to conquer in battle; that issue depended not on me, but on God. Prove that I adopted not all measures that, according to human calculation, were feasible—that I did not honestly and diligently, and with exertions beyond my strength, carry them out—or that my enterprises were not honorable and worthy of the state, and necessary. Show me this, and accuse me as soon as you like. But if the hurricane that visited us has been too powerful, not for us only, but for all Greece besides, what is the fair course? As if a merchant, after taking every precaution, and furnishing his vessel with every thing that he thought would insure her safety, because afterward he met with a storm and his tackle was strained or broken to pieces, should be charged with the shipwreck! "Well, but I was not the pilot," he might say; just as I was not the general—"Fortune was not under my control; all was under hers."

Consider and reflect upon this, If with the Thebans on our side we were destined so to fare in the contest, what was to be expected, if we had never had them for allies, but they had joined Philip, as he used every effort of persuasion to make them do? And if, when the battle was fought three days' march from Attica, such peril and alarm surrounded the city, what must we have expected, if the same disaster had happened in some part of our territory? As it was, do you see? we could stand, meet, breathe; mightily did one, two, three days help to our preservation; in the other case—but it is wrong to mention things of which we have been spared the trial by the favor of some deity, and by our protecting ourselves with the very alliance which you assail.

All this, at such length, have I addressed to you, men of the jury, and

to the outer circle of hearers ; for as to this contemptible fellow, a short and plain argument would suffice.

If the future was revealed to you, Æschines, alone, when the state was deliberating on these proceedings, you ought to have forewarned us at the time. If you did not foresee it, you are responsible for the same ignorance as the rest. Why, then, do you accuse me in this behalf, rather than I you? A better citizen have I been than you in respect of the matters of which I am speaking (others I discuss not at present), inasmuch as I gave myself up to what seemed for the general good, not shrinking from any personal danger, nor taking thought of any ; whilst you neither suggested better measures (or mine would not have been adopted), nor lent any aid in the prosecuting of mine ; exactly what the basest person and worst enemy of the state would do, are you found to have done after the event ; and at the same time Aristratus, in Nax'os, and Ar-is-to-la'us, in Tha'sos, the deadly foes of our state, are bringing to trial the friends of Athens, and Æschines at Athens is accusing Demosthenes. Surely the man, who waited to found his reputation upon the misfortunes of the Greeks, deserves rather to perish than to accuse another ; nor is it possible that one who has profited by the same conjunctures as the enemies of the commonwealth, can be a well-wisher of his country. You show yourself by your life and conduct, by your political action, and even your political inaction. Is any thing going on that appears good for the people? Æschines is mute. Has any thing untoward happened or amiss? Forth comes Æschines—just as fractures and sprains are put in motion when the body is attacked with disease.

But since he insists so strongly on the event, I will even assert something of a paradox, and I beg and pray of you not to marvel at its boldness, but kindly to consider what I say. If, then, the results had been foreknown to all, if all had foreseen them, and you, Æschines, had foretold them and protested with clamor and outcry—you that never opened your mouth—not even then should the commonwealth have abandoned her design, if she had any regard for glory, or ancestry, or futurity. As it is, she appears to have failed in her enterprise, a thing to which all mankind are liable, if the Deity so wills it ; but then—claiming precedence over others, and afterward abandoning her pretensions—she would have incurred the charge of betraying all to Philip. Why, had we resigned without a struggle that which our ancestors encountered every danger to win, who would not have spit upon you? Let me not say, the commonwealth or myself! With what eyes, I pray, could we have beheld strangers visiting the city, if the result had been what it is, and Philip had been chosen leader and lord of all, but other people without

us had made the struggle to prevent it ; especially when in former times our country had never preferred an ignominious security to the battle for honor ?

For what Grecian or what barbarian is ignorant, that by the Thebans, or by the Lacedæmonians who were in might before them, or by the Persian king, permission would thankfully and gladly have been given to our commonwealth to take what she pleased and hold her own, provided she would accept foreign law and let another power command in Greece ? But, as it seems, to the Athenians of that day such conduct would not have been national, or natural, or endurable ; none could at any period of time persuade the commonwealth to attach herself in secure subjection to the powerful and unjust ; through every age has she persevered in a perilous struggle for precedency and honor and glory. And this you esteem so noble and congenial to your principles, that among your ancestors you honor most those who acted in such a spirit ; and with reason. For who would not admire the virtue of those men who resolutely embarked in their galleys and quitted country and home, rather than receive foreign law, choosing Themistocles who gave such counsel for their general, and stoning Cyr'si-lus to death who advised submission to the terms imposed—not him only, but your wives also stoning his wife ? Yes ; the Athenians of that day looked not for an orator or a general, who might help them to a pleasant servitude ; they scorned to live if it could not be with freedom. For each of them considered that he was not born to his father or mother only, but also to his country. What is the difference ? He that thinks himself born for his parents only, waits for his appointed or natural end : he that thinks himself born for his country also, will sooner perish than behold her in slavery, and will regard the insults and indignities, which must be borne in a commonwealth enslaved, as more terrible than death.

Had I attempted to say, that I instructed you in sentiments worthy of your ancestors, there is not a man who would not justly rebuke me. What I declare is, that such principles are your own ; I show that before my time such was the spirit of the commonwealth ; though certainly in the execution of the particular measures I claim a share also for myself. The prosecutor, arraigning the whole proceedings, and embittering you against me as the cause of our alarms and dangers, in his eagerness to deprive me of honor for the moment, robs you of the eulogies that should endure forever. For should you, under a disbelief in the wisdom of my policy, convict the defendant, you will appear to have done wrong, not to have suffered what befell you by the cruelty of fortune. But never, never can you have done wrong, O Athenians, in undertaking the

battle for the freedom and safety of all! I swear it by your forefathers—those that met the peril at Marathon, those that took the field at Plataea, those in the sea-fight at Salamis, and those at Artemisium, and many other brave men who repose in the public monuments, all of whom alike, as being worthy of the same honor, the country buried, Æschines, not only the successful or victorious! Justly! For the duty of brave men has been done by all, their fortune has been such as the Deity assigned to each.

Accursed scribbler! you, to deprive me of the approbation and affection of my countrymen, speak of trophies and battles and ancient deeds, with none of which had this present trial the least concern. But I!—O you third-rate actor!—I, that rose to counsel the state how to maintain her pre-eminence! in what spirit was I to mount the hustings? In the spirit of one having unworthy counsel to offer? I should have deserved to perish! You yourselves, men of Athens, may not try private and public causes on the same principles; the compacts of every-day life you are to judge of by particular laws and circumstances, the measures of statesmen, by reference to the dignity of your ancestors. And if you think it your duty to act worthily of them, you should every one of you consider, when you come into court to decide public questions, that together with your staff and ticket, the spirit of the commonwealth is delivered to you.

It was after the crowning triumph of his life, his victory over Æschines, that Demosthenes, with other Athenian citizens, was put on trial for embezzlement of certain funds deposited in Athens by a fugitive satrap of Alexander the Great. The supreme court, the Areopagus, judged Demosthenes to be guilty. They fined him fifty talents. Demosthenes would not, or could not, pay the fine, and he went into exile. Alexander meantime died, and wretched Greece made one desperate struggle more, a vain one, against Macedon, reigned over now by Antipater in Alexander's vacant room. Demosthenes—he had previously been recalled from exile—was part of the price for peace in servitude demanded from Athens by the conqueror. The orator fled; he was pursued; seeking sanctuary in a temple of Poseidon, he there, still ruthlessly hunted, sucked poison from his pen, and, dying, crawled, with his last strength, out to his pur-

suers, that his dead body might not defile the fane of the god. So perished Demosthenes, and with Demosthenes the greatest and the last of the free voices of Athens. But Demosthenes's voice has sounded more widely and more potently far, since it was silenced that day, than ever it sounded from the bema in Athens; and the future is full of its echoes.

Let it be borne in mind that Demosthenes was nearly enough a contemporary of Plato to be (not improbably) reported as one of Plato's pupils, and it will easily be understood within how comparatively short a space of time for their production, the chief glories of ancient Greek literature—Homer always excepted—were embraced. Herodotus was the contemporary and friend of Sophocles; Sophocles was the contemporary of Plato; Plato was possibly the teacher of Demosthenes, and with Demosthenes the cycle of great original Greek literature may be said to have closed. After this came a literature of the decadence, imitative, parasitic—having its seat now at Alexandria, and now at Syracuse. The Greek literary spirit did not die at last, but it made a transmigration. It was first Hellenistic from being Hellenic, and then, partly through the Roman genius, it went indistinguishably, but vitally, into the various literatures that have flourished in Europe since the era of Christianity. It no doubt will live as long as literature itself shall live.

Those of our present readers who hold long enough and follow far enough the clew that we put into their hands, will, as they watch the procession of Latin authors made, in the next volume, to pass before their eyes, seem to recognize not a few familiar forms and faces and voices. Under the disguise of other names and of another speech they will still be Greeks—those who are there encountered in the lengthening labyrinth of letters. Along these mazy paths by eminence it is, that, starting from its ancient haunt in Athens,

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

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